TRUE WEST

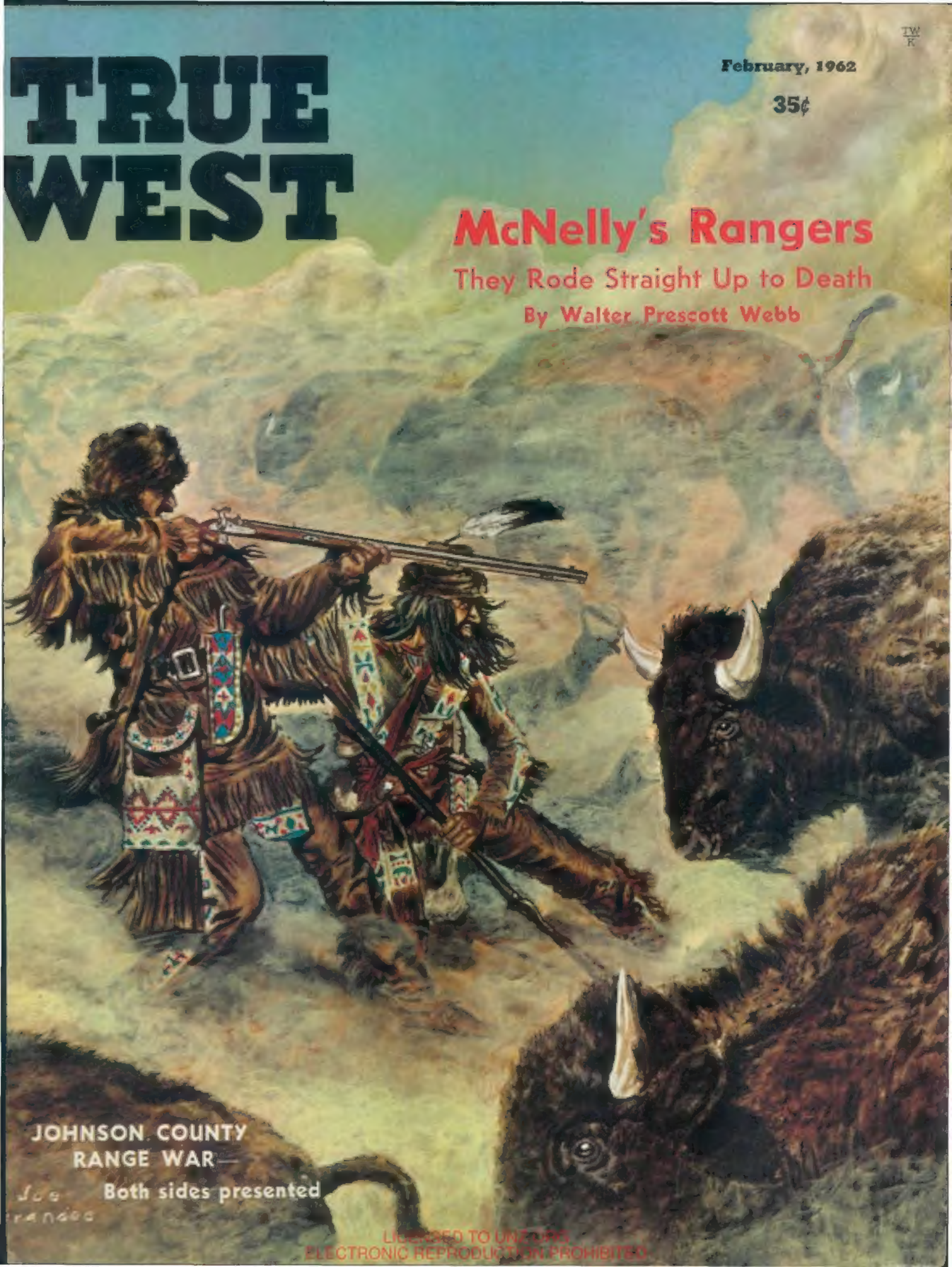
February, 1962

35¢

McNelly's Rangers

They Rode Straight Up to Death

By Walter Prescott Webb



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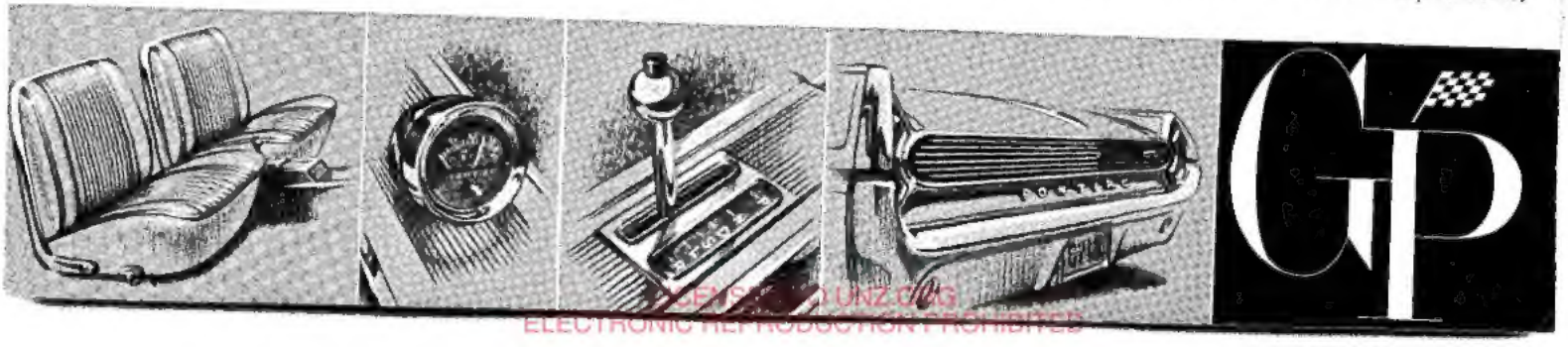

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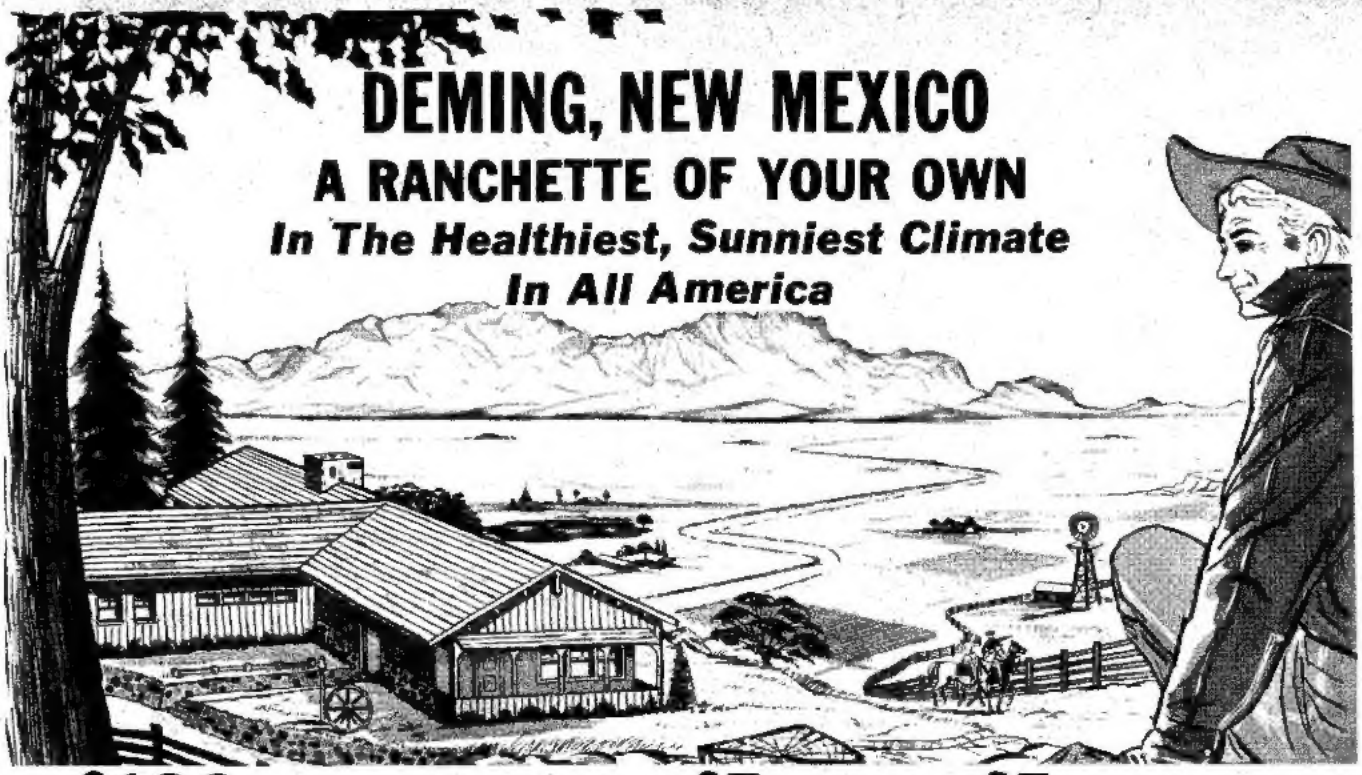

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There is a broad ribbon of highway that begins in the heart of Savannah, Georgia and winds for 3000 miles to its terminus in exciting Los Angeles. This ribbon is mighty Route 80—**the most travelled all-weather highway in the U.S.** Millions of Americans have followed it to the West, coursing through the rich hills of Georgia and Alabama, passing through the heart of Mississippi and Louisiana and entering into the plains of Texas. Gradually the scenery begins to change. Texas begins to roll; distant hills become higher. Then suddenly one emerges into "The Land of Enchantment." New Mexico's wonders erupt in a blaze of color and majesty. The mighty mountains thrust themselves, tree-topped, into the unimaginable blue of the sky. Dust and smoke have vanished from the air and the lungs drink in great delicious draughts in heady delight. If it is wintertime snow may cap the lofty mountains. If it is spring or summer or fall the unspoiled air touches the skin softly and the feeling of well-being is nowhere else equalled. But winter or summer, it is almost certain the sun will be shining in New Mexico—the sunniest, healthiest state of all 50. Yet great 80 is just beginning to take you through the sunshine wonderland of America. In the tropical southwestern pocket of our country you glide through towns like Las Cruces and Deming. A short while westward and you are in Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, and from there the West Coast beckons. But nowhere in this enchanting Southwest is there a more beautiful area than the mountain-rimmed, pure-aired New Mexico region of **Las Cruces** and **Deming.**

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A few minutes from the flavorful town of Deming (population 8,000) is a 5,000 acre Ranch, picture-framed by the breathtaking Florida Mountains. So real, so beautiful, so typically the romance of the Southwest is this valley Ranch that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines including the official publication of the State of New Mexico. **What better way to describe its Southwestern flavor than to tell you that when the producers of the movie THE TALL TEXAN sought an authentic locale for their picture, they chose the very land we are now sub-dividing into the DEMING RANCHETTES. THE TALL TEXAN was filmed on our ranch, the same place where you may have a Ranchette of your very own!**

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Ten years ago, in nearby Las Cruces, a comparable fertile half-acre such as we offer in DEMING RANCHETTES could have been bought for $199. Today it's up to $2000! Experienced realtors predict the same future for Deming—in a much shorter time! If this makes sense to you your next act is mailing the coupon below. And one more thing: we promise that no salesman will annoy you. Thanks, sincerely, for your attention.

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- ☐ 1½ acres for $590. I enclose $15 as a deposit.
- ☐ 2½ acres for $975. I enclose $25 as a deposit.
- ☐ 5 acres for $1925. I enclose $50 as a deposit.

Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps, Photographs and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind within 30 days for any reason and that my deposit will be fully and instantly refunded if I do.

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January-February, 1962
Volume 9, No. 3
Whole No. 49

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Assistant Publisher

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Assistant Editor

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

From the Clay Fielden Collection

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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IT'S ON THE NEWSSTANDS NOW!

Check This Partial List of Contents:

CORD OF DEATH—To those who supported the raiders' cause, Bloody Bill Anderson was a hero. But those who felt the fangs of his thirst for revenge called him a mad-dog killer and promised a vengeance of their own. The Civil War was their point of strife and the Kansas-Missouri border their battleground.

WYOMING'S MYSTERIOUS BADMAN—A man without a past, Bob Meldrum slashed through a part of Wyoming's history, a sometimes angry, sometimes kindhearted gunman, then disappeared into the gloom beyond the edge of recorded history, never to be heard from again.

WAGONTRAIN BRIDE—George Snipes was a young man of determination. He'd picked out Martha Imbler for his bride and was going to have her, even if he had to cross the continent to do so!

DEATH RODE WITH THE FREIGHTERS—The story of a little-known hero named Stork, a south Texas freighter, who fought back despite the perfectly laid Apache ambush. Wounded, near death, he struggled back to his employer's headquarters to relay the news and collapse, lifeless, in his friend's arms.

A YOUNG MAN'S COUNTRY—Alone in the wilds of northern Alberta, William Greening had as companions a horse, a dog and Jim Oh Ko, who announced his greeting with a blast from a high-powered rifle.

REVIVAL AT SEVEN RIVERS—Eve Ball relates the humorous "boys-will-be-boys" tale about the Jones brothers. Asked by the cantankerous circuit-rider why they didn't "make their peace with God" they replied, "Why should we? We ain't had no trouble with Him."

STEAMBOAT QUEEN OF THE GOLD RUSH—The authentic and colorful story of the riverboats that vied for cargo and passengers on the Sacramento River run in the days when California was a wild and fabulously rich new state.

MORE ON THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST OZARKS SILVER—"That map looked so familiar . . ." the author says, "then I remembered the map my father had. And I think I know where the treasure is buried!"

THE SAINT WITH A SILVER EYE—Don Ashbaugh's anecdotal look into the past at San Antonio, Nevada, where the few crumbling stones of what was once a stage station are all that remain of part of Nevada's Spanish heritage.

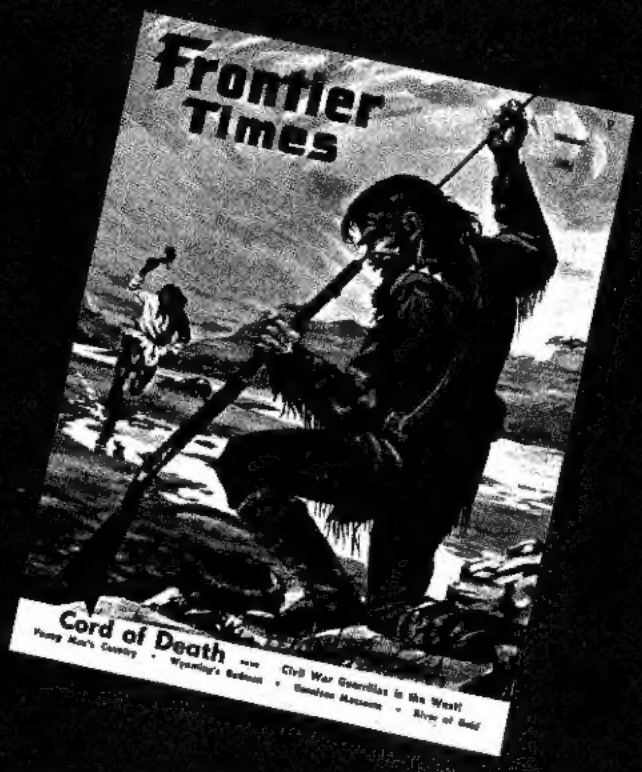
12:00 NOON MERIDIAN TIME—The thin hands of a railroader's watch divided the claims of the Sooners from those of legitimate homesteaders. A second's inaccuracy meant the loss of hundreds of farms!

THE GUNNISON MASSACRE—As the sun appeared over the rim of the canyon, an Indian aimed his rifle and fired, a signal for Moshoquop and his braves to begin one of Utah's most vicious and senseless attacks.

LADY FROM LEADVILLE—Brash Mollie Brown, the mining camp wife, had everything she wanted—except a ticket of admission to Denver's "400."

REQUIEM FOR THE WILD WEST SHOWS—Glenn Kischko was born in one of Buffalo Bill's show wagons and witnessed the glory and death of the spectacle that was a part of the Old West.

ALSO, Charlie Bemis' Highest Prize, How Well Do You Know These Western Badmen?, Nuggets and a whole passel of rare Old West photos, illustrations and departments.



Lost Something?

You sure have, podner, if you haven't read the current (Winter) FRONTIER TIMES. That's our other baby that's growing so fast we can't keep him in clothes that fit! TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are companion magazines, each presenting new and different articles about the lives and adventures of the men and women who made the West great. And FRONTIER TIMES still costs only 25c!

Take a look to the left and see what all we've crammed into this issue of FRONTIER TIMES! We think you'll agree it's a handsome running mate for TRUE WEST, with a unique cover illustration worth the price of admission itself.

Go on by the same newsstand where you bought this copy of TRUE WEST and pick up your copy of the current FRONTIER TIMES. And if you want to make EXTRA sure you get your next FRONTIER TIMES, just fill out the coupon below and fire it our way. We'll do the rest.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-TW, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing ☐ $1 for 4 issues; ☐ $2 for 8 issues; ☐ $3 for 12 issues (check one) of FRONTIER TIMES.

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Truly Western

"Pay More for a Lot of Junk"

Dear Joe:

I just returned from a trip through North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Utah. Wherever possible, I stopped to talk to newsdealers about your magazines. The prestige you have gained over the past year is remarkable. Magazines are displayed more prominently and dealers are aware of the sales. They all say it is one of their leading magazines and that people are distinguishing between them and the other competitive magazines. Two of the dealers told me they had been subscribers to TRUE WEST before your circulation increase brought it to their newsstands.

Here are a some of the typical comments on the magazine and its increase in price (from the dealers).

"Should have done it long ago. I never have understood how they could publish it for twenty-five cents."

"Not a single complaint on the increase. People don't mind paying for the real thing."

"They pay more for a lot of junk that we sell on the stands. They're not complaining."

"It's the real thing and people know it. They want it in preference to poorer imitations."

I don't think you have to worry about the West. They will stay behind you. Among historians, you are taken seriously; most of them are buying and reading both magazines.

Also, I met a lot of tourists who were readers and were routing their trips to see some of the places written about in TW and FT. Others we met did not know of the magazines, but were agreeably surprised with the quality and contents and said they would purchase them in the future and recommend them to their friends.—Bill Judge, 2154 South Box Elder, Casper, Wyoming.

Editors' Note: Bill Judge was recently awarded a citation by the Wyoming State Historical Society. This award, given annually, reads: "O. W. Judge has received the award given by this Society for the year 1961 in recognition of accomplishments in the promotion and preservation of Wyoming History in the field of Periodicals (National) for his series of historical articles published in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES."

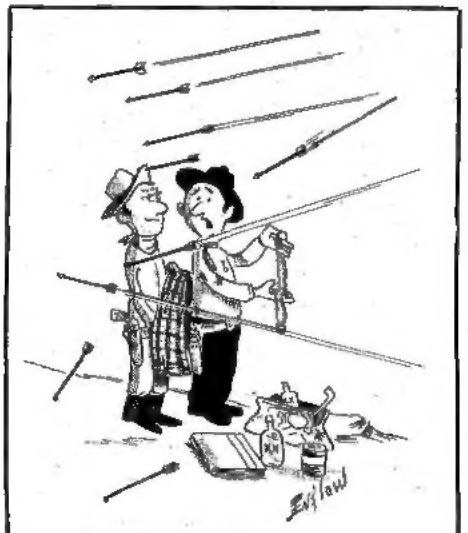
Bill was author of "Muzzling the Dog Soldiers" in the December issue and "The Hayfield Fight" in the October issue.

Rattlers Aren't Cowards!

Dear Editor Joe,

I recently read an issue of TRUE WEST that I had somehow missed (May-June 1960). All the articles were good, but I find a little fault with Evan M. Wylie's "New Facts on an Old Enemy."

I feel that he underestimates that fiend of the mountains, woods and deserts—the rattlesnake. Rattlers aren't cowards, "even afraid of mice and rats" as he says. Since they hypnotize, ambush and devour all kinds of rodents, it can hardly be said they are afraid of their prey. They sometimes emerge from their hiding places to attack people.



"If this doesn't work, we're in trouble."

A nephew of mine recently went fishing on the banks of a creek in the lava beds near Filer, Idaho. He chose a pool that was shadowed by a ledge of lava and, after making sure it was free of snakes, settled down to fish, his back against the ledge. Shortly afterward he had the spooky feeling that something was lurking close by. He turned slowly and saw a coal-black rattler which had crawled out of a deep crevice. His first impulse was to dive into the pool, but he reasoned that the slightest move would cause the coiled snake to strike. It began a furious rattling and did not try to crawl back into its lair.

Luckily, my nephew's two companions appeared across the creek. They had a shotgun and blasted the snake to pieces, saving my nephew from almost certain snake bite.

I was once surrounded by rattlers. Only thirteen, I was riding through a sage-covered swale in the lava near the Snake River Canyon. I got confused, and got off my horse to throw rocks at the nearest snakes visible to try to scare them off. I didn't kill a one and only succeeded in arousing more snakes. I don't contend that the snakes would have closed in to commence striking at me and my horse, but I was faced with breaking out of the circle. I had no gun, so I remounted and drove my horse in a mad dash through them. One big diamondback lashed out at my horse's legs as we flashed past, but we made it to safety unhurt.

A CCC lad I knew got himself into a similar predicament in California. He got surrounded by a pack of red-mottled Pacific rattlers while climbing the side of a shale cliff. To reach safety down the hill, he tossed slabs of flat shale on the nearest and most menacing of his attackers and eventually joined several buddies who had not been close enough to aid him.—Al Eaton, Filer, Idaho.

Sod Houses

My Dear Sir:

I was just looking through my August TRUE WEST and noticed the photo of a sod house in Colby, Kansas. This nice, clean, well-built sod house would have been for the elite in the days when I lived just eighteen miles from the site pictured.

The photo of my family in front of a sod house was taken in 1902 (that's me sitting on the burro). Grandfather is holding the mules to show his relatives in Illinois that he's not using bulls for wagon power any longer. The shanty visible on the end of the shingle-roof house was the original sod house he built in 1885. He brought the roofing material with him from Illinois and hauled it forty-five miles from the railroad with a team of horses and a team of oxen. When this part of the house was built, it was one of the really deluxe houses along the trail.

The photographer—the only one around—lived so far away he had to come the

(Continued on page 44)

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Enjoy outdoor living all year 'round in Columbus. "Sunday painters" delight in Southwestern scenery. Flowers and vegetables thrive in fertile soil during an extra-long growing season. Collectors are fascinated by fossils, Indian relics, rocks and minerals which are plentiful in the nearby mountains. Deer, antelope, quail, and dove are hunted in season. Excellent fishing lies within a few hours' drive.

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McNelly's Rangers

By WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

THE bitter years of strife—the Civil War and the period of Reconstruction that followed—were over. The year was 1874 and Texans had again regained control over the government of their state, electing Richard Coke governor. One of his first official acts was to reorganize the famous Texas Rangers, disbanded by the carpetbag government.

There had never been a greater need for them. On the west the Indians had driven back the settlers, and on the Rio Grande Juan Cortinas was sending his raiders to steal cattle. Lawless men—singly and in bands—had risen to terrorize the people within the state. The Rangers had to fight Indians on the West, Mexicans on the South, and outlaws among the people. The Rangers rose to the need, and this was in many respects their finest period of service.

One of the first men Governor Coke sent for was L. H. McNelly, a former officer in the Confederate army. McNelly was a small frail man with deep blue eyes and brown hair over a high forehead and a thin face. He wore a mustache and beard and his voice was soft and gentle. There was nothing about his delicate body or his voice or manner to indicate the iron will that he carried in this frail form.

Only thirty years old, McNelly was already a seasoned warrior. He entered the Confederate army at the age of seventeen and became a captain at nineteen; he was given the dangerous duty of scouting and making forays inside the enemy lines. He knew horses and men and what they could do, but of fear he knew nothing. He was especially skilled in using spies, and he always had one or two in the ranks of the adversary to tell him what the plans of the enemy were.

McNelly's first assignment was in DeWitt County, where he brought some measure of peace to the community torn by the strife of the Sutton-Taylor feud. Then, in the spring of 1875, he was sent with his now seasoned company of Rangers to perform special duty in the southwest, where cattle stealing was in progress on a grand scale. On April 18, 1875, General Steele in Austin received the following telegram from Sheriff John McClure of Nueces County:

IS CAPT. MCNELLY COMING? WE ARE IN TROUBLE. FIVE RANCHES BURNED BY DISGUISED MEN NEAR LA PARRA LAST WEEK. ANSWER.

McNelly and his company left for La Parra immediately.

As they approached the border, they found the country overrun by bands of armed men who had assembled for the ostensible purpose of self-protection, but who could scarcely be distinguished either by appearance or performance from groups whose sole object was to plunder and raid. McNelly struck down these organizations, Mexicans and Americans alike, as a necessary preliminary to the clean-up he planned.

"The acts committed by Americans," he wrote, "are horrible to relate; many ranches have been plundered and burned, and the people murdered or driven away; one of these parties confessed to me in Corpus Christi as having killed eleven men on their last raid. I immediately issued an order . . . disbanding the minute companies and all armed bands acting without the authority of the state; my order was obeyed, or agreed to be, without hesitation . . . Had I not disbanded these companies it is possible . . . and very probable that civil war would have ensued as the Mexicans are very much exasperated."

AT Edinburg, Captain McNelly met Captain Neal Coldwell of the Frontier Battalion who seemed "disinclined to take chances crossing the river." Cortinas had made his appearance on the opposite side the day before McNelly arrived and had hanged an alcalde and another Mexican for killing one of his cow thieves. In the latter part of May, McNelly moved to Brownsville, where he expected to remain during June. The people there were much alarmed about their safety.

Even General Potter, commander of Fort Brown, admitted that the Mexicans had been crossing the river above and below Brownsville and that he had only 150 men for defense and—McNelly added—these were Negroes. Stealing had increased enormously, carried on by well-mounted and well-armed men. In conclusion—and McNelly's last sentences were often significant—he said, "I think you will hear from us soon."

The increase in the theft of cattle was owing to the fact that the Mexicans had received large contracts to deliver beef to the Cuban market, and the boldness of the thieves was inspired by Juan N. Cortinas, now an important figure on the south side of the river, and the chief contractor for the Cuban market. When McNelly reached Brownsville, or Point Isabel, it was reported to him that a steamer was standing three miles offshore to receive a herd of 400 cattle which were being held in Mexico at Bagdad. Two-thirds of them bore American brands.

Cortinas himself was in the vicinity with seventy-five men, half of whom were mounted on horses with American brands. Cortinas had a band of his men in Texas after more cattle, and McNelly knew about it. The story of the Rangers' movements from June 5 to June 12 is most graphically told by McNelly in his official report, excerpts of which follow.

Brownsville (Texas)
June—, 1875

Gen. Wm. Steele:

I have the honor to report that on Saturday the fifth I received information of a party of Mexicans, fifteen in number, who had crossed the river at (about) eight miles below Brownsville for the purpose of stealing cattle. I immediately ordered Lieutenant Robinson with eighteen men to proceed to the crossing of the Arroyo Colorado and send out scouts, to learn their whereabouts and report to me.

On the morning of the eighth the Lieutenant reported that he had captured one of the raiders. I at once went to the company and learned from the prisoner, Rafael Salinas, that the party consisted of sixteen men under command of Camillo Lerma and José María Olguine, alias the Aboja (the Needle), and that they had been sent by General Cortinas to La Parra neighborhood to get a drove of cattle for the Cuban market.

He further stated that he had been left behind to remount and act as rear guard. I then sent a spy on their trail with instructions to follow them until they returned, at the same time keeping my men concealed and secretly guarding all the passes of the Arroyo Colorado for twenty miles in my front.

One Friday morning . . . we caught a Mexican called Incosnasción Garcia who was identified as one of the party. He told the same story as Rafael Salinas, as far as number, name and intention of the raiders, and said he was the advance guard and that they had about 300 head of cattle, and would cross the Arroyo that night, and try to drive to the river next day.

I stationed my men in a motte and remained there until two o'clock, when one of my scouts came in and reported that the thieves had passed four miles east of our post early in the night. I at once started to strike their trail, or get

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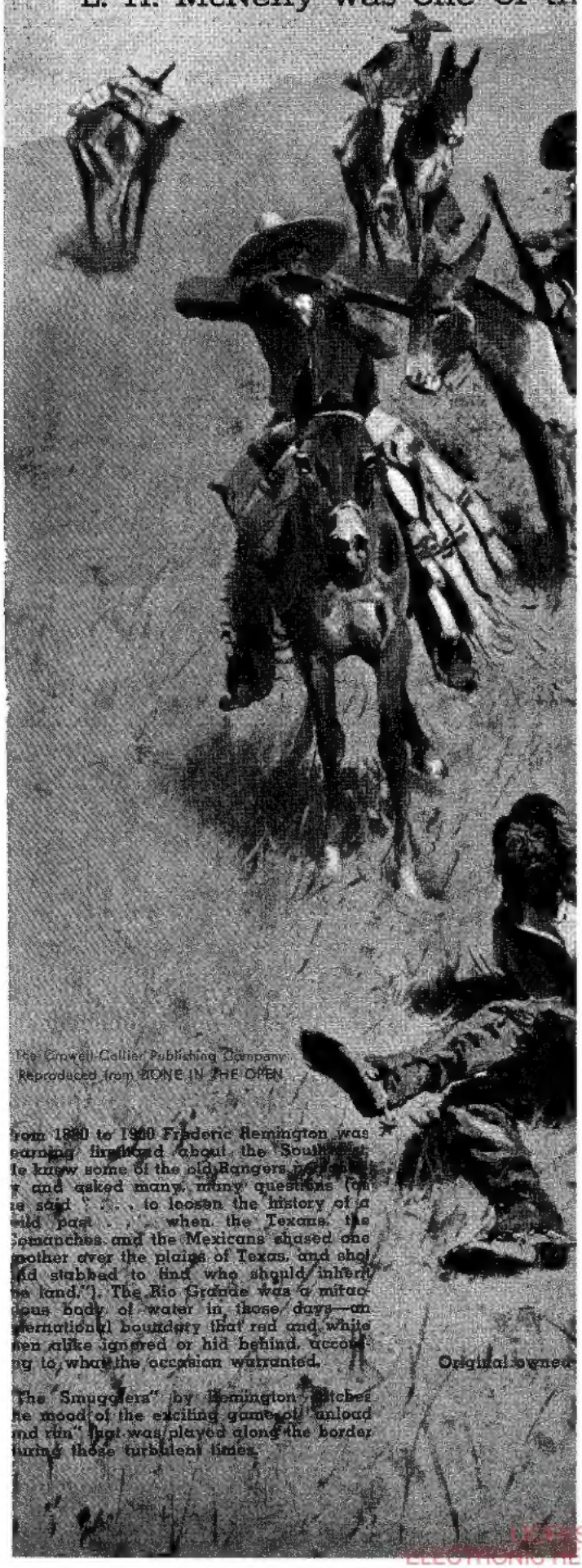
But—occasionally—a man is bo
that fear never enters. Ra
L. H. McNelly was one of th



The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
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rom 1840 to 1900 Frederic Remington was
earning firsthand about the Southwest.
le knew some of the old Rangers personally
y and asked many, many questions (as
e said ". . . to loosen the history of a
vild past . . . when the Texans, the
Comanches and the Mexicans chased one
nother over the plains of Texas, and shot
nd stabbed to find who should inherit
he land."). The Rio Grande was a miracu-
ous body of water in those days—an
nternational boundary that red and white
nen alike ignored or hid behind, accord-
ng to what the occasion warranted.

Original owner

"The Smugglers" by Remington catches
he mood of the exciting game of "unload
nd run" that was played along the border
uring those turbulent times.

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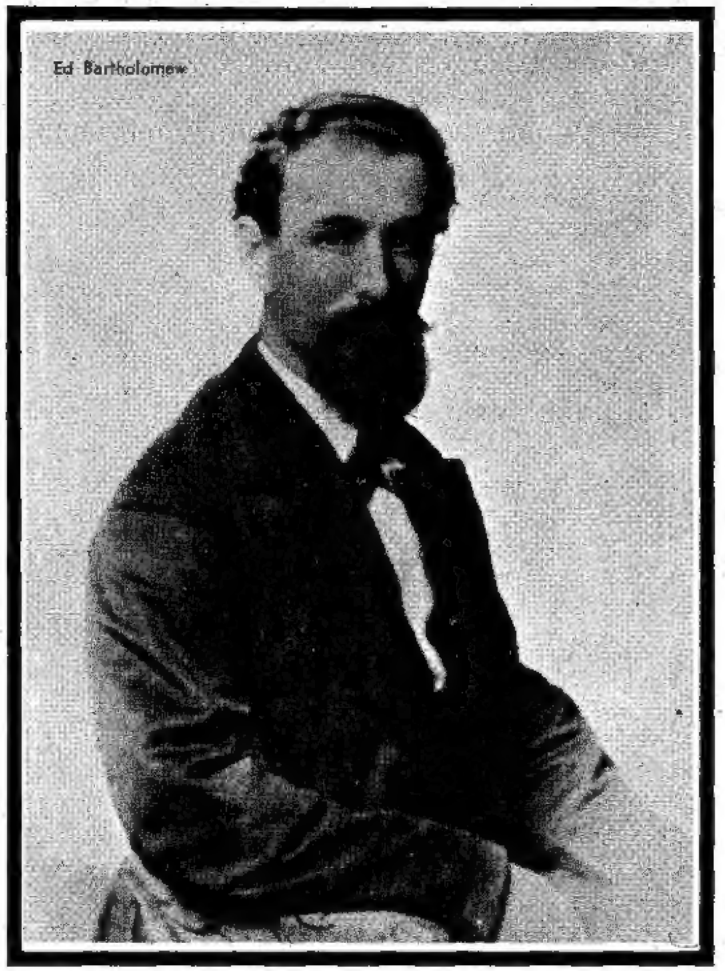

Captain Lee H. McNelly

in their front by taking a near cut to Laguna Madre.

About seven o'clock next morning I came in sight of them, about eight miles distant. They discovered my command about the same time and commenced running the cattle. They drove about three miles, and finding we were gaining on them, they drove the herd on a little island, in a salt marsh, and took their stand on the opposite side, and waited our approach for a half hour before we reached the marsh.

On arriving I found them drawn up in line on the south side of a marsh about 600 yards wide, filled with mud and water, eighteen or twenty inches deep, and behind a bank four or five feet high. I formed my men as skirmishers and rode into the marsh, not allowing my men to unsling their carbines, or draw their pistols. As soon as we struck the water, the raiders commenced firing on us with Spencers and Winchester carbines. We advanced at a walk (a more rapid gait being impossible) and not firing a shot or speaking a word and keeping our line well dressed.

On our nearing the position they held, perhaps within seventy-five or one hundred yards, they wheeled their horses round, and galloped off at a slow gait. When we got out on hard ground we pressed forward and soon brought ourselves within shooting distance, fifty or sixty yards. The Mexicans then started at a full run, and I found that our horses could not overtake them. So I ordered three of my best mounted men to pass to their right flank and press them so as to force a stand.

And as I had anticipated, the Mexicans turned to drive my men off, but they held their ground, and I got up with four or five men, when the raiders broke. After that it was a succession of single hand fights for six miles before we got the last one. Not one escaped out of the twelve that were driving the cattle. They were all killed.

I have never seen men fight with such desperation. Many of them, after being shot from their horses and severely wounded three or four times, would rise on their elbows and fire at my men as they passed. I lost one man . . . L. B. Smith of Lee County. . . . We captured twelve horses, guns, pistols, saddles, and 265 head of beef cattle belonging in the neighborhood of King's Ranch, Santa Gertrudis.

James J. Brown, sheriff of this (Cameron) county with a posse of Mexicans were with us, in sight of the whole affair. But their horses were too much jaded for them to get into the fight. When it was over, I reported to the sheriff that the enemy had crossed the river . . . on the night of the fourth and that they had gone to the La Parra and gathered these beeves, that I had found them at the marsh, they had fought, and I would now place him in charge of their bodies.

He knew most of them, his posse identified all of them as Cortinas' men. . . . Camillo Lerma, Georgee Jimenes, alias the 'Cyotee,' Telesforo Dias and Guadalupe Espinoso are said to be Cortinas' favorite bravos and it is also said that he will be very indignant. . . .

I find that the killing of those parties has developed a most alarming state of things on this frontier. The Mexicans on the other side of the river are very much infuriated and threaten to kill ten Americans for each of their bravos. And then on this side the Mexican residents of Brownsville (that is the majority, the canaille or lower class) . . . are public in their denunciation of the killing and the attention given my dead soldier seems to have exasperated them beyond measure.

I really consider the place in danger as Cortinas is known to have twelve or fifteen hundred men that he can muster in three or four days. The U. S. forces here only amount to about 250 all told, officers, soldiers and servants—and they are Negroes at that. . . ."

L. H. McNELLY
Captain, Company A, Vol. Mil.

ONE of McNelly's men has told the story of the Red Raid. This story is worthy of reproduction here because of its graphic quality and because it throws a brilliant light on the way of McNelly. It differs from the official account in some details, as in the disposition of the prisoners, but it coincides with McNelly's story in most respects. William Callicott now tells how the Red Raid looked to a private in the Rangers.

"In the early spring of 1875 Captain McNelly had orders to reorganize a company of forty Rangers to go in the Rio Grande to deal with the Mexican cow thieves and bandits that were coming from Mexico into Texas, killing people and driving cattle into Mexico. Captain McNelly had orders to deal with these bandits and thieves in the same way that Major Jones dealt with the Indians—to kill those caught on this side of the river and take no prisoners. The Captain said he knew how to obey such orders, and as soon as he got his company in shape he made for the Rio Grande.

"We had not been there but a little while until we heard of a band of Mexicans who had come over after cattle. At the time we heard this only thirty men were in camp, the rest being out on a scout. Captain McNelly called for twenty-two volunteers which he readily got. Among them was Berry Smith, the youngest fellow in the company. Old Man Smith, who was with us, went to the Captain and asked him to let some other boy take his boy's place, said that Berry was the only child and if anything happened to him his mother would die of grief.

"The Captain told him that any of the Rangers would be glad to take Berry's place and he told Berry that if he wished he could stay in camp with his father.

"Berry said, 'Captain, we have been out here some time and haven't had a fight yet and I would like to go if you will let me. If I get killed it will be no worse than for some of the other boys to get killed.' The Captain told him that was the way he liked to hear a fellow talk, and to get ready to start. I will tell you later how Berry got killed.

"Another Ranger we had with us was Old Casuse Sandoval (Jesús Sandoval). He was a Mexican who had a ranch on this side of the river. Several years before we went out there, he and a white man caught four Mexican cow thieves and hung them all to one tree. After that the Mexicans on the other side swore they would kill him on the first chance.

"Casuse had not slept in his own house for over ten years because he was afraid of being killed. He knew the country well

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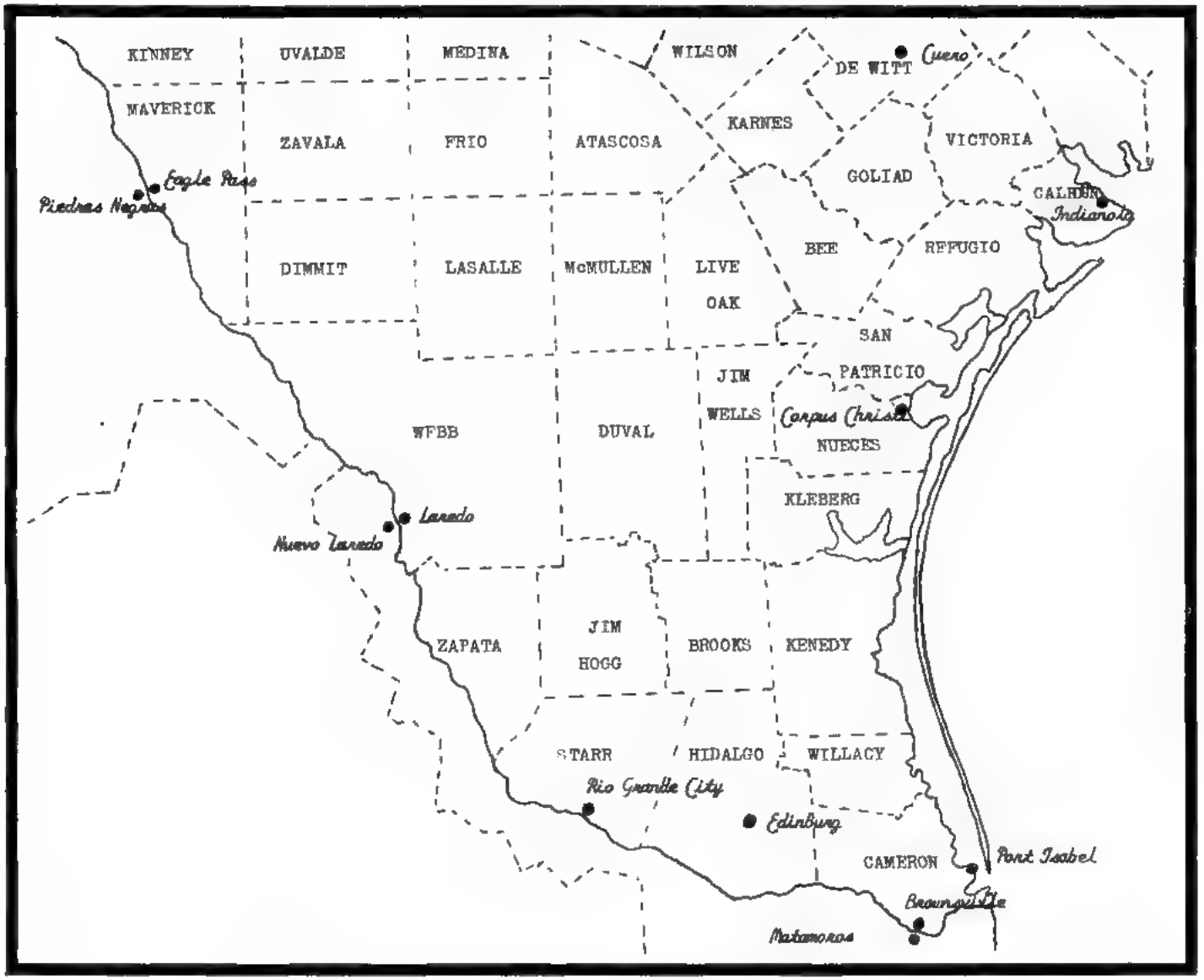

This map shows the Texas-Mexico border, site of McNelly's "clean up" campaign.

on this side of the river, knew all the Mexicans for miles around, and so the Captain let him join us, paying him the same that he did us, forty dollars a month. He gave him the same kind of arms we used, a Colt's .45 and a needle gun, and Casuse was proud of these weapons and made a fine Ranger. The way he helped us in handling spies will be told later.

"When on the Mexican border Captain McNelly used wagons instead of pack mules such as Major Jones used on the northern frontier after Indians. We did not need pack mules as we could buy grub from the ranches. Captain McNelly left seven or eight men, including a corporal, with the wagons, while the rest of us tied what little we had cooked to our saddles and started out to find the bandits.

WE hadn't been out but a day or two before we caught the first Mexican bandit spy. Captain McNelly marched his company so that it was hard for any prowling Mexican to escape him. Two or three men marched on each side of the company in the direction we were going and looked out for bandits and spies, and if they came across a Mexican that looked suspicious they would bring him to the company for Old Casuse to identify.

"Casuse would talk to the Mexican a little, and then tell Tom Sullivan, our interpreter, who was raised among the Mexicans at Brownsville, what the Mexican was. If the Mexican proved to be a citizen we let him go at once; and if he proved to be a bandit spy one of us would take charge of him and march along until we saw a suitable tree.

"The Captain would take Tom, the bandit, and four or five of the boys to the tree. Old Casuse would put the rope over the bandit's neck, throw it over a limb, pull him up and let him down on the ground until he would consent to tell all he knew. As far as we knew this treatment always brought out the truth.

"After the Captain had all the information he wanted, he would let Casuse take charge of the spy. Casuse would make a regular hangman's knot and place the hangman's loop over the bandit's head, throw the end of the rope over the limb, make the bandit get on Casuse's old paint horse, and stand up in the saddle. Casuse would then make the loose end of the rope fast, get behind his horse, hit him a hard lick and the horse would jump from under the spy, breaking his neck instantly.

"Captain McNelly didn't like this kind of killing, but Casuse did. He said if we turned a spy loose he would spread the news among the bandits and we would never catch them. We caught several spies on that scout before we overhauled the bandits with the cattle, and Casuse dealt with all of them alike, showing no partiality—he always made them a present of six feet of rope.

"The last spy we caught was on June 11, Friday after twelve o'clock. The Captain turned him over to me to guard. He rode along with me until we stopped to get supper on a little creek. I had him tied with a rope so that he could not get away. I fixed a little supper for him and gave him all the jerked beef and bread that he could eat and good strong coffee, knowing that would be about the last meal he would have a chance to eat in this world. I gave him some cigarettes to smoke. He enjoyed it all.

"It was beginning to get late in the evening, all had had supper, and our horses had grazed for about two hours. As the sun was getting low, the Captain, Tom Sullivan, and two of the boys came over to where I was sitting down with the bandit smoking. The Captain said, 'Bill, we will relieve you; we will take charge of the prisoner. Did you give him

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Bill Callicott

plenty to eat?' I told him he had all he could digest on six feet of rope.

"They took him out to a little motte about 200 yards from where we were. Casuse took his old paint horse that he used for a trap-door gallows and I knew it was checking up time for the Mexican bandit spy. We at the camp could see all that was going on out there. They did not stay out there but a little while when the Captain and the boys came back to us, all except Casuse and the bandit.

THE Captain could stand death in any other form better than hanging. After Casuse had completed his job he came back to us and said, 'He all right—he come backy no more.' By that time it was sundown.

"We now prepared to go on after the bandits. The spy had told us all he knew, that seventeen Mexicans and one white man were driving 250 head of cattle in the direction of Palo Alto Prairie. He evidently told the truth. We planned to overhaul them in the night.

"I had on the only white shirt in the crowd. The Captain came to me and said, 'Bill, from what the spy says we will be likely to overhaul the bandits tonight, and in the dark it will be a hard matter to tell our men from them if we get mixed up. I want your white shirt, but I will give you another when we get to a place where I can buy one.'

"I told him the shirt made no difference to me, that the weather was warm and my undershirt was all I needed. I pulled off the shirt and the Captain tore it up and tied a piece around the left arm of each man. Berry Smith, the boy that was killed next day, still had the piece of white tied to his arm.

"After all was ready the Captain ordered us in line. He rode out in front of us and said, 'Boys, from what the bandit told me, we are likely to overhaul them tonight, and when we do I will order you all in line of battle, and when I order you to charge them, I want you to charge them in line.

" 'Do not get ahead of each other and get mixed up with the bandits for if you do, you are apt to kill one another instead of the bandits.

" 'Don't pay any attention to the cattle. The spy tells me there are seventeen Mexicans and one white man and that they are Cortinas' picked men, and Cortinas says they can cope with any Rangers or regulars.

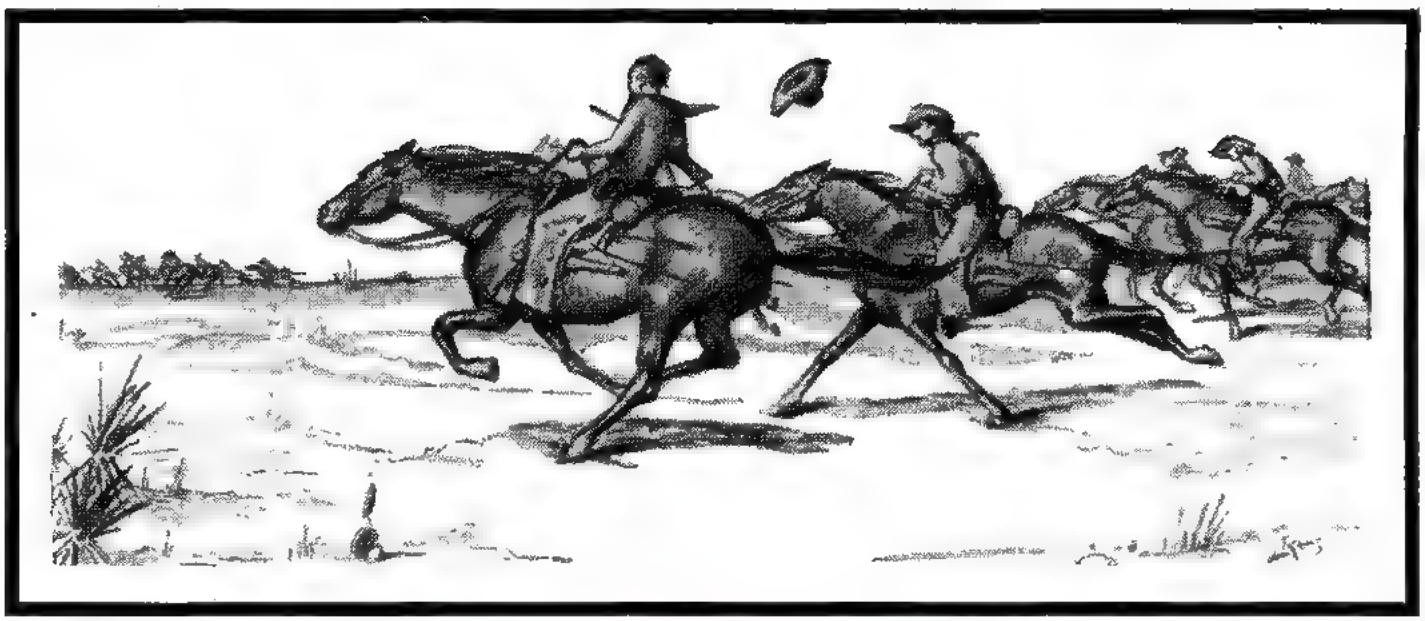
" 'If we can overhaul them in an open country we will teach them a lesson they will never forget. If they should stampede, pick you out the one that is nearest to you and keep him in front of you and keep after him. Get as close to him as you can before you shoot. It makes no difference in what direction he goes, stay with him to a finish. That is all I have to say. Ready! Form in twos! Forward march!'

"Old Casuse took the lead and we rode all night in the direction which the spy told the Captain Palo Alto Prairie lay, and we got to the prairie about sunup. As luck would have it, we did not overhaul them in the night. If we had, we could not have wiped them out.

"At the prairie we found their trail leading across it towards the Rio Grande. We followed it at a fast trot and lope, not wanting to overspeed our horses that had been under the saddle for twenty-four hours with but little rest and little to eat. We hadn't followed the trail farther than a mile or two before we

(Continued on page 48)

". . . such an unexpected lunge that he went under my hat."



The inside of the store run by the author's father in New Raymer, Colorado. On the north wall bologna put up in cloth sacks is visible. The young man with the big smile is H. E. Dugan.

I got my first look at the treeless prairie homestead country of eastern Colorado from the door of a "Sidedoor Pullman", (a C.B.& Q. boxcar). This portion of the country had just been opened to homestead, and my father had come to the conclusion that my brother Johnnie and I needed a change from city life at Denver. So Dad took up a claim of 320 acres at New Raymer, sixty miles northeast of Greeley.

The train which brought us to New Raymer was dubbed "The Try Weekly." The passengers said it went to Cheyenne, Wyoming,, one week and tried to get back to Sterling, Colorado, the next. That wasn't exactly true; it was a combination freight-and-passenger train which did a lot of switching and didn't adhere too close to schedule.

The prairie looked mighty bleak to me, but I was glad to get out of that boxcar. I had been awake all night trying to disregard the bumping and banging of the train. The two pets that were with me were as glad to get out as I was—a horse named Joe, and my dog, Dick. Because of them I had to ride in the boxcar in the first place instead of with the other passengers.

The dog was really in super heaven. The train stopped right in the middle of a prairie dog town, and he near ran himself to death trying to catch one. He didn't have any luck; the prairie dogs would let him get close, then slide down their holes.

My father and my uncle, Ed McEvoy, bought out a general merchandise store (that meant that we handled everything from didy-pins to threshing machines). In back of the store we set up a huge tent that Dad had used to display his machinery when he was a traveling salesman. We, the flies and the dirt were

A typical homestead scene.

in this tent for a couple of months. The wind blew all the time and covered everything with a pall of dust. We didn't mind; it all seemed like a picnic to us.

Our day began at six in the morning. We would get our breakfast and load up the shelves. The main part of our trade would start at nine and continue briskly until about four. The country around the townsite was level and you could see the dust from the horse-drawn vehicles for a long way. Most of the roads were just trails.

We kept our perishable merchandise in a huge cave. To promote good will, Dad ordered a five-gallon keg of joy juice, and he made Jack Hobbs, one of the biggest men I have ever seen, the dispenser. Jack started out with a few tin cups but they soon disappeared, so then he filled up a half-gallon measure and passed it around.

I was busy hauling freight and on one of the trips to the cave I noticed that Jack had gotten into an argument with a rough and tough man by the name of Hank Ficken. As I watched, the two men moved to the livery stable to battle it out. They made a few passes at each other when suddenly Jack caught Hank a belt alongside the head that landed Hank behind a kicking mare. The mare planted both feet on the seat of Hank's pants and he went right through the back door into a pile of fresh manure. We all had quite a laugh over the episode.

Everybody had broken a plot of ground and planted a little crop, but we got an early freeze the last of August which took care of that. It also ended our living in the tent.

THE actual population of New Raymer was about 200 souls. The buildings were unpainted and hastily constructed. Very few were plastered; the hotel was just a large room partitioned by blankets hung up as room dividers. The beds were just cots and the men and women who stayed there went to bed with their clothes on. The food was served family-style and it was always a race between the customers and the flies to see who would get it.

Breaking the prairie sod.

There was only one street in town, Main Street, and the business houses lined both sides. The one well was in the center of the street and everybody carried or hauled water from it. The water was highly alkaline and bitter to taste; to get used to it required a few days of bellyache and diarrhea. The men managed by sipping a little snake remedy, but it was tough on the women and kids.

Those days were full of comedy and some tragedy, but every day was interesting. The homesteaders were trying to get started with their newly-acquired land and were busy building, fencing and plowing. The cattlemen and sheepmen, who were old settlers, resented the invasion of the "nesters" and predicted that they wouldn't be there long. There were many heated arguments and fights over this, and feeling ran high, which added to the excitement.

Quite a few of the homesteaders had enough after that first year and sold their relinquishments to some other hopeful souls, but most of them stuck it out. They had to live on their places three years to get a deed. My father bought me a team of long bays to farm with and, like everybody else, we let them graze on the open prairie. We let the mare trail a long rope to make her easy to catch. One day some enterprising individual, thinking that the mare was a runaway, tied a rock to the end of the rope. This frightened the mare, and as she ran in a circle, she fell in an abandoned well and broke her neck.

For a while, I thought Charley, the stallion, would die of a broken heart, but about that time Dad bought a team of mules, so he transferred his affection to them.

At night after the day's work was over, the folks staying overnight would gather around the store stove. This usually turned out to be a liars' convention. It was fun to see the old pros jockey for position. The first guy didn't have a chance. Here are a few of the choicest gems that come to memory.

"My father had a cow. She was the darndest thing to give milk that I have

Simla, Colorado, one of New Raymer's close neighbors.

ever seen. She'd give about five gallons at a milking, then we'd throw the hide and horns over the fence and she'd go out and fill up again. The funny thing about this cow, she'd never had a calf." (Then a slight pause.) "Her mother was just like her."

"I had just bought a new Remington automatic rifle, so I went out along the hogback where I jumped a herd of antelope. I cracked down on a big buck and down he went. I hurried over to bleed him, but just as I got there he jumped up and started to run. I made a grab for his tail and just got a pinch of hair between my thumb and forefinger. I had to run him two miles before I could get a good enough hold on his tail to pull him down."

It was ten miles between New Raymer and Stoneham, the next little town to the east. Here's another beautiful tale.

"There was about six inches of snow on the ground, so I started from Stoneham to New Raymer with a team and a bobsled. I had gone about two miles when a Chinook came up and started to melt the snow. I whipped up the team, trying to beat that thaw, and you know something, all the rest of the way, the front runners were on snow and the back ones were in the mud."

I HAD been told that prairie dogs, rattlesnakes and owls all lived in the same holes. I had to find out for myself that this was untrue. A rattlesnake will strike anything that moves, and he likes to dine on young prairie dogs. The owls live in the holes the dogs have abandoned.

One day, while lying behind a soapweed watching a herd of antelope grazing toward me about a quarter-of-a-mile away, I noticed that a prairie dog was all excited about something. I saw a big rattler crawling down this dog's hole. The dog waited till the snake was out of sight, then he rushed over and started to fill up the hole.

As soon as the first dirt went down that hole, Mr. Rattler changed his mind and came right up again and the dog took off.

Later I came across a rattler that had a full-sized dog about half-swallowed. I stepped on him to see if he could get the dog up. He did and proceeded to strike at me with his mouth all stretched out of shape. Almost everybody wore boots, because you never knew when you would be struck, and one person by the name of Mohler used to kill rattlers by tramping them to death. That wasn't so good either, for another man got poisoned on a broken fang sticking in the heel of his boot.

One of our greatest sources of amusement was chasing coyotes. To do this required a team of horses and a buckboard big enough to haul three or four hounds. The coyotes were generally found around dog towns or sheep corrals.

One of the most remarkable hunters and shots with a rifle was a fellow by the name of Billy Schmeeckle. I've seen him turn the hounds loose, then pick up a high-powered rifle and kill the coyote before the hounds could get to it. Quite a few people in town had never seen a chase, so one day Billy brought a scabby coyote to town and turned him loose. He let the coyote get about 200 yards start, then let the hounds go. It took them about a half-a-mile to nail the coyote and as the ground was level everybody got to see the kill.

Everybody carried a gun, mostly .22's and shotguns. There was quite a variety of game: rabbits, prairie dogs, squirrels, foxes, coyotes, antelope, golden eagles, ducks and geese. My father gave my brother and me new .22 Winchester repeaters each. We got pretty good with them. We could hit a dollar-sized piece of coal in the air, split a playing card at ten feet, hit swinging targets and draw pictures of Indians or cowboys with bullet holes.

AT the store, along with other things, we handled windmills. Dad sent us out to put up a new mill for a widow by the name of Anderson. Her house was not large but it was built good and compact. While we were at dinner she related this experience.

It seems that she wanted something she had stored in the attic. She put a box on a stool and climbed up, but somehow she lost her balance and kicked over the box. At the same time the door to the attic fell and caught both her hands. There she hung. There was nothing she could do but pray. Finally she passed out, and when she came to, she found herself on the floor. Her prayers had been answered. She claimed it was a miracle and who am I to dispute it?

We had wonderful neighbors. Everybody knew and helped everybody else. If a man's barn burned down, the neighbors all chipped in and built him a new one. The schoolhouse substituted for church and theater. It was nothing for the dance crowd to stay all night, then clean up so that the church people could have services. We had lots of fun at the box socials and the bidding got real active when it was rumored that the box being auctioned might belong to the new school teacher or to one of the single girls present. There were many bachelors, all hungry for feminine company. Everybody took a turn at acting, and some of the local talent was quite good. We were asked for repeat performances sometimes.

Our neighbors up Pawnee Creek were the Elmer Meyers. They were old-timers, raised beef, and had built their home close to the creek bottom. Elmer was about fifty and his wife about ten years younger. The joy of their lives was a curly-headed boy about five years old. One day Mrs. Meyers and the boy started for Keota, another dryland town, to do some trading. The road from the ranch ran alongside the creek, dry most of the time but recent floods had washed out a hole by the gate that was still full of water.

Mrs. Meyers drove up to the boundary gate, opened it and led the horse through. During that moment her back was turned to close the gate, the boy must have hit the horse with the whip, for she was horrified to see horse and buggy disappearing over the bank into eight feet of water. *(Continued on page 63)*

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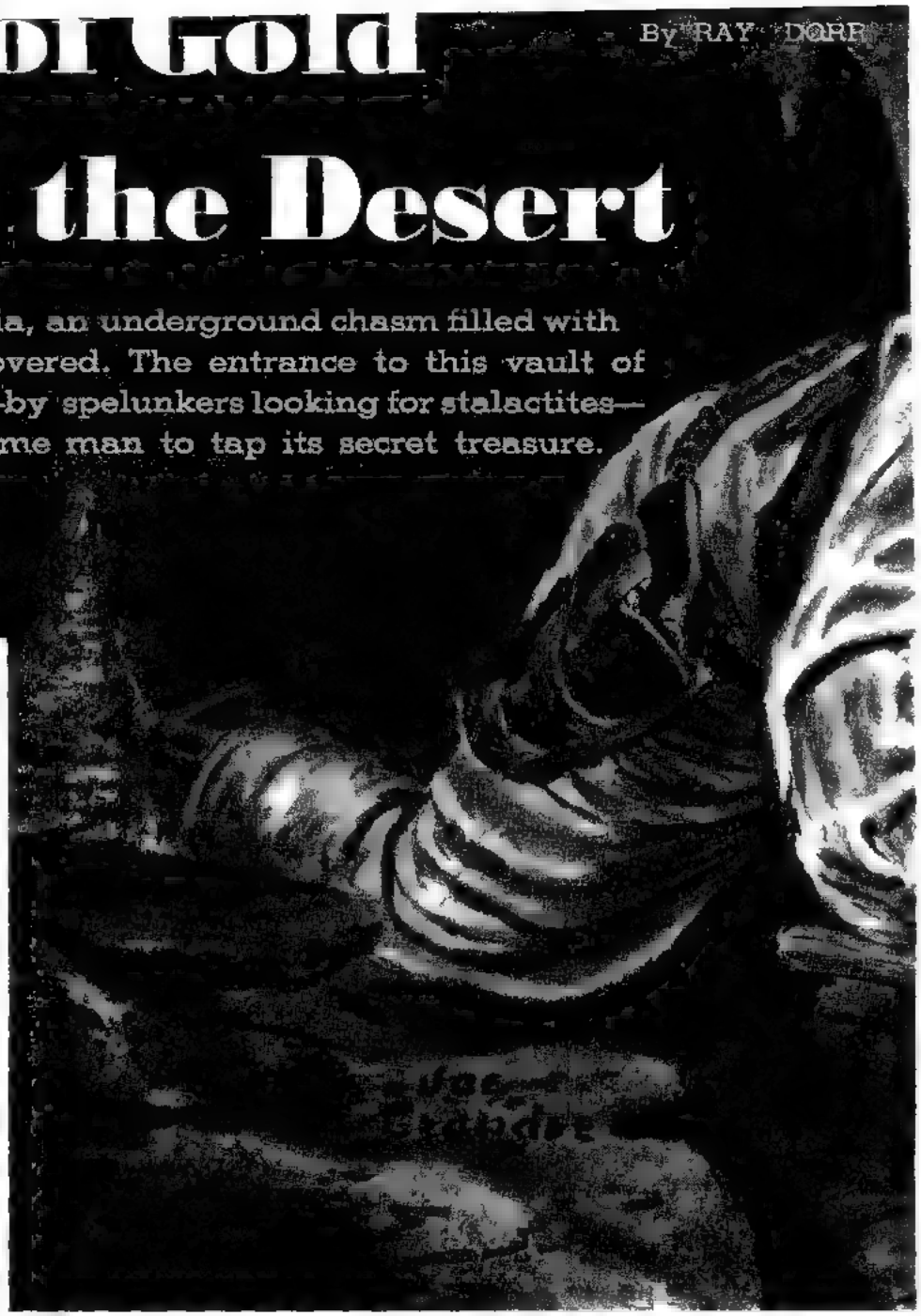
River of Gold in the Desert

By RAY DORR

East of Barstow, California, an underground chasm filled with gold has twice been discovered. The entrance to this vault of wealth was found again—by spelunkers looking for stalactites—and today waits for some man to tap its secret treasure.



WOULD you like to find a river of gold? I know where one is—a river bubbling along right now ready to make a millionaire of someone with courage and perseverance.

Unlike so many lost rivers filled with gold, it is not in the steaming jungles of Yucatan or Africa or on the snow-blasted slopes of the Himalayas. Oddly enough the river is only a few hundred yards from a main highway here in the United States, one that is used every day by Americans on their way to make or lose small fortunes.

Several years ago an article appeared in a man's magazine written by a man who nearly lost his life in a cave in the Mojave Desert in California. In this article, the author said he was exploring the cave to see if he could find a fortune in gold, just as Earl P. Dorr had done. He said that Mr. Dorr was then living in luxury from the proceeds of this find.

I knew that this was not true. Earl Dorr was my uncle. The reason he wasn't living in luxury was because he hadn't yet found another entrance into the cave. The gold he was supposed to have found, and apparently did find, is still there. Why didn't he take it out when he was there? That's what this story is about.

EARL Dorr was a typical desert prospector—tough, self-reliant, yet generous to a fault when a friend was in need. He was powerfully built, able to lift loads that would have crippled other men. A .38 revolver or a .45 automatic in a shoulder holster were as much a part of his dress as the Stetson he wore. His face was tanned and seamed from years in the desert sun but his eyes were a deep blue that never faded.

Also, like the typical prospector, he was a man with many stories. Some of them were true, some of them were based on fact, and some of them were entirely imaginary. It was for this reason that his story of the river of gold was taken with a grain of salt by most of his family. Only recently was evidence turned up to substantiate the fact that the river and the gold do exist.

The gold was found once, and it will be found again. The future millionaire may be a weekend prospector, a spelunker or even an unsuspecting picnicker. Whoever finds the river won't have to worry about collecting unemployment insurance for a long time.

According to Dorr, he was prospecting in the mountains east of Barstow, California, one scorching summer day when he came across a cave. He entered it to escape the heat, and soon his curiosity got the best of him. He explored as far as he could without a light, then went back to his car for a coil of rope and a carbide lamp. By this time the sun was going down, so he made a dry camp on the desert and settled down for the night.

The next morning he returned to the cave with the rope, lamp and some food. The descent into the cave was a perilous undertaking. He lowered himself past slippery walls into black pits where a single slip would have sent him plummeting to sure death.

For hours he explored one passage after another, but each ended in a blank wall or a crevice too small to squeeze through. Deeper and deeper into the earth he lowered himself. Finally, he came to the bottom of the cavern. At this point a small tunnel wound off into the blackness.

With the aid of his feeble carbide lamp he worked his way along this tunnel, slipping, sliding, and squeezing between the rough walls. Suddenly the tunnel opened onto a huge room. The room was filled with stalactites and stalagmites; through its center ran a large stream.

Putting his lamp close to the water,

Dorr saw small fish swimming around in the crystal clear stream. Then on the floor of the stream he saw a nugget—then another and another! The stream-bed was literally covered with gold nuggets. Exploring farther along the stream he found a fault where thick veins of gold were imbedded in quartz.

Excitedly he scooped a handful of nuggets out of the water and began his return to the surface. All he had to do was file a claim for this piece of property and he would be rich!

Once outside, he hastily erected a claim monument, then jumped into his old touring car and headed for town. There, much to his disappointment, he found that the property on which the mouth of the cave was located was already claimed by another prospector. This prospector had filed on the claim, not because of the cave, but because of mineral deposits found on the surface.

DORR hurried back to the cave. This time, in addition to the rope and carbide lamp, he carried a compass and a bundle of dynamite sticks.

Starting at the cave mouth he paced off the distance through the tunnels. He marked his computations along with directional notations on a piece of wrapping paper. After hours of measuring and taking compass readings, he once again reached the river of gold.

This time he didn't take any nuggets because he didn't want to be accused of claim jumping. But, judging the river to be under unclaimed land (and to keep the treasure a secret) he blasted the tunnel closed. As an afterthought he wrote out the letters D-O-R-R on the wall of the tunnel with the smoke from his lamp.

Once on the surface he took his compass and the wrapping paper with the measurements and began working out the location. This work was complicated because of the mountains and gullies of the desert. For days he paced off the distances over the rocky country. More than once a sheer cliff of rock blocked his way and he had to work his way around these obstacles. The glaring sun heated the rock mountains until they were like huge ovens set in the middle of a sea of baking sand.

Finally he arrived at a spot just east of Windmill Station on Highway 91, which he figured was directly over the big room with the gold. Erecting a shack here he began digging. Very soon he hit

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DEEP RAN *the* BLOOD *in* BUFFALO

By LEE RYLAND

Barn on the TA Ranch. Here the Johnson County War ended when the besieged invaders were rescued by the U.S. Cavalry. Three of the portholes are visible.

Editor's Note: Since the stormy days in 1891 when anger and resentment spilled over in the short-lived but bloody range fighting known as the Johnson County War, the people of Wyoming have kept the events leading up to the conflict—and the details of the conflict itself—wrapped as securely as possible in a network of apparent reticence and secrecy. Basically, the conflict was between the large ranch owners and their organization, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, and the small ranchers and farmers in the area surrounding the town of Buffalo. The accusations that shot back and forth between the antagonists have never been completely settled; both sides felt they were in the right and both sides were (and are, even today) backed by groups and individuals, many of them men of prominence in Wyoming ranching circles and politics. It is possible now, seventy years after the actual fighting, to see that some justice and some injustice rode with both combatants.

In order to explore the facts behind this famous controversy as accurately and honestly as possible, TRUE WEST presents a double-feature: "Deep Ran the Blood in Buffalo" and on the following pages, "The Last of the Invaders." Each author capably, if with some natural bias, has prepared a glimpse into the Johnson County War, revealing the truth as each of the participating opponents felt it to exist.

Here are their arguments. You, the reader, can evaluate them for yourself and decide with whom your sympathies lie. We are merely attempting to give all an equal hearing.

THE little town of Buffalo, Wyoming, lay quietly basking in the warm spring sun. At least it appeared to be quiet. Actually, the town was ready to explode; a short fuse had been lit among the cattle barons, the homesteaders and the small ranchers.

The Wyoming Stock Growers Association was an organization of the cattle barons. In the early days of its existence, the big ranchers were honest men, but as the Association grew and became more powerful, its original purpose was lost.

In desperation to fight back, or to at least hold their own, the small cattlemen and homesteaders of Buffalo and the surrounding Powder River country formed an organization for themselves. They gave it the impressive title of Northern Wyoming Farmers and Stockgrowers Association.

The first action of this smaller group was to establish several edicts: one, they intended to hold their roundup anywhere and any time they pleased; two, they were not to be called "rustlers" just because they had homesteaded land in the cattle country; three, they had as much right to an unbranded steer as the big ranchers.

The Stock Growers Association ignored the roaring mouse and sent stock inspectors to all shipping points with orders to hold blacklisted stock, with or without proper bills of sale. Most of the small ranchers in Johnson County were on the blacklist.

The confiscated cattle were sold and the money added to the Association's "kitty." This squeeze-play was concocted by H. B. Ijams, Secretary of the Board of Livestock Commission. It was heartily endorsed by all but a few members.

The fuse had been lit; everyone in northern Wyoming knew an explosion had to follow. The big cattlemen weren't yielding an inch, and the farmers and small ranchers weren't going to stand for the illegal confiscation of their stock without a fight. The town chose up sides. It was friend against friend—depending upon which man you "rode with."

The Northern Wyoming group had their own members, including Buffalo sheriff "Red" Angus and a collection of riled-up cowboys. Nate Champion was their leader.

Nate was well-liked. He wore a permanent grin etched upon his leathery face, but was powerfully built and fast with a gun. He had a spread on the Middle Fork of the Powder River, known as the KC (sometimes called the Nolan) ranch.

Nick Ray, a friend of Champion, also wore his gun in favor of the small ranchers. He was from Missouri and, although it wasn't his fight, he lived in an era when a man's friendship and his word were as sacred as marriage. The two men made a formidable pair against the cattle barons.

On the other side were men like Fred Hesse, Art Clarke, and Henry Blair, owners of big spreads. To add importance, the stock inspectors, the powerful cattlemen, and Frank Canton, Deputy U. S. Marshal, supported them.

Canton was a tall, daring man full of self-importance. A crack shot from Texas, he was admired by the powerful faction and very unpopular with the small ranchers. He later claimed it was his influence that cleaned up the trouble in the Powder River country, but facts prove otherwise.

His badge as a Deputy Marshal gave him an excuse to shoot first and check his reasons later, if at all.

BUFFALO was tense with anxiety. Men, heavily armed, went about their business with hands poised above their guns. Then some strange, unexplained deaths thickened the jittery atmosphere that already pervaded the town.

The first victim was Tom Waggoner. He was lynched by a group calling themselves "deputy sheriffs." Tom was dragged away from his home while his wife and small children looked on in horror. He was found a week later hanging in a remote canyon. Waggoner had the dubious honor of the place being

named for his demise. It is known today as Dead Man's Canyon.

Both sides disclaimed any knowledge of the Waggoner murder. The man was well-liked and, strangely enough, didn't own any cattle. But he did run about 1,000 head of horses, all legally branded.

Suspicion spread out like a cancer. Innocent blood had spilled in Buffalo!

On November 1, 1891, an attempt was made to liquidate Nate Champion and a companion, Ross Gilbertson. Four unknown gunmen surprised Nate and Ross in a night raid on a line cabin.

As the gunmen burst through the door, the leader shouted.

"This is it, Champion, we've got you this time!"

Champion answered with two well-placed shots from a Colt hidden under his pillow. The gun-slingers scurried to their horses in panic. Two of the would-be killers left clutching bullet wounds.

A stock inspector, Joe Elliott, was arrested as one of the men involved, but no witnesses appeared for or against him and he was released.

Conditions were going to get a lot worse before they ever got better, and the people of Buffalo knew it. The deaths of Orley "Ranger" Jones and J. A. Tisdale, ex-foreman for Teddy Roosevelt, were savage examples.

RANGER Jones was a popular young bachelor, engaged to be married. He had settled down, homesteading a place after riding for some of the big cattle outfits in the Powder River country. He was bushwhacked on his way home from Buffalo. His body, torn with two bullet holes, was found in his blood-spattered buckboard. Apparently his assailants had waited for him at the Muddy Creek crossing fifteen miles from town. Why? No one knew.

J. A. Tisdale was a family man, quiet and industrious. He had come to Buffalo for winter supplies and to buy Christmas presents for his children. Tisdale had a premonition that he was marked for death. This feeling in him was so strong he purchased a shotgun before he left town.

Sitting in his buckboard as the team jogged homeward, Tisdale glanced fearfully over his shoulder many times. His new shotgun lay across his knee. When he reached the Cross H Ranch safely, he decided to spend the night there.

The next morning, three miles from the Cross H, Tisdale's premonition came true. He was ambushed and fatally wounded. He was found sprawled grotesquely among the Christmas toys for his children.

These men were killed two days apart, Jones on November 28 and Tisdale on November 30, 1891. At about the same time, Frank Canton and Fred Hesse lit out for safer territory to preserve their hides.

Whether this was from actual connection with the killings is not known, but their departure was a hard blow to the cattle barons and their Association. Drastic measures had to be taken if they were to maintain their throat-hold on the Johnson County ranchers and homesteaders.

The Wyoming Stock Growers Association had one big thing in its favor—money. One hundred thousand dollars was raised, (approximately $1,000 per member) and on April 6, 1892, a train shrouded in secrecy arrived in Cheyenne. The expenses for the passengers aboard had all been paid.

As a planned "coincidence," the train chugged to a stop at its destination two days after an "emergency" meeting of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association and left in the middle of the night after all telegraph wires to the north had been neatly snipped in two.

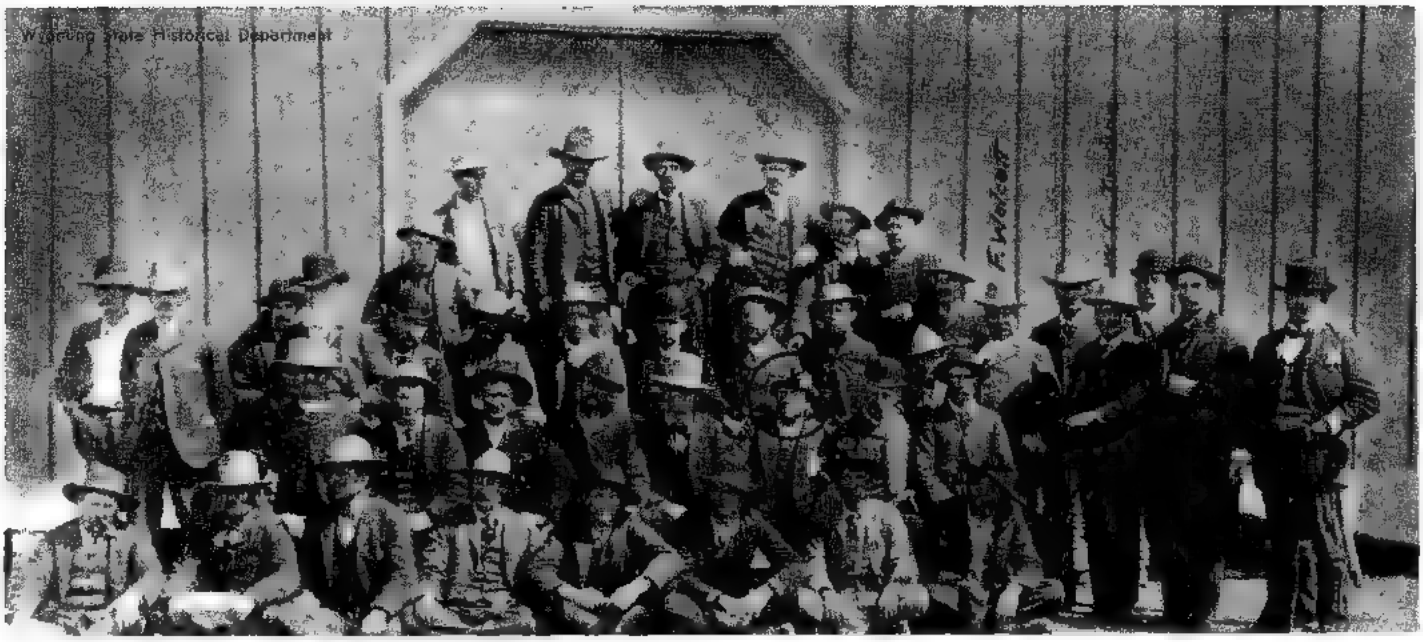
The reason for the wire cutting spree was clear. The train was loaded with twenty-four expert Texas gunmen, the majority of whom were ex-sheriffs and marshals.

At Cheyenne, before the train steamed away, twenty Wyoming gunslingers got on board, swelling the invaders' ranks. The Association didn't do things halfway. Major Frank Wolcott was leading this brilliant bunch.

(Continued on page 64)

University of Wyoming Photos

Supply wagons (belonging to the small ranchers and homesteaders' faction) on the streets of Buffalo. Inset. left. Frank Wolcott. Right. Frank Canton.



The Johnson County invaders. This photo was taken while they were awaiting trial. Mike Shonsey is circled. The others (not identified in order) are: A. B. Clar, E. W. Whitcomb, A. D. Adamson, C. S. Ford, W. H. Taber, G. R. Tucker, A. R. Power, D. E. Brooke, B. M. Morrison, W. A. Wilson, M. A. McNally, Bob Barlin, W. S. Davis, S. Sutherland, Alex Lowther, W. J. Clarke, J. A. Garrett, Wm. Armstrong, Buck Garrett, F. H. Labertraux, J. C. Johnson, Alex Hamilton, F. M. Canton, W. C. Irvine, J. N. Tisdale, W. B. Wallace, F. DeBillefr, H. Techmaker, W. E. Guthrie, F. G. S. Hesse, Phil DuFran, Wm. Little, D. R. Tisdale, J. D. Mynett, Joe Elliott, C. A. Campbell, J. Bonlings, L. H. Parker, S. S. Tucker, B. Wiley, J. M. Bedford, K. Rickard, Frank Walcott, B. Schultz.

The Johnson County War — as Mike Shonsey saw it.

LAST of the INVADERS

By VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM

THERE was a time when the mere mention of the Johnson County Invasion of 1892 caused tempers to flare in Wyoming. As late as the 1930's, an incident occurred in the Gatchell Drug Store at Buffalo which proved the residents of Johnson County had not forgotten.

E. T. David brought in a stack of copies of his son Robert's book (*Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff*) to place on sale. Finding Gatchell out, David left the books and returned after lunch. A small but hostile crowd greeted him.

Gatchell tapped the books impatiently. "Did you bring these in here?" he demanded. David admitted that he did.

"Take them out!" the druggist shouted. The books, which favored the action of the stock growers in the 1892 invasion, were withdrawn from circulation in that area. Just as effectively the Wyoming Stock Growers Association had banned Asa Mercer's *Banditti of the Plains* forty years before. Mercer, an outspoken newspaperman, called the invasion "the infamy of the ages."

Newspapermen, writers of fact and fiction and sympathizers on both sides had their say while the invaders remained silent. First one, then another, passed on without making a statement. While it is commonly believed that no one of the invaders recorded his version of the affair, that is not the case. W. E. Guthrie, in an unpublished document in the writer's files, did attempt to vindicate their actions.

When it became known that Mike Shonsey, of Clarks, Nebraska, was the lone survivor of the invasion forces, newspaper representatives from Chicago to Denver tried without success to get his story. I decided to try my luck. I had two advantages. In the first place, I was not a reporter; and in the second, Shonsey and I had a mutual friend who was willing to intercede in my behalf.

Breathlessly I climbed the steps and rang the doorbell at an attractive, two-story house in Clarks. I had reason to be

The citizens of Buffalo, Wyoming, who served as witnesses during the Laramie trial.

breathless, for I had traveled nearly 500 miles to talk with a man who had refused to be interviewed. As I stood waiting, I recalled how emphatically the door had been closed in the face of the reporters and I wondered how I would be received.

When the door opened, there stood Mike Shonsey, the last of the invaders in Wyoming's famous (or infamous) cattle war. He was a small, erect man with snow-white hair, parted in the middle. He was dressed like any other old-timer, with a kerchief around his neck just as he must have worn it when he rode the range during the cattle period. He looked at me keenly when I told him my name. Yes, he was expecting me. A telephone call from the mutual friend had paved the way.

He led the way to his study, through the living room, where large portraits of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hord dominated the opposite wall. The pictures were significant. Shonsey was an employee of Hord when he was selected for the task of scouting in Johnson County preceding the invasion to rid northern Wyoming of so-called rustlers.

When we were seated, Shonsey, in his high-pitched voice, began asking questions about old friends with whom he had ridden the range before his exile from Wyoming. He recalled a number of humorous incidents and with uncanny memory made reference to various brands used by the early-day cattlemen in southeastern Wyoming.

I relaxed, for I had been accepted, not as a reporter, but as a freelance writer who has spent many years interviewing pioneers in an effort to preserve the records of the past. I had not come to ferret out a confession, but to talk with a pioneer cattleman who, right or wrong, had the courage of his convictions.

SHONSEY mentioned being in Cheyenne after the invasion, but he failed to add that he won the world's steer roping championship three times. He asked about Laramie, where he admittedly spent his last visit in the penitentiary with the other invaders. He was interested in knowing that the building in which he was detained later became the property of the University of Wyoming when the state penitentiary was moved to Rawlins.

While he talked, I had a chance to study the sensitive little man. I knew more about him than he thought, and I could understand why he had built a wall of defense, why he had never permitted an interview. He was still smarting over the accusations leveled against him. Even his best friends, with their life-long devotion, were not able to deny that he was a spy representing their interests.

On the other hand, his enemies branded him as cowardly in the shooting of Dud Champion a year following the invasion. Dud, bitter and boastful, had threatened to kill any of the regulators on sight to avenge the death of his brother Nate, who was slain during the trouble. Champion and Shonsey met late on the afternoon of May 23, 1893, near Horseshoe Bar Ranch near Lusk, Wyoming. Mike, so he and his friends maintained, was quicker on the draw.

T. B. Hord decided that Wyoming was no place for his young friend and sent him on a scouting tour to find a desirable location for a cattle-feeding enterprise. Shonsey chose Central City, Nebraska, where the vast Hord holdings may still be found.

Even there Mike was not entirely out of danger. Not long after he had located, a strange carriage drove into town. Some of the citizens recognized a delegation from Johnson County, Wyoming, and realized that shooting would take place if Mike turned up, so they faked a telegram from Chicago, ordering him south to appraise a herd of cattle. By the time he returned, the strangers had left the country.

Some years ago, Mike decided to put an end to the accusations that he shot Dud Champion "in cold blood." He got in his car and drove to Texas, where he had been told he would find David D. Mathews, a witness to the shooting. When he stopped at a filling station in the town where Mathews was supposed to reside, the attendant told him that he was going to Mathews' funeral that afternoon. So Mike was never able to refute the charges against him.

Oddly enough, by shunning the press, he contributed to the unflattering opinions of those who did not know him. As one reporter put it, he would not even give a man a chance through a half-open door.

Mike was not a coward, although some critics would have us think otherwise. W. E. Guthrie, who knew him more intimately than anyone with the possible exception of T. B. Hord, describes him as "competent, honest, fearless and loyal." He was likewise hot-headed and impetuous, and throughout the years his close friends were ever apprehensive of his explosive nature. When his pugnacious Irish temper was aroused, anything was apt to happen.

Shonsey began discussing the Johnson County invasion with disarming frankness. He spoke of Teschemacher and other invaders who fed cattle at Central City but never returned to Wyoming. He referred to the Johnson County episode as a "crazy—reckless thing," which truly it was. In all fairness, however, it must be remembered that it involved respected citizens far older and wiser than Shonsey, who was fired by youthful enthusiasm into accepting a role he was never allowed to forget.

It was late when I left Shonsey that afternoon. Following me to the door, he was still eager for information regarding some of the families he had known some sixty years before. He did not need to say so in words, but I realized that Wyoming was dear to him. I was con-

vinced that he, as well as the other invaders, refused to speak for publication because of their profound regret that they were involved in an incident that brought discredit to the state.

Nebraska lost one of its most respected citizens and the West one of its most colorful characters when Mike Shonsey died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, August 6, 1954, at the age of eighty-seven.

SHONSEY, of Irish descent but of Canadian birth, was a carefree cowboy when members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association decided to rid the state of rustlers. Spasmodic retaliation had been of little avail. The hanging of Cattle Kate and Jim Averill near Casper was but an incident in the ineffectual campaign to stamp out the practice of rustling. Therefore, the cattlemen felt that large scale, cooperative action, even in defiance of the law, was the only solution.

After a series of secret meetings, they decided to begin by cleaning up Johnson County. They selected young Shonsey to scout in that region and find out what was happening. Mike, who came to Wyoming in 1881 from Marion County, Ohio, began his cowboy career at the age of seventeen by working for W. E. Guthrie. Guthrie considered him one of the most expert ropers and all around cowpunchers he had ever known.

Quoting from the Guthrie manuscript, "That Mike took his life in his own hands in carrying out his mission we all knew; that the least misstep, indiscretion or suspicion of his real mission would have cost him his life, there can be no two opinions; that he accomplished all and more than was expected we all knew at the time."

Shonsey brought back news of the newly-formed Northern Wyoming Farmers and Stock Growers Association, which had scheduled its roundup May 1, a month ahead of the legal roundups. The cattlemen would not have time to reach their stock. In cowboy language, "The longest rope would get the maverick!"

Mike further confirmed the report that the rustlers were selling stolen beef to contractors building the Burlington Railroad from Alliance to Billings. The cattlemen, who had not recovered from their staggering losses during the disastrous winter of '86-'87, were desperate. Faced with the possibility of losing more cattle, they laid plans to invade Johnson County.

Major Frank E. Wolcott, ex-army man who was to lead the hand-picked group, was said to have sent his family to Europe and to have made his will. Twenty-four gunmen were recruited from around Paris, Texas, to accompany the stockmen. This was in defiance of Article XIX, Section 1, of Wyoming's State Constitution, which reads:

> No armed force, or detective agency, or armed body, or unarmed body of men, shall ever be brought into this state for the suppression of domestic violence, except upon application of the state legislature or the executive, when the legislature cannot be convened.

The list of invaders was impressive; it included some of the most influential citizens in the state, among them a member of the Constitutional Convention which helped phrase the above article.

The special train, starting from Denver, April 5, reached Casper with fifty-three regulators aboard. They proceeded by horseback toward the KC ranch, fifty miles south of Buffalo. Here they closed in on Nick Ray and Nate Champion.

Champion, who was killed while fleeing from his burning cabin, wrote the first and most dramatic account of that eventful day, April 9, at the KC Ranch. The notes found in his pocket were pierced by a bullet.

> Me and Nick was getting breakfast when the attack took place. Two men here with us, Bill Jones and another man. The old man went after water and did not come back. His friend went to see what was the matter, and he did not come back. Nick started out, and I told him to look out, that I thought there was someone at the stable and would not let them come back.
>
> Nick is shot but not dead yet. He is awful sick. I must go and wait on him.
>
> It is now about two hours since the first shot. Nick is still alive. They are still shooting and are all around the house.
>
> Boys, there is bullets coming in like hail. Them fellows is in such shape I can't get at them. They are shooting from the stable and river and back of the house.
>
> Nick is dead. He died about 9 o'clock. I see smoke down at the stable. I think they have fired it. I don't think they intend to let me get away this time.
>
> It is now about noon. There is someone at the stable yet. They are throwing a rope at the door and dragging it back. I guess it is to draw me out. I wish that duck would go farther so I can get a shot at him.
>
> Boys, I don't know what they have done with them two fellows that stayed here last night.
>
> Boys, I feel pretty lonesome just now. I wish there was someone here with me so we could watch all sides at once. They may fool around until I get a good shot before they leave.
>
> It is about 3 o'clock now. There is a man in a buckboard and one on horseback just passed. They fired on them as they went by. I don't know if they killed them or not. I seen lots of men come out on horses on the other side of the river and take after them.
>
> I shot at a man in the stable just now. Don't know if I got him or not. I must go look out again.
>
> It don't look as if there is much show of my getting away. I see twelve or fifteen men. One looks like (name deleted). I don't know whether it is or not. I hope they did not catch them fellows that run over the bridge toward Smith's.
>
> They are shooting at the house now. If I had a pair of glasses, I believe I would know some of those men. They are coming back. I've got to look out.
>
> Well, they have just got through shelling the house again like hail. I heard them splitting wood. I guess they are going to fire the house tonight. I think I will make a break when night comes, if alive.
>
> Shooting again. I think they will fire the house this time.
>
> It's not night yet. The house is all fired. Goodbye boys, if I never see you again.
>
> (signed) Nate Champion

Although Champion was a marked man, even the invaders admired his bravery. After he was shot down, Major Wolcott vowed with an oath that with fifty men like him he could "whip the whole state of Wyoming."

Champion named only one of the two trappers who spent the night in his cabin, Ben Jones. The other was Bill Walker, whose eyewitness account of the invasion makes interesting reading in *The Longest Rope*. Walker and Jones were captured by the regulators, who were unsuccessful in stopping the two passers-by, a youth in a buckboard and his stepfather, Jack Flagg, who fled the scene on horseback.

KNOWING how the news would spread, the regulators hoped to reach Buffalo before the defenders could be organized. On the way, they were met by an excited stock detective, Phil Dufran, who warned them to take cover if they valued their lives. All of Johnson County was aroused. Red Angus, sheriff, and a posse of 200 were waiting for them at Buffalo. Thus the invaders were forced to entrench at the TA ranch, thirteen miles from the town.

The cattlemen had made two serious mistakes. In the first place, by attempting to reach Buffalo with all possible speed, they had taken shortcuts, which separated them from their supplies. In the second place, they had not counted on the outraged citizenry of Johnson County.

Robert Foote, the picturesque pioneer, shouted, "To arms!" as he galloped through the streets of Buffalo. At his store, the outfitting post for the defenders, ammunition and tobacco were distributed without charge. Settlers, rustlers and little cattlemen of Johnson County were united as never before.

While the invaders were still constructing their barricade, their supply wagons and dynamite were captured by the defenders, who laid siege to the ranch. On April 11, more than 400 recruits milled around the TA ranch. Some busied themselves digging rifle pits, others built a portable barricade of logs on the running gear of a wagon which they planned to push close enough that the men concealed behind it could dynamite the ranch house.

During the night, Mike Shonsey, the youngest of the invaders, made his spectacular escape to bring help to the beleagered fortress. He made his way through the lines and managed to get word to Governor Barber, who acted swiftly to save the lives of the invaders by declaring a state of war and by calling upon President Harrison to quell the disturbance.

On the morning of April 13, just as the posse's "go devil" was ready to be wheeled into position, troops arrived from Fort McKinney. Major Wolcott and his invading forces surrendered.

The prisoners were first housed at Fort McKinney, near Buffalo, then transferred to Fort Russell, near Cheyenne. After a great deal of legal maneuvering, they were taken to Laramie and housed in the penitentiary. They had to pay their railroad fare and maintenance while there.

The prisoners were next sent back to Cheyenne. As the jail was too small, a hall had to be rented, and the men ate wherever they chose. The cattlemen had to pay the bill, according to John Clay in *My Life on the Range*. When they balked, the regulators were brought to trial, August 7, for the murder of Champion and Ray. The verdict was, "Not guilty!" So ended the cattle war that cost some

(Continued on page 59)

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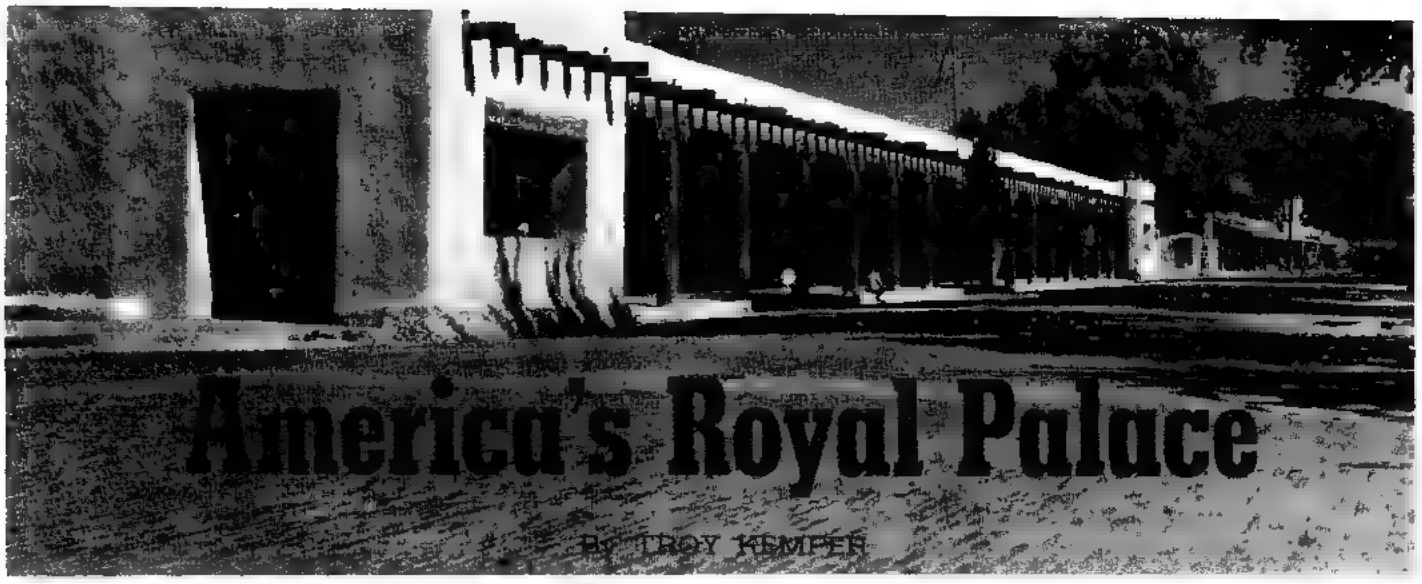

America's Royal Palace

By TROY KEMPER

The second oldest European-founded city on the U.S. mainland, Santa Fe, New Mexico, houses the only structure built for regal residents.

THE only royal palace ever constructed on the United States mainland was built in 1610 by order of King Philip III of Spain and is still standing in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Four flags or emblems have flown over the building now known as the Palace of the Governors—Spanish, Mexican, Confederate, and United States.

In 1598, twenty-two years before Plymouth Rock, a Spanish explorer, governor, and captain-general named Don Juan de Onate founded New Mexico's (and America's) first capital at San Gabriel, twenty-five miles north of the future site of Santa Fe. Santa Fe was founded in 1610, with the impressive title of La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi (the royal city of the holy faith of Saint Francis of Assisi).

The Palace of the Governors was the seat of government in New Mexico from 1610 to 1901, except for a period from 1680 to 1692 when the Spaniards were driven out of New Mexico by rebellious Indians and the redmen used the Palace as a pueblo. In 1901 another executive mansion was completed.

The Palace was built on the site of an ancient Indian pueblo under the direction of Don Pedro de Peralta, who was appointed governor of the province in 1609 by the Spanish king. It was the center of the royal presidio—an all-purpose fortress with adobe walls from three to five feet thick. Santa Fe's plaza originally was longer, and the Palace extended farther to the east than its present one-block frontage on Palace Avenue between Washington and Lincoln Avenues.

At the east and west ends of the Palace were towers, the one on the east housing a chapel and the one on the west an arsenal. A dungeon connected to the latter. To the north, the Palace grounds extended two blocks, surrounded by a wall, and included a patio, soldiers' barracks, woodsheds, and outhouses. The floors were of dirt; a few windows let in sunlight through mica panes.

Here lived the governor, his family and members of the household staff. The building contained his offices and council rooms. Later, wooden floors and additional windows were installed. The legislature used the eastern end of the building.

FROM this structure, both as palace and fortress, the Spaniards held sway until the Pueblo Indian revolt of 1680. About 1,000 Spaniards—including only 100 soldiers—fortified themselves in the Palace and held off the attackers from August 10 to August 21.

The Indians cut off the water supply by diverting a stream that entered the Palace grounds. In a desperate sortie, the beleaguered Spanish drove off the Indians and escaped through hostile territory—much of it desert terrain—to a location known as El Paso del Norte, the present site of El Paso, Texas.

About 400 Spaniards were slain in the revolt and almost 2,000 were driven from the province. Documents and papers in the Palace were burned by the Indians, and San Miguel Mission, called the oldest church in the United States, was set afire in the redmen's zeal to destroy all things introduced by the foreigners.

The Indians used the Palace until 1692, when Don Diego de Vargas, the Reconqueror, appeared before the walls of the fortified pueblo and the rebellious tribes surrendered. De Vargas returned the following year to take forcible repossession of the province.

The old palace has been redecorated and rejuvenated at intervals from that day to this. General Stephen Watts Kearny was received here in 1846 when he came to Santa Fe to establish United States authority.

The Stars and Stripes have waved over the Palace ever since, except for a short period during the Civil War when the Confederates were in control of Santa Fe.

General Lew Wallace, territorial governor of New Mexico from 1878 to 1881, wrote the last three parts of *Ben Hur* in this historical building. On display is an old rocking chair with a lapboard, identified as the chair in which Governor Wallace wrote his famous novel.

Since February 19, 1909, the Palace—still well-preserved and slightly modernized—has housed the School of American Research, Historical Society of New Mexico, and the Museum of New Mexico. The state's extensive art gallery, one of nine units of the museum, is across Lincoln Avenue from the old palace.

Other units are a Hall of Ethnology, Hall of Archaeology, Laboratory of Anthropology, and Museum of International Folk Art. In the palace's ancient rooms are exhibited materials from New Mexico's historic past and artifacts from cliff

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The West was full of gamblers, conmen and goldbrick artists who preyed upon unwary travelers. But occasionally the "soft touch" snapped back, and the shark fishing for a sucker got caught on his own bait.

Montana Bill

By GEORGE O. COOPER

Illustrated by Jack Davis

WHEN the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads were completed, the hordes of travelers they transported provided "easy marks" for gamblers, confidence men and crooks of all types who rode the trains and reaped a rich harvest from the gullible.

However, these gentlemen of the marked deck, three-card monte and the gold brick did not always have their way. One notorious character delighted in swindling the swindlers, and hauled in considerable profits by so doing.

Montana Bill's real name has passed into oblivion. He was said to be a wealthy farmer, residing not far from Kansas City, Missouri.

At intervals, he would make his appearance on one of the overland trains and watch the crooked games for hours, saying little but seeing and hearing a great deal. After studying the various characters for a time he would single out the most crooked one and strike. When he made a winning (timing the play near a regular train stop), he would pocket his gains and alight from the train and disappear.

The average man, who had been fleeced by the gamblers, would go about his business and say nothing. Not so the crooks. They made so many complaints to the railroad companies that the train conductors were ordered to go through the train and warn the passengers that, "the notorious Montana Bill is on the train; watch out for your money." The conductors, once this duty was performed, took no further action and did not bother to give the passengers Bill's description.

In his heyday, Bill was under forty years of age. In addition to being prematurely gray, he was a good actor and could assume the role of an old man in his dotage. He often dressed as a backwoods farmer carrying a carpet bag. To the sharpers he seemed to be an ignorant old farmer who, if he had any money, would be an easy mark.

ON one occasion, after the conductor had made the usual announcement, an old farmer sauntered into the smoker, dropped his bag into a vacant seat and, head between his hands, began to murmur unintelligible words. The gamblers cast glances from one to another and a few laughed. One of them came over and took a seat by him. At first he could not get a response from the dejected farmer, but finally the old man looked up and, in a most woebegone tone, said, "I'm an old fool. I started to California to buy some land but a young slicker in the back coach took most of my money. I don't know what to do."

The gambler asked if he had not heard the conductor's warning about Montana Bill. "Yes, but I didn't suspect that a nice-looking young fellow like that would be a crook."

This brought quite a laugh. The old man took a worn deck of cards from his pocket and selecting two red aces and the ace of spades, manipulated them a few times and spread them face down on the seat, "This is the way he done it," he said and asked one of the watchers to pick out the black ace.

The man selected flipped the ace of spades over without hesitating. The farmer repeated the performance again and again, and each time the gamblers picked the right card.

"I tried it with that young fellow, but I never could pick the right one!" the old man complained, "I'm going to practice until I learn the trick."

He offered to bet a dollar that no one could pick the winner. He was called and lost. Repeatedly he declared he had learned the trick but each time he tried, he lost another dollar. Angered, the old fellow raised the ante to five dollars and still lost. Finally he became desperate and produced a thousand-dollar bill, exclaiming, "This is all I've got left, but I think I've learned the trick."

Several of the gamblers began to take out money, eager to cover the "ignorant old farmer's" bet. There was even some argument over who would cover it. At last they agreed to pool the bet.

The money was placed on the thousand-dollar bill and the old fellow began to manipulate the cards, very slowly and in plain sight. Laying them face down on the seat, he asked one of them to pick out the black ace. Each and every one of the gamblers had his eye on the same card, and several made overtures to turn it over. Finally a hand reached out and flipped it. The ace of hearts! The old man picked up the money before the gamblers had time to react and hurried to the forward end of the coach just as the train was slowing down at a station.

He swung off in front of the depot and disappeared immediately. When the conductor's attention was called to the carpetbag the old farmer had left behind, he said, "That's the bag Montana Bill carried when he got on the train." It was a quiet bunch of men in the smoker the rest of the journey.

A MAN by the name of Farnsworth owned and operated a combination saloon, hotel and gambling house near the depot at Battle Mountain, Nevada. He was a crook in every respect.

Montana Bill had heard a great deal of him and decided to pay him a visit. Carefully laying his plans, he sent a young confederate ahead several weeks in advance. This confederate was a young fellow by the name of Joe.

Joe alighted from the train and proceeded to the Farnsworth Hotel, where he got the cheapest room in the place. After watching the games for a few days, he approached Farnsworth for a job, saying he was almost broke. He was taken to the boss' private office and questioned. Reluctantly he told Farnsworth that he had broken jail in Illinois while awaiting trial for rolling a drunk. This was the kind of man that suited Farnsworth, so Joe was hired as a kind of general aide in the crooked deals being pulled off.

The train which operated daily stopped at Battle Mountain long enough for the passengers to eat at Farnsworth's Hotel.

A few weeks after Joe's arrival, an old farmer, who seemed to be very slow in eating remained at his table after the other passengers had reboarded the train. The locomotive bell rang and the train started. The old fellow grabbed his bag and rushed out to catch the train. It had gained considerable momentum; as he grasped the hand rail he lost his balance and was thrown violently to the ground. As the train sped away, several men hastened to the old fellow's assistance, among them Farnsworth and Joe. The old man did not appear to be hurt, but he was very perturbed over having missed the train. He was informed that the next train would depart in twenty-four hours. Farnsworth and Joe assisted him to the hotel and assigned him to a room.

After a little time he returned to the lobby, where he became very talkative. He told of selling his farm in Missouri, and said he was going to California to buy some cheap land. Every now and then he would refer to the fact that he had ready cash.

Farnsworth gave Joe a knowing wink, and Joe proceeded to entertain the old fellow. Joe told how his father and moth-

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er had been killed by Indians when he was a small child and how he had eked out a living by hard work. This seemed to arouse the old fellow's sympathy, which pleased Farnsworth.

Toward evening, Joe told the old farmer he had worked for a man a few miles out of town, but this man had dodged payment by offering him a hundred-dollar bill to change. If he could get someone to go with him to change the bill, he could get the money. The old fellow asked how long it would take to make the trip, and how much the man owed him. Joe said that he could make the trip that evening, but would have to stay all night; the amount was $50.00.

"Promise to return the money before the train leaves tomorrow and I will give you enough to change the bill," the visitor told Joe, loud enough for Farnsworth to hear. Joe promised faithfully that he would return in due time, was given the money, and departed.

THE next day, around ten o'clock, the old man was seen going to the door at frequent intervals to look out. Finally he turned to Farnsworth and asked if he knew the young fellow.

"Sure I know him, why?" was Farnsworth's reply.

"Well I loaned him some money, which he was to return this morning, but something must have delayed him."

Farnsworth laughed. "Old man, you'll never see your money again. That fellow is a crook."

"I don't think so. He seemed to be such a nice young man. I think he's honest."

As the train time drew nearer, the old

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"Never give a lift to a stranger" is a modern axiom, but it applied back in the 1880s as well. Two entire families were wiped out by a ruthless killer whose only feeling was his lust for wealth.

PICKING up hitchhikers in the Montana country back in the 1880 s was often just as risky for kindhearted folk as it is today. When two Helena couples, one with a six-year-old daughter, gave a lift to a Great Falls bully on June 6, 1889, they were repaid with death. Montanans often call it the most atrocious crime in the state's history.

The killer was Harry Patterson, who had escaped the gallows for a murder in Cheyenne. He had changed his name to "James Wilbur" when he moved to Great Falls. There men knew him for his ugly jokes of pointing guns at people; the punch lines were often delivered with a firm squeeze of the trigger.

On that June morning, Patterson frowned under the pain of a hangover as his horse climbed to the top of a rimrock. He had spent his last dollar for drinks in Lewistown the night before, had been jailed overnight for starting a fight, and now faced the dismal prospect of looking for work on the ranches in the valley.

He reined in the animal when he saw a heavily-laden wagon lurching along the brush-rimmed trail below. Two burly men, rifles across their knees, were on the front seat while a woman, busily sewing, was visible in the back. Behind the wagon another woman, obviously walking for exercise, was leading a pair of ponies. A little girl was astride one of them.

Patterson dismounted, tying his bay to a tree. Eyes still on the moving group, he scooped up some dust and rubbed it over his greasy trousers. Carefully buckling on his gunbelt, he clambered down the steep grade. Once on the trail, he broke into a run and began yelling, "Wait! Wait!"

The party in the wagon, lawmen later learned, included Joseph and Anna Kurtz and their daughter, Mary, and another married couple, Ben and Maude Briggs. The two men had been partners in a Helena gold mine, had struck it rich and were now looking for a place where they might settle and enjoy their new wealth.

Joe Kurtz pulled up the reins on the two heavy draft horses and everyone watched Patterson as he half-ran, half-stumbled toward them through clouds of dust.

"Got throwed this morning," he gasped, limping up. "Kin I ride as far as the next town?"

Although suspicious, Joseph Kurtz finally agreed to let Patterson join them in his wagon. Puritanical Maude Briggs, had the final decision been hers, would never have permitted it.

AS the trip wore on that afternoon, Patterson learned that while the two partners got on well, the two women were something else again. Bible-bred and plain, Maude Briggs was certain Anna Kurtz was no better than a newly-rich hussy ought to be. Anna, reveling in male attention, didn't much care what Maude thought. In Helena she was known for her exquisite appearance in the highly-fashioned gowns her proud husband provided.

By

WILLIAM

S.

ELLIS

The child, Mary, was taking her schoolwork under Maude's instruction, and this prim lady kept up a nerve-wracking spelldown, interspersed with moral teachings (so the child would not follow her mother's disposition, probably). Meantime, Anna climbed into the wagon behind the men.

Late that afternoon, Patterson and Briggs rode ahead to select a place to camp. A present resident of Lewistown remembers that the pair, looking for water, decided on a location on his father's ranch, on the west end of the Snowy Mountains along Buffalo Creek. They soon returned and guided the others to camp.

For some reason, Patterson did not make his move that night. Perhaps he thought the time a bad one, or perhaps his interest in attractive Anna Kurtz caused the procrastination.

One fact is certain: either that night or the evening following he quarreled with Anna and during the argument had the flesh peeled away from his cheek by her fingernails, perhaps as she was trying to defend herself. Two weeks after the killings, the long scratch wounds were infected and swollen.

Patterson and his five victims traveled on toward Judith Basin the next day. Late in the afternoon, the killer and Kurtz rode out together to look for a campsite. Joseph Kurtz never returned.

About two miles from the wagon, Patterson dismounted and began checking his pony's hoof. Ever solicitous about his property, Kurtz swung down. As he bent over the hoof, Patterson smashed a huge rock down on Kurtz's skull. He struck him four more times, than went through his pockets.

It's difficult to know for certain exactly how Patterson proceeded with the rest of the murders, although most of the scene could be accurately recreated from examination of the bodies and the manner in which the victims were killed.

Patterson probably waited until the others had made camp without him. He dispatched Ben and Maude Briggs first, grabbing the husband's rifle and firing at them from close range (about five paces) while they slept. His first blast struck Maude in the hip, the bullet passing through the heart and lodging above her right shoulder. Ben only had time to sit up before Patterson shot him also.

Three dead: one bludgeoned and two shot with Briggs' rifle.

THE noise must have awakened the little Kurtz girl. Dressed only in heavy underwear, she apparently leaped down from the wagon in which she had been sleeping and ran for a nearby creek. Patterson went after her, but in the darkness was unable to take aim. Stumbling, angry, he lost the rifle somewhere in the underbrush and plunged ahead without it.

The girl, possibly afraid to cross the creek, was running along the bank when Patterson finally reached her. After a brief struggle, he tightened his hard fingers around her neck and forced her head beneath the cold waters of the creek.

Four dead: one bludgeoned, two shot with Briggs' rifle, one drowned.

Anna was last. Having seen what happened to the Briggs, she was probably hiding. Patterson may have used her daughter's limp body to lure her from her place of concealment, perhaps laying it beside the Briggs' corpses and pretending to leave, then returning to catch her with the dead child in her arms. In wild desperation she may have tried to attack him and cut his face before he shot her (presuming the fingernail wound was not inflicted the night

(Continued on page 56)

National Archives

Left. "Sample's Ranch—five bodies have been found indicating the most atrocious crime in the history of Montana." (The body of Joseph Kurtz is not shown.) Below, Helena, Montana, in the 1870s.

By JACK RYAN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

HE was just the grizzled old foreman of an Apache road gang helping in the construction of Roosevelt Dam in 1907. Lame and seedy, he obviously needed the job but nobody could complain about the work his crew turned out.

The Eastern engineers watched him drive the Apaches to the limit with harangues, threats, and even occasional cuffings.

"Take it easy, old-timer," an apple-cheeked engineer once told him. "Frontier days are over, and you're still as ornery as ever. Remember these Indians are our people now."

The old man squinted at the engineer. "I'm handling 'em the way they understand and respect. Their world ain't that long dead." And he hobbled off on his one good leg to browbeat an Apache drowsing over a shovel.

Talk was that the foreman had been a great Indian fighter in his day. But that was no excuse for cussedness now, thought the Easterners. Besides, he more than likely was just another frontier windbag; otherwise, why would he be so forgotten and down and out?

Then, on February 19, 1907, the old-timer's crew was blasting through a high, rocky point when a dynamite charge went awry. As the dust settled from the charge, the crotchety foreman scanned the heights with a practiced eye and picked out a huge boulder left balanced precariously against a small stone some 100 yards up the siding.

The Apaches were less wary. They automatically shouldered picks and shovels and began trudging sleepily into the chasm left by the faulty blast.

"*Dummereses!*" the old-timer yelled. "Back off there, you jackasses!"

He ran toward them, dragging his bum leg and waving an axe handle viciously. The Indians scattered in terror, leaving the foreman alone beneath the teetering boulder.

He clambered up the side painfully, jammed the axe handle under the boulder and, despite his sixty-three years, exerted tremendous strength in prying loose the supporting stone. Freed, the mammoth boulder swayed forward. The old man was scrambling down the treacherous slope, an ominous rumble sounding at his back.

"Run, old-timer, run!" an engineer shouted from a distance. The Apaches were yelling encouragement, too, but they didn't call the foreman "old-timer." Their name for him was translated "Man of Iron."

The foreman tried desperately to clear the boulder's path, but his heavy body was too much for his one good leg to bear. He fell, rose again, ran some more and then paused as if ready to accept fate. With a last lurch, the boulder slipped from its perch and tumbled down the side of the pass. The old man watched it unflinchingly. There was a roar, a cloud of dust, and nothing more.

"What was that guy's name?" a supervisor asked while they were digging out the crushed old body.

"Sieber. Albert Sieber."

AT first it didn't mean much. An Easterner remarked that it was funny an old "Injun hater" lost his life saving a pack of lethargic Apaches. Then pieces of the story started to fall together, and when it was finished nobody at Roosevelt Dam thought that Al Sieber's last gesture was "funny."

He'd gone out the same way he'd lived, courageously and fair.

German-born and Minnesota reared, Al began his career like most youths of his day—in the Civil War. At nineteen already six-feet-one and weighing 190 pounds, he took a lead ball in the ankle at Gettysburg and was carted back to his family's farm.

He didn't stay long. It was the old story of the lure of the West, and the restlessness of a plowboy who has tasted the excitement of the outside world.

"I am not smart," he said, the old country accent still heavy, "but I have strong back and muscle. I work with these in the West and come home maybe with money for my own farm place."

He was strong, but there was no peaceful farm in Al's future. And muscle and back were not his real strength. The West already had plenty of brute power. Al offered the turbulent land something more unique and valuable.

Al Sieber was one of the few whites who were natural desert and mountain men. Whatever a southwest Indian could do in his native environment, Al seemed to do better, whether racing wild ponies or tracking through arid wastes or icy passes.

For twenty years, Al was chief of scouts for the U. S. Cavalry in the San Carlos region—"Hell's forty acres." The job meant killing off Indians, armed and otherwise, but death never rippled Sieber's calm conscience.

It was all black-and-white to Al. This was war, and a man killed and kept killing. In peace, there were rules, and God help the one, red or white, who broke them. In all the years they fought and lived together, the Indians and Al Sieber never misunderstood one another.

Sieber already had won the Indian sobriquet of "Man of Iron" when he met them in the bloodiest white-Apache fight of them all—the Battle of the Big Dry Wash, the only time the cavalry looked good against the Apaches.

THE White Mountain tribe, aroused by the successful raids of their brothers in Mexico, sent fifty-four braves on the warpath. They butchered eight peaceful Apaches who refused to join their ranks, burned the Bixby brothers' ranch and headed for the Tonto Basin for reinforcements.

Sieber and 150 cavalrymen rode out from Fort Thomas on the Gila River to stop them. They split the hostiles' trail near Diablo Canyon, and Sieber

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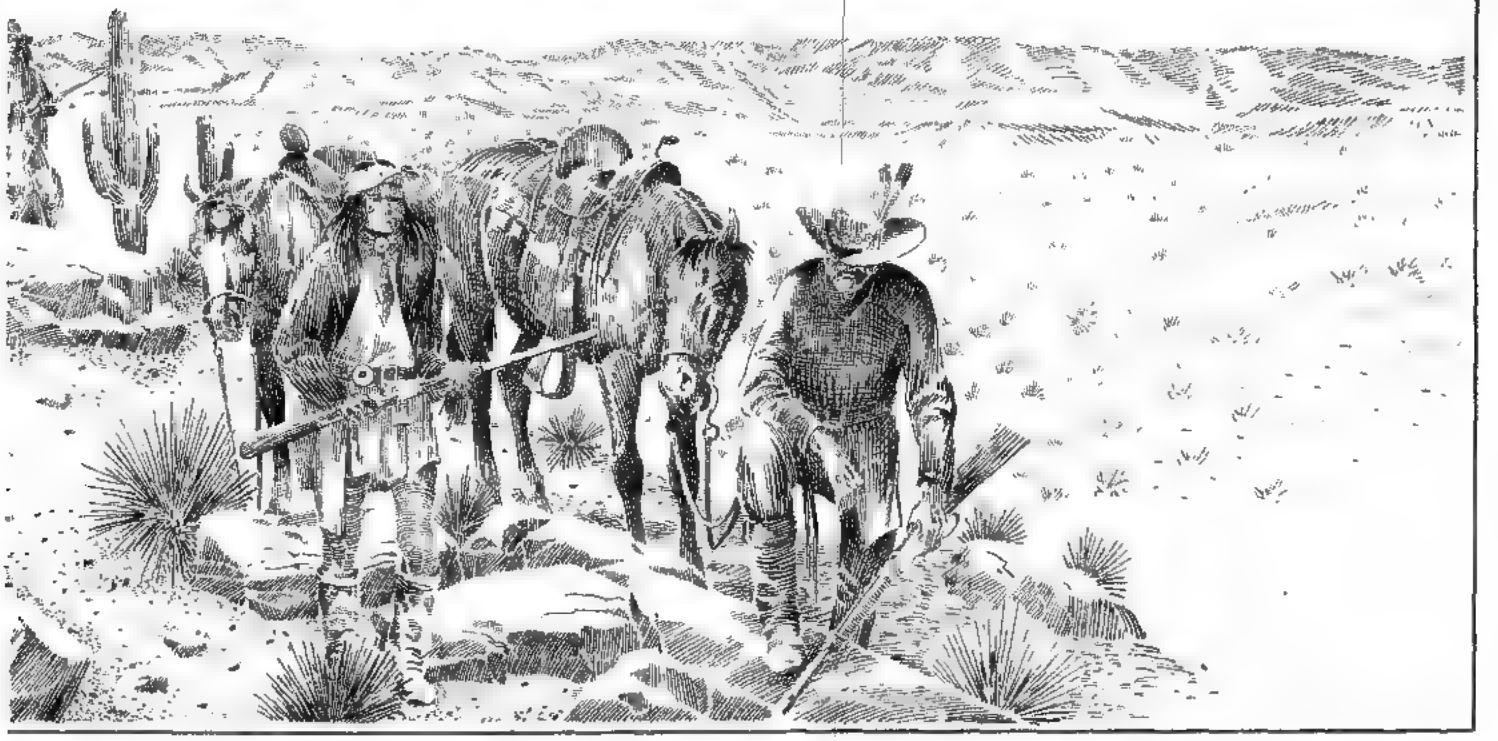
Geronimo's small band was finally tracked down, of course, but not with Al's help.



SCOUT FOR THE APACHE HUNTERS

The Apache called him "Man of Iron." Dramatically, courageously, Al Sieber spent forty-three years in the West proving the title was not wrongly given.

scouted ahead, expecting the harassed Indians to scatter as usual.

Sieber, though, never took anything for granted when fighting. He led his pony warily along a sun-baked trail into the volcanic crevice of the canyon. Overhead a flock of hawks were disturbing the desert stillness. They made Al edgy. He tethered his pony and decided to crawl into the canyon. Knife-sharp shale and lava rock tore his hands and knees, but for some reason he felt safer hunched close to the earth.

Even at a distance and in the blinding Arizona sunlight, Sieber's remarkable sight was true. He spotted the Apaches, still in a group, scurrying on the opposite side of the canyon and building parapets of rock and boulder.

Sieber froze. It was an ambush, a foolhardy move by the untried Apache leader Na-Ti-o-tish, but one that would wipe out the advance cavalry group before Fort Thomas's main force arrived.

Down the trail about two miles, a powdery cloud was rising from the lead troop under Captain Wallace Chaffee. In smart military style, it was riding straight into Na-Ti-o-tish's trap.

Sieber damned his caution. He lit out across the canyon floor, slipping and stumbling on loose rock but moving like hell's wind to the pony.

As he swung over his mount, the high-pitched zing of a rifle rang out behind him and echoed off the canyon wall. Dust erupted about thirty yards to his left, but bullets at that distance needed more luck than aim. Sieber's worry lay before him, and it was stubbornness, not luck.

Many a proud cavalry officer had marched his men into disaster because a sweat-smelling, blunt civilian scout had tried to *tell* him what to do. Sieber had kept his job as chief scout largely because he got the West Point brass to do what he wanted and made them think it was their own idea.

"You've out-thought them Indians again," was the way Al put it when he finally pulled alongside Chaffee. "Captain, you've made them think your white horse troop's the only one around here, and that they outnumber you. I'd like to see their faces when you pull up E Troop!"

WHETHER the tactics used that day were Chaffee's or Sieber's is anybody's guess. Chaffee, though a stuffy martinet, was a canny Indian fighter himself. Yet the fight developed along lines often ignored by Civil War oriented officers.

Chaffee waited until additional troops brought him to full strength before deploying skirmishers. Then he sent pincers against the Indian flanks. Sieber came in from the east in charge of a band of Indian scouts whose life-and-death loyalty he had won in a score of previous fights.

He moved his group stealthily through a park-like pine forest behind the canyon. Their advance was so silent they fell upon Apache outposts before an alarm could be given.

Fighting had begun about 3:30 in the afternoon and surprisingly the heavens were bright with stars. To the Apaches this was a wondrous omen. They decided to abandon their rock nests and swing east against what they thought was Chaffee's unprotected flank.

Sieber was dispatching one of the Indian guards with a hide knife when he had the wind knocked out of him with a flying tackle. He was smothered under a half-naked body and pinned helplessly to earth. Then a familiar voice whispered

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in his ear, and his heart began pumping again.

"It is Apache Kid. The hostile come our way."

Kid was a boyish scout in Sieber's command who already had adopted most of the frontiersman's mannerisms in youthful adulation. He pointed through the pines, and Al saw the nucleus of Na-Ti-o-tish's band rushing toward them, still unaware of their presence. The scouts needed no orders; they already were blending into the landscape.

Sieber and Kid waited until the approaching Indians realized something was amiss. Then, as the enemy stood baffled and unprepared, Sieber and his men fired pointblank into their midst. The Springfields kicked out shell after shell as the Apache force disintegrated in a haze of acrid smoke.

The warriors fled toward their main camp, leaving their wounded as a suicide rear guard behind the pines. Sieber's rawboned body tightened, and he caught the faint odor of nervous sweat mixing with the gunsmoke. He felt overwhelmingly alive as he did in every crisis. His body was magnificently alert; he even mentioned it to Apache Kid. Soon it would be a bloody tree-by-tree advance, but neither the white man nor his Indian companion was worried.

Sieber realized he had double duty facing him—killing Indians, sure, but also rescuing courageous but green cavalrymen like Lieutenant George Morgan as well. Morgan spotted an Apache behind a pine stump and from a half crouch split his skull with a bullet.

"I got him!" Morgan shouted, jumping to his feet and turning to face some fellow officers behind him. "Did you see me pick him off!"

From behind the same stump, a second Apache rose, his rifle carefully aimed. There was a quiet but violent curse; it came from Sieber. Simultaneously, he and his men, whose eyes and minds never left a battleground, opened up on the Indian.

Their lead kicked the Apache yards back, but he got off his shot with fanatical determination. However, the aim had been spoiled and the bullet pierced Morgan's arm, lost its force, and buried itself against the rib cage.

SIEBER had a temper which rarely flared in a fight, but he observed that even some of the veterans were losing their heads in the viciousness of the advance.

Sergeant Conn, a hotheaded Irish veteran of twenty years, was well-known to the Apaches. In peaceful days, he allotted them their ration of pork and was called "coche (pig) sergeant."

"Hi! Hi! Pig sergeant!" the Apache derided him: "Killer of pigs, now you are against men! Pig sergeant!"

Conn's temper overcame his battle sense. He shouted back an oath. That was all the Apache needed to locate his position. A blaze of fire rocked the earth around Conn. One bullet tore through his throat, leaving a hole the size of a silver dollar as it spun out. Another curse from Sieber, and again his crew scattered the Apache nest.

Conn was too stubborn to die. Later around the campfires, he related the story. "Sure, and I heard the good captain say I was kilt. I was not! Only speechless, which is as bad!"

Darkness was falling when they spotted the main camp. Sieber and Apache Kid had joined Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, a young West Pointer who Sieber felt would make a great Indian fighter if recklessness didn't kill him first.

Sieber had calmed down by then and was sitting in a gully picking off hostiles as they tried to slip over the canyon rim. Cruse wrote down the incident in his memoirs. "There he goes," Sieber would whisper, then bang away. Cruse wrote that he never saw anything in the pine shadows until a form would suddenly pitch over the canyon edge and somersault to its depths.

Young Cruse was aching for some glory of his own. "Al," he said, "I'm going to storm that encampment with my men. If we wait, they'll escape tonight."

"Oh, no, not you now!" Sieber snapped. "Lieutenant, believe me, there are more Apaches there than you see. Don't do it!"

Cruse laughed. "Hell, Al, you've killed them all. You don't even want us to get the stragglers!"

He passed his command down the line and, in the failing light, made his desperate gamble. It meant fifty yards, hitting the gully to reload, and then charging hand-to-hand.

Cruse took the Apache camp—and a Congressional Medal of Honor. His comrades said it was a miracle, and Cruse swaggered in the glory until he realized why the hostiles (numbering far more than he had estimated) hadn't been able to cut down his advance.

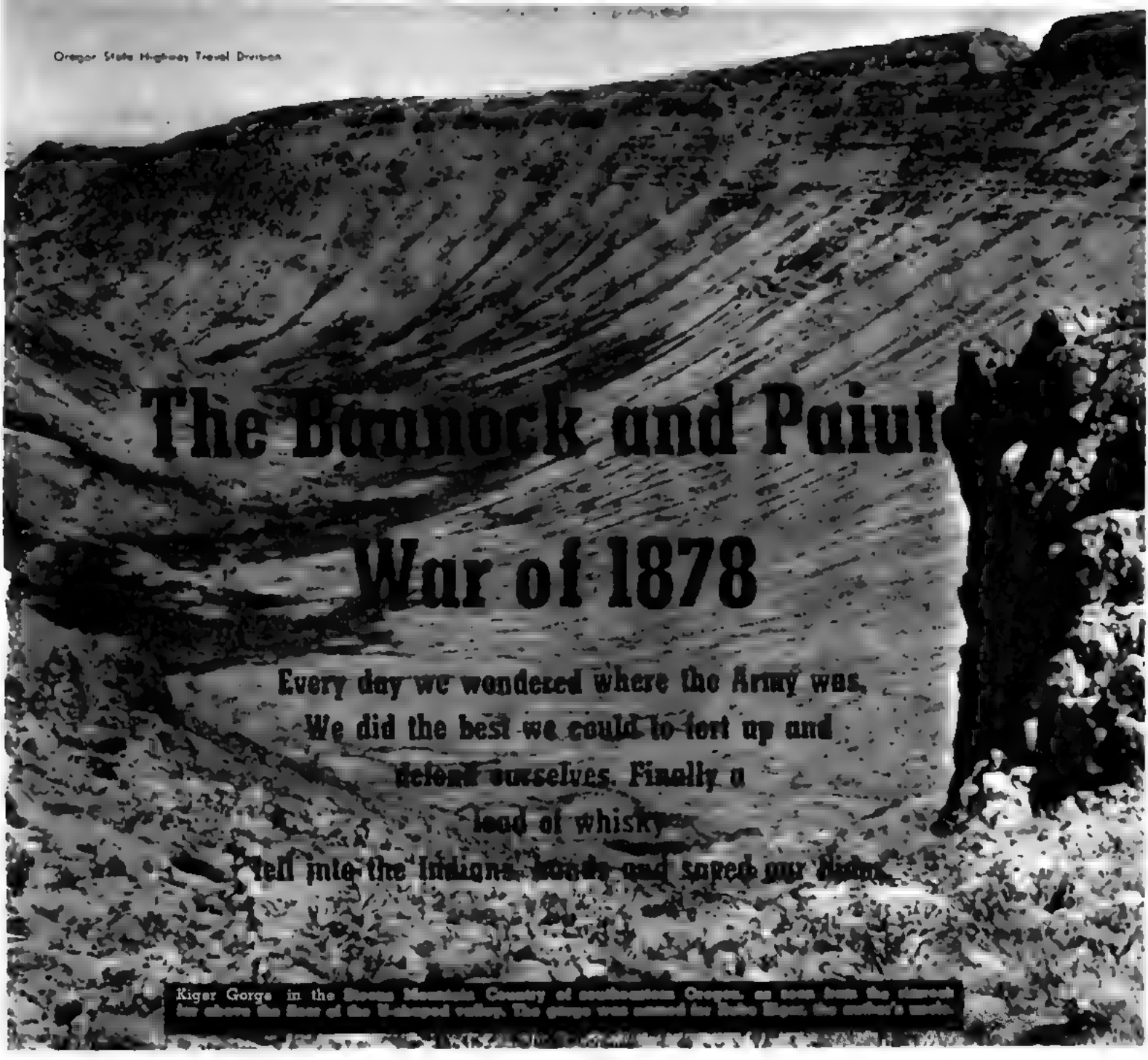
Behind him, Al Sieber and his scouts had given up their cover to lay down a withering fire. Their single-load Springfields had raked the concealed Indians, armed with new Winchester magazine rifles, and smothered their firepower.

Cruse proved to be as fair as he was courageous and, once he understood what had happened, seldom referred to his Medal of Honor without according credit to his chief of scouts.

The Battle of the Big Dry Wash ended

(Continued on page 53)

Al Sieber


Oregon State Highway Travel Division
The Bannock and Paiute
War of 1878
Every day we wondered where the Army was.
We did the best we could to fort up and
defend ourselves. Finally a
load of whisky
fell into the Indians' hands and saved our lives.

Kiger Gorge in the Steens Mountain Country of southeastern Oregon, as seen from the viewpoint far above the floor of the U-shaped valley. The gorge was carved by ice sheets and glaciers.

By THOMAS MORGAN

THESE are my experiences and recollections of the exciting times when the Indians made their final attempt to throw off the white man's yoke in the Northwest. It involved the Bannock, Paiute, Umatilla and Yakima tribes and lasted from May to October, 1878.

At the time of the outbreak, my father, Seth Morgan, with our brave little mother Maggie and four children, was located on Thirty-Mile Creek, six miles from Fossil, Oregon, and twenty miles from Lone Rock. We had gone there in 1877 from the Willamette Valley with 1,200 head of sheep.

We had relatives scattered throughout the country who were involved in the uprising. When hostilities began, most of them moved to Walla Walla just across the line into Washington. As they were leaving, they could see guns flashing across from the hills southeast of Pendleton. They could see smoke from the burning of the Indian Agency at Cayuse Station, four miles above Pendleton. To add to this, the children had diphtheria. An epidemic struck eastern Oregon that year and wiped out some families completely.

The war was provoked by a long series of aggravations, delays, non-fulfillment of government promises, red tape in the affairs of the Indian Department, and non-payment of money owed to the Indians (we believed it had been stolen by dishonest Indian agents). In addition, great herds of cattle and horses and droves of sheep were coming into the region. The fine meadows were being fenced up by white settlers and the choice hunting sections were overrun by stockmen. White hunters were killing off elk and deer for their hides. One man told me that he killed over 100 deer in one winter for their hides alone.

To offset this, the government tried to supply meat for the Indians by setting up butchering places on the reservations and hiring white men to kill the cattle purchased for that purpose. Thus, the Indian was forced into idleness and inactivity—about all he had to do was lie around in the shade. This was entirely against his nature.

These Indians were once a fierce and powerful people. They ranged over a large territory from the Klamath to the Humbolt Rivers, east to the borders of Ute territory, and north to the boundary of the Shoshones, Nez Percé, Umatilla, Cayuse, Celillo and Warm Springs tribes.

In 1868 a more severe regulation was put into effect to make the Indians respect reservation orders. The agent in

A group of Bannock war chiefs.

charge of the Malheur Reservation in southeastern Oregon, Mr. Parrish, was a good one, but he had a hard job pacifying the Indians. As a rule, the government was months behind with supplies and money due and this indifference and neglect finally exhausted the redman's patience.

Parrish was succeeded by a Mr. Rinehart, who was so ill-natured and dishonest that the Indians could stand it no longer. Up until then, they had been allowed to do about as they pleased, except they did not have permission to leave the reservation. Nevertheless, they scattered out over the country in small bands, hunting and fishing as they had done for centuries.

BY 1877 the Snake River Indians in eastern Oregon (actually a conglomeration of several tribes) and the Yakimas in Washington Territory had become very irritable and saucy. We wondered what was up.

My first encounter with them was in the spring of 1878. A few were camped three miles above us on Thirty-Mile Creek. An Indian known as Chief Jim, his family, and some others were there. One night father killed one of their dogs who was after our sheep. Soon after, an Indian took a shot at father and me, the bullet striking a tree a few feet above my head. We moved out fast, without firing back. But the event caused us plenty of concern.

The Bannocks and Paiutes numbered about 800 or 900 and were located on the Malheur Reservation on the headwaters of the Malheur River in southeastern Oregon. It was good country for them; fish and game were plentiful, the climate was comparatively mild and the area boasted a hot spring. Also, fine meadows for their horses and cattle were available where they could winter without being fed. The first agent, Mr. Parrish, got some of them interested in farming.

A group of these Indians, the Bannocks, were moved to the Fort Hall Reservation in eastern Idaho. They could visit back and forth, and if it had not been for the encroachment of the whites, we would have had no trouble with them.

I believe, from what I have heard, that many of these Fort Hall Indians joined with our Indians to form a federation. They did break out over there and did much damage to the settlers on their way west. Their chief, Buffalo Horn, was killed in battle with the whites at Silver Creek near Steens Mountain, Oregon.

The Indians proved themselves good strategists. We learned later that they had runners going between the tribes for several years before the outbreak, making arrangements for the war on the whites. The plan was to unite the tribes at a rendezvous on the summit of the Blue Mountains at the head of MacKay and Meacham Creeks about twenty miles east of Pendleton. There they were to form an alliance and go after the whites with force enough to retake the country.

Eastern Oregon, part of southern Idaho, and a part of Washington Territory stood a good chance of being the site of much bitter fighting. People who had taken refuge in Pendleton told me that, had the Indians attacked in force, Pendleton would have been a scene of massacre. The people were so frightened, disorganized and poorly armed that they could have put up little defense.

IN May, 1878, the Bannocks and Paiutes quietly left the Malheur Reservation and moved over to Steens Mountain, about fifty miles away. There they set up camp and stayed for two weeks, waiting to see if "Day-after-Tomorrow Howard" (as the Indians called General Howard) would show up, but he did not appear. We supposed that he was stationed at Fort Vancouver, across the Columbia River from Portland, and would soon come to protect us.

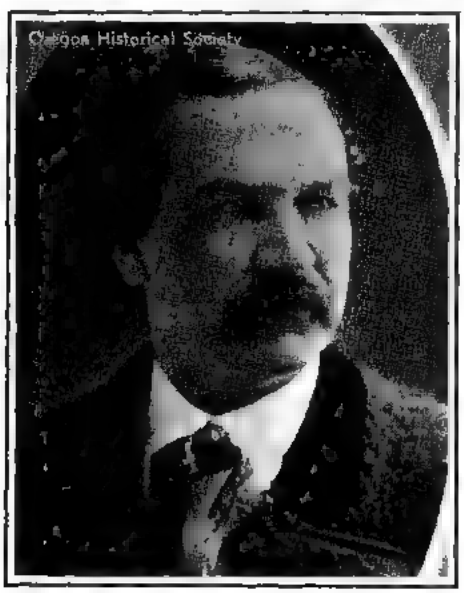
My uncle, Rube Kiger, had gon to Canyon City, Oregon, with a bunch of beef cattle for market. There he learned that the Indians had left the reservation and were headed toward his spread.

He rode day and night to reach his family at the foot of Steens Mountain. Kiger brought the first word of the outbreak to Harney Valley. He got a fresh horse from Mr. Houser and went on to his ranch sixty miles away.

Kiger told them not to let on they knew about the threat and to go about the chores as usual. He was sure the Indians were in the hills around them, watching every move.

He got the wagon greased and a few things loaded and, as soon as it became

Left, Indian Agent Samuel B. Parrish. Right, hunters like these who indiscriminately killed Oregon's deer and elk for their hides were largely responsible for the war.



The Alvord Valley, heart of Oregon cattle country, is near the Malheur Reservation.

dark, he and his family drove out quietly. As soon as they were out of reach, they put the whip to the team and reached Fort Harney the next afternoon. People from all around were rushing to the fort; a few soldiers were stationed there, providing the only protection in the area.

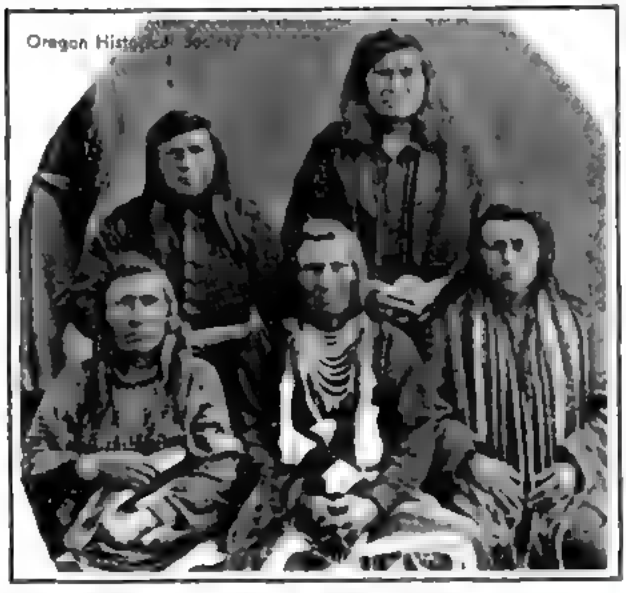
No one so far had seen or had any contact with the Indians. Then two men, a Mr. Smith and son, decided to go from Fort Harney to their ranch and see how things were. They did not come back. Uncle Rube and his brother, Doc, saddled two of their best horses (the best in the world, being large Coach and Lindsey stock) knowing that they could easily outrun the small Indian ponies—and went out to look for the Smiths.

When they got to the Smith ranch they found the cabin burned and their friends' bones in the ashes. This gruesome reminder put them on their guard, so they took great caution from there to their ranch. But nothing there seemed to be disturbed. They got out some much needed things for the family, loaded them into a light wagon, and hitched up their saddle horses, leaving the saddles on the team. It was a hot day; apparently the Indians were lying about in the shade.

However, Rube and Doc were soon discovered and as they were leaving the ranch, some Indians ran up on a ridge and opened fire, trying to head them off. The men cut loose from the wagon and the race was on! Rube and Doc were well-armed and returned the fire. Rube recognized Chief Egan among the attackers. He was sure he had hit the chief, for he saw the Indian's arm drop. Later, this was proved true; when they found

(Continued on page 57)

Left, a group of Umatilla Indians who sided with the U.S. troops during the war of 1070. Standing are George Humohowish and Alonskin. Seated, Winapenoot, Chief Umapine and an unidentified friend. Right, Steens Mountain soars 5,000 feet above the Alvord Valley below.

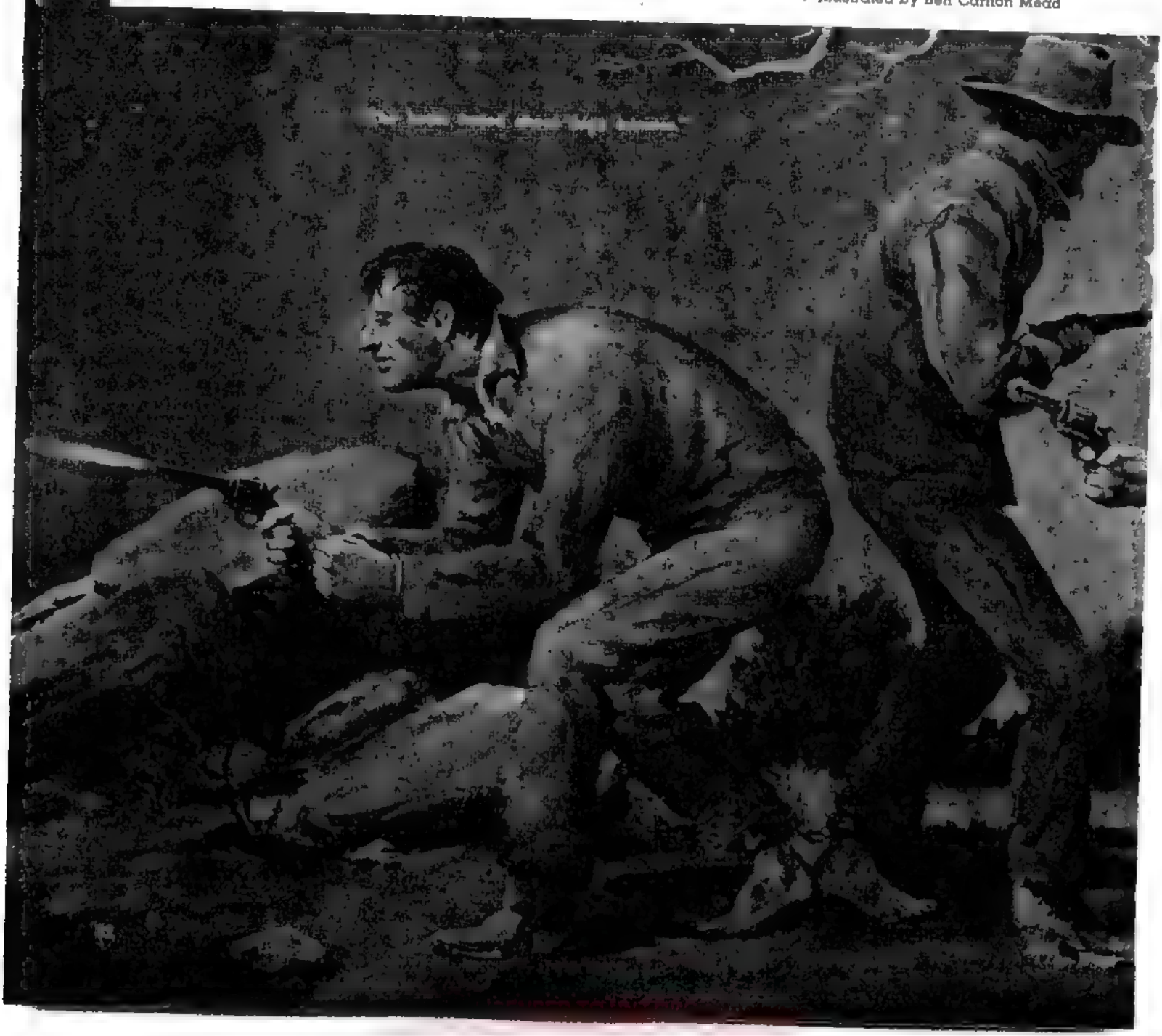


Story of the Marlow Boys

Handcuffed and manacled, four brothers defied the mob intent upon their lynching and determined to fight their way to death — or freedom!

By NAT M. TAYLOR

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead



IN the spring of 1886, five brothers by the name of Marlow arrived on the site of the present town of Marlow in southern Oklahoma in what is now Stephens County. Their given names were Boone, Alf, Epp, George and Charlie. They ranged in age from eighteen to thirty years and came to the Territory after having been accused but never convicted of horse stealing in southeast Colorado.

They built a large dugout in a grove of post oaks and blackjacks and lived there about a year-and-a-half, sleeping in hammocks under the trees

There was stock rustling going on in the vicinity and the brothers were arrested several times, but always had an alibi and were released. Finally Boone crossed the line into Texas and while in Vernon had a fight with a man named James Holden.

Holden was killed and Boone went on the dodge from the law.

In those days U. S. citizens living in the Territory were under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government and had to be tried for the various local offenses in Federal Court. On September 6, 1888, Alf, Charles, Epp, and Boone were arrested for horse stealing by Deputy U. S. Marshal Johnson. They were taken to Graham in Young County, Texas, the nearest Federal Court, where they pleaded not guilty. In a few days George was arrested at Anadarko, Indian Territory, and brought down to be with his brothers.

On September 12, 1888, the Graham *Leader* remarked: "The Marlow boys who have a reputation for horse stealing in Indian Territory and are desperate men have been brought to Graham for trial."

This statement aroused the prejudices of the local cattlemen, who took it upon themselves to see that justice was done.

But before any action was taken, the boys made bond with the aid of their mother, who had a few cattle, and a local ranchman named Martin. They were released from jail Saturday, December 15, 1888, and moved to a log house on the Martin farm.

Before they left town Boone told Sheriff Wallace of Young County that he had killed Holden and that he had been expecting a warrant for his arrest on a murder charge.

But he claimed he had killed the man in self-defense, could beat the case, and was ready to surrender. He told the sheriff where he could be found, then left town.

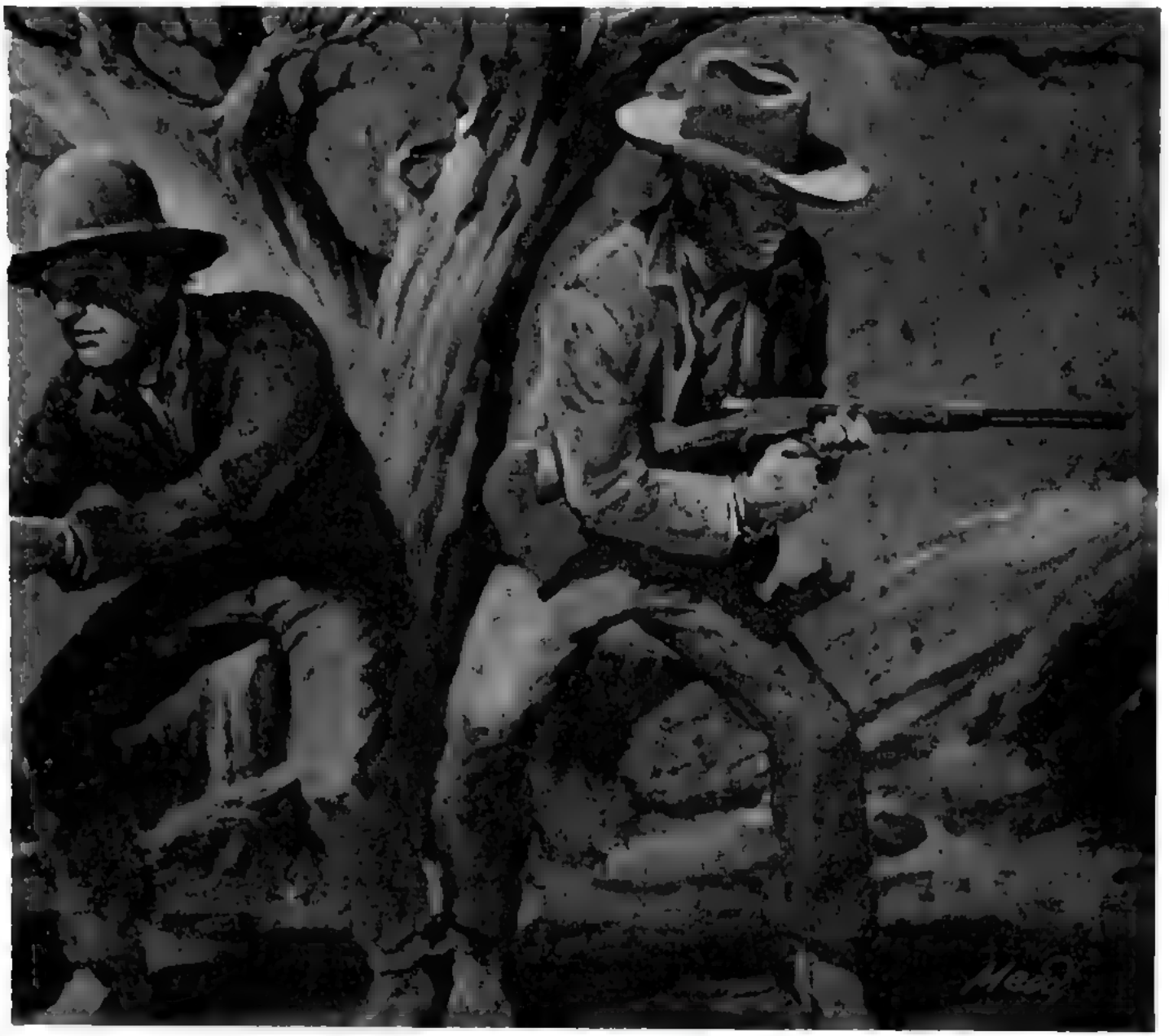
The next day, Sunday, December 16, the papers came. On Monday Sheriff Wallace and his deputy, Tom Collier, rode out to the farm to get Boone.

The officers, not anticipating any trouble, rode up to the house. Wallace dismounted, leaving Collier to hold his horse while he went in to serve the papers. As he walked toward the door, one of the boys stuck the barrel of a Winchester through a crack in the wall and shot him.

Boone then appeared in the doorway and put a bullet through the brim of Collier's hat, ordering him to throw up his hands or be killed.

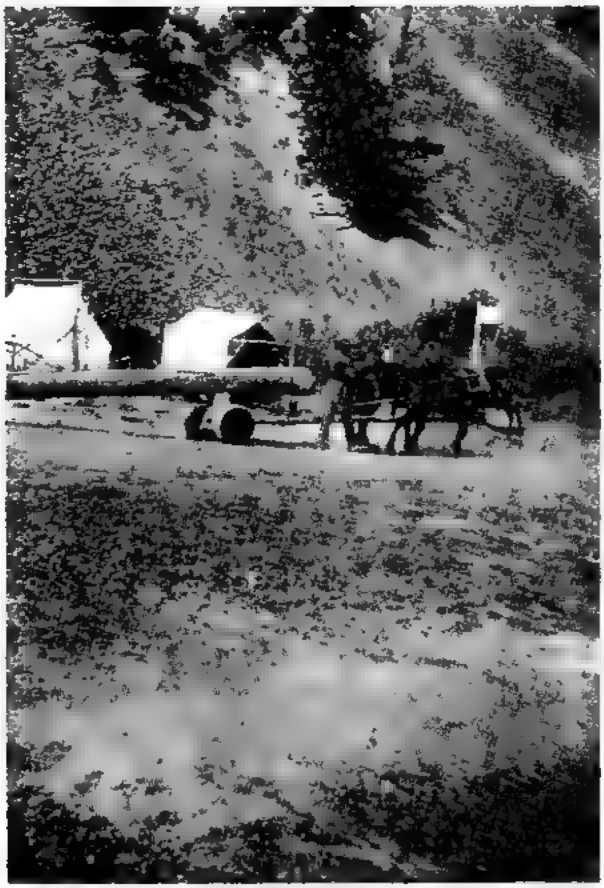
The other brothers came into the yard, got between Boone and the deputy, and begged Boone not to fire. Finally Boone quieted down, took the deputy's horse and rode away. The horse was found several days later by Sheriff Moore of Jack County but Marlow escaped to the Chickasaw Nation and went on the dodge again. Several posses were sent out after him, but to no avail.

(Continued on page 68)



Rowdy and willing to live, Roosevelt, Idaho, slid into a curious demise — a mountain of mud devoured it!

The Town That Committed



Above, hauling a timber during the early days in Roosevelt. Below, some Roosevelt miners.

ROOSEVELT, Idaho, some old-timers declare, was a gold town that committed suicide. When she saw certain oblivion and poverty sluicing toward her, she meekly drowned herself.

There wasn't a gold camp in the Old West any lustier, nor one that raised hell at a more reckless angle. It was a dull week indeed that didn't record at least one shooting, one fortune made and one fortune lost. Poker games lasting less than three days were penny-ante affairs: many continued for a week or more, with white chips selling for $100 each. Most of this frontier ribaldry was just good malicious fun.

Roosevelt was not born of orderly enterprise, but of a fleeting spasm of gold fever. It erupted miraculously along a big gulley that snaked a few short miles across the ominous shadow of brooding Thunder Mountain, so named because of the rumblings that reverberated through the wilderness every time one of the frequent landslides slipped down its timbered sides.

By plane, this almost legendary place is only fifty miles from Payette Lakes, an air ride of twenty minutes. By the precipitous trails that were used in the rush days, it was almost three times that far—a route that required weeks to cover.

PROSPECTORS had combed the Thunder Mountain region before the '90s but the later discovery by the four Caswell brothers—Lou, Dan, Ben and Court—of an eroded porphyry dike set the stampede in motion. From 1896 to 1900 they dug a reported $20,000 worth of yellow metal from their claims. Colonel W. H. Dewey got wind of the Caswells' good fortune and took an option on the property.

Colonel Dewey was an empire builder who could spot a profitable venture from a distance of ten years and bide his time. Not only that, he was willing to back his hunches with money.

When Colonel Dewey learned of the Caswell brothers' operation in the central part of the state, he dispatched engineers to investigate. The Caswells sold their Golden Reef claims in 1901 to the Colonel for $100,000 cold cash.

Idahoans, in the meantime, had developed a strong apprehension concerning rumors of new gold discoveries. Too many had dropped too much money into too many barren holes on the strength of someone's success in a general area. Rumors of the Dewey-Caswell transaction hardly caused a stir until a picture of the $100,000 check appeared on the pages of the daily press. That was the clincher. Five thousand fortune hunters formed a line of march along the snowy, narrow trail to Thunder Mountain.

Those with pack animals carried complete outfits for gathering the golden harvest. Others lugged butcher-paper valises through the wilderness. Some tied a few belongings into a pack and some had nothing but the clothing they wore.

Miners, merchants, businessmen, prospectors, promoters, thugs, gamblers and women of negotiable virtue, their "boy friends" in tow, trouped toward the shining new bonanza. Theirs was a singleness of purpose—to make all the money they could as quickly as they could, by sweat or swindle.

Twenty-thousand claims were staked

By KEITH BARRETTE

Photos from the Idaho Historical Society

Suicide

Holiday entertainment in Roosevelt—a sack race.

out in the ground surrounding the Dewey property. Promoters sold acres of worthless claims for fabulous prices. The truly enterprising and imaginative even sold the beds of the two creeks—Monumental and Mule—to gullible, gold-hungry greenhorns. In the final analysis, more gold was buried in Thunder Mountain than was dug out.

FROM this gold fever delirium was spawned three towns in the midst of that rugged, uncouth land—Belleco, Thunder City and Roosevelt. Of the three, Roosevelt was the largest and most permanent, the rowdiest and the most wicked. Its vigor for living was phenomenal.

The town was named for Alice Roosevelt, daughter of Teddy Roosevelt. A certain rock formation stood on the west side of Monumental Creek. Erosion had sculptured a startling replica of a woman's face, bust, wasp waist and long, flowing skirts from the monolith. Early-day prospectors imagined a resemblance between the monument and Teddy's daughter and referred to it by name in locating claims. The title was transferred to the town.

The one-street town burgeoned from a makeshift camp of temporary pole shelters and tent houses into a settlement of log buildings that lined the narrow canyon on each side. The residential section of about 100 cabins clung precariously to the bracketing slopes.

Roosevelt boasted two general stores, a post office, barber shop and a newspaper, *The Thunder Mountain News*. But the first permanent installation was Boot Hill—with an initial investment of forty corpses.

The town was operated by 135 men, five "respectable" women, and two children. These comprised the chamber of commerce faction. Other businesses were seven saloons (later increased to fourteen) and an undetermined number of bawdy houses. The "girls" were known by such quaint and picturesque names as Flying Squirrel, Step-And-Go-Fetch-It, The Shrimp, Fool Hen and Dixie.

Mines, other than the Dewey, were not long in opening. Gold was found east of that property in the Sunnyside, Wisdom and Standard claims. For every legitimate operation, there were at least two "wildcat" productions underway, their sole aim to sell stock on the strength of Dewey's success and impeccable reputation.

To convince potential investors and quiet the fears of suspicious stockholders, each wildcat employed a "salter."

One of the most adept was "Salty Joe" Gardner, a thin, weasel-faced individual, prematurely wrinkled, with a criminal record that involved almost every major state penitentiary.

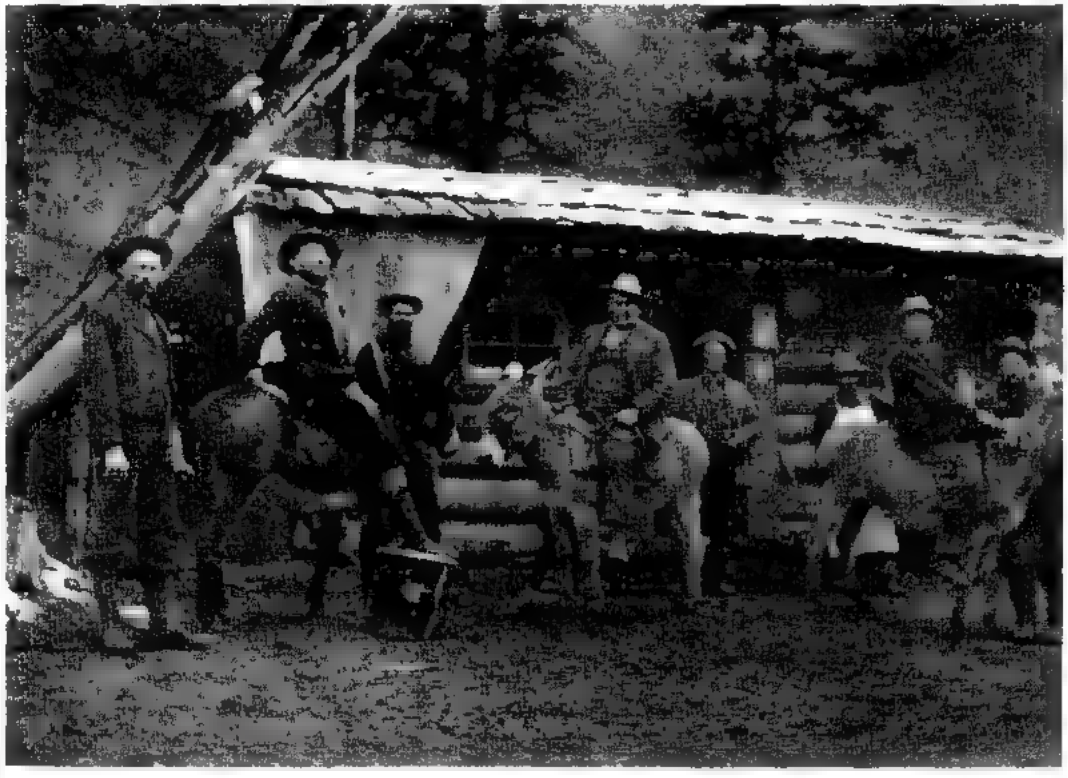
THE Twentieth Century mine was Gardner's employer. When an investor appeared and inquired about long overdue dividends, he was told that gold, in greater quantities than ever, was in the process of being developed. A hint was dropped here and there, that a few more thousand dollars invested would make Croesus look like a pauper. This was Salty Joe's cue.

The investor was invited to select a piece of rock from any place in the mine. With his sample, the visitor was ushered into the presence of "Mr. Gardner, the company's expert assayer."

Salty Joe accepted the proffered rock, studied it with a knowing eye as he turned it over in his long, slim, nicotine-stained fingers.

"Hmm," he croaked noncommittally, and, "hmm," again as he dropped the quartz into the mortar. He ground it fine with telling, practiced blows of the pestle. The pulverized rock was poured into his gold pan, and water added. Joe began to rock the pan with meticulous and

Not too fancy, but comfortable.



skilled movement.

Putting down the pan, Salty Joe picked up a homemade cigarette from a nearby table. Then he resumed the panning operation, glancing encouragingly now and then at the investor. As he rocked the pan, Joe puffed laconically on his smoke.

Suddenly he stopped. With hands shaking excitedly, Joe shoved the gold pan under the nose of the "stockholder." Flecks of yellow metal glittered and beckoned from among the particles of rock in the bottom of the pan.

If there had been any doubts in the visitor's mind about the security of his investment, they vanished in a new burst of confidence. He left the presence of Salty Joe, carrying dust in a small glass vial to show his friends back East.

Chances were he also left some more of his own gold in the pockets of the promoters, happy in the conviction that he had walked on ground that was ribbed and veined with fortune. He would also depart innocently ignorant that Salty Joe's cigarette had spilled the penny's worth of gold into the pan as "the assayer" puffed away.

Unfortunately, for his employers, Salty Joe came to an untimely end from pneumonia. His funeral was an auspicious one, complete with choir, organ music and a sermon. The choir was recruited from among the red-light girls, who improvised a loft in the back bar of Gorman's Saloon where the services were held. This ensemble sang, *Nearer My God to Thee* and *We Shall Gather at the River*.

The pulpit was a poker table, fronting the crowd of mourners seated around other card tables in the expansive barroom. Because there was no minister in Roosevelt, a young college student, who had come to work in the Dewey, was drafted into service.

Selecting an appropriate topic to expound over that particular corpse was a delicate decision. The speaker neatly averted trouble by selecting the wholly innocuous, but universally approved subject—friendship.

ROUGH and tough Joe Gorman tried to intimidate the speaker by jabbing him meaningly in the ribs with the nose of his six-gun, before settling himself into a chair placed directly behind "the pulpit."

Gorman relaxed a little, but still kept his hand on the gun, as Salty Joe's funeral oration began:

"I think that I do not exaggerate when I say that there is not a person in camp but who felt a pang of sorrow, and learned with regret, of the death of Salty Joe."

The speaker paused, turned to face the far side of the audience and at the same time snatched a fleeting backward glance at Gorman. The saloonkeeper, gambler and mine promoter was comfortably slouched, his right hand still under his coat.

"All of us to a greater or lesser extent, feel a distinct loss and many, a personal loss. . . ." The college man directed his quavering words to the hardcase operators seated out front.

It was not recorded how much his eulogy moved the mourners, but Gorman's booming invitation did —"The drinks are on the house."

The crisis arising from Salty Joe's demise concerned only one faction of the mining interests. The next was ten-fold more serious because it affected practically every adult—the town ran out of whiskey and new supplies were somewhere on the trail.

Gorman himself poured the last drink in Roosevelt. He was a big man with a ruddy face and an assuring mien that he wore like a falcon wears a hood—and for the same predatory reason.

"Whatsa matter, that's all there is?" a prospector questioned.

"Well, boys," Gorman said affably, "Old red-eye is on a pack string somewhere s between here and Boise."

"Looks like somebody ought to do something about this, or we'll have to do our drinking in Thunder City," a miner spoke up.

Thunder City, located three miles up Monumental Creek from Roosevelt, had two outstanding characteristics—severe winters and an abundance of whiskey. Gorman filed the nail of his left little finger a trifle sharper and headed for the rival city.

At the end of four or five days, Gorman returned to the thirst-stricken Roosevelt with his fingernail dulled from nicking cards—but also with a pack string laden with liquor. When Thunder City residents awoke to the fact that they had lost their good whiskey to a card sharp, they set about to even the score.

Practically the entire drinking population trooped down to Roosevelt. They overran every saloon, elbowed Rooseveltians away from their own bars, and began methodically to dry up the town again.

The possibility of the whiskey "walkin' back to Thunder City" was frightening. Only the opportune arrival of the supply string saved the town from a disastrous riot.

FROM 1901 until 1904 supplies were carried in by pack string. This was no minor feat, when it is noted that the piano for every saloon and bordello, all mining machinery, as well as merchandise, was carried into that creek bank Gomorrah on the backs of mules.

The year around, the pack strings kept the wheels of industry turning and the current of commerce flowing. During the winter months when snow lay ten feet deep on the hairpin mountain trails, the pack animals were equipped with "snow shoes," pieces of plank about a foot wide and sixteen or twenty inches long, attached to the hoofs of the animals with loops of iron rod. The horses and mules had to be trained to walk with a swinging stride in order to move with the cumbersome contraptions.

Jesus Urquides was one of the best known and probably the most skilled packer who helped keep the Thunder Mountain district supplied. It took him two months to pack a gyratory crusher from Emmett, Idaho, to the Sunnyside Mine (seventy-six miles). The freight bill was $10,000 at the going rate of $1 per pound.

There didn't seem to be a cargo those packers couldn't lash to a pack-saddle. When given the job of freighting a length of four-inch mine cable to the camp, the packer got there by carrying it stretched out between the mules. He looped the cable at intervals, and roped the loops to the backs of the animals.

In 1904 the Thunder Mountain road was built from Roosevelt to Cascade. Thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for it and as the wheel rolled into Roosevelt, Urquides and his fraternity moved out.

By 1903 more than 7,000 people were getting their mail from the post office at Roosevelt. Three hotels were added to the business district, but a room was seldom available.

While the industrious prospered by day, the parasites thrived by night. Gamblers took hard-working miners for the clean-up poke or wages. Millions of dollars in worthless mining stock was sold. A new crop of suckers seemed to appear with each setting sun and changing season.

During the years from 1902 to 1907, the Dewey Mine produced between $200,000 and $250,000 in good, honest, legal gold. Similar amounts were taken from the Standard, Wisdom and Sunnyside Mines.

Then, during the fall of 1907, the Dewey closed down. So did the Sunnyside and, in rapid succession as the easy-to-get high grade surface ore petered out, the other mines called it a day. Roosevelt had fallen on evil days.

THE winter of 1908-09 was a tail-snapper in a country of extreme winters. Late spring still found snow depths of seven feet or more.

Late in May, a sudden hot spell wiped out the entire seven feet in seven days. The drenching run-off saturated the west side of Thunder Mountain. On May 31, 1909, a towering point of rock and a great mass of sodden earth, some 600 or 700 acres in area, slipped the moorings. For several days it slithered downhill until it intercepted flood-swollen Monumental Creek in the canyon below. Slowly the checked water began rising against the embankment, and crept ominously up the gulch. In the path of this impounded stream lay the town of Roosevelt.

The issue of *The Statesman* for June 3, 1909, carried these fateful, startling headlines:

LANDSLIDE MENACES TOWN
Side of Mt. Slips Down on Roosevelt

★

Sends Water out of Creek Beds Causing Deluge

★

Caswell & Curran Placers Destroyed Pipes and Giant Being Buried

Slide Piles up to a Depth of Hundred Feet

Apparently started by hydraulic operation it tears down Thunder Mountain's slope 200 ft. wide for distance of three miles. People had been warned of danger constantly threatening place according to "Pioneer Mining Man."

The slide hit Mule Creek two-and-a-half miles below town. Its backwaters flooded lower Roosevelt. The Rooseveltians, depite facts to the contrary, poohpoohed the idea that the earth-mass would ever reach Monumental Creek. And if it did? "Why, hell! Th' crick would carry the slide away with it."

In fact, skepticism was so rife that it was not until June 7 that a few of the more curious got around to looking the situation over. By then the slide was galloping along at the rate of eight feet per minute.

The canyon down which the slide heaved and rumbled was thickly timbered with spruce and fir. The tons of moving dirt snapped off the trees as though they were match sticks and ground them up in the mud. The sight of this certain disaster creeping inexorably toward them sent a shiver of apprehension through the knot of men.

(Continued on page 56)

LICENSED TO LNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Question: Who actually fired the shot that killed "Buckshot" Bill Roberts?—Christine Pfeiffer, Anderson, Indiana.
Answer: George Coe, who was an eyewitness, stated that Charlie Bowdre fired the fatal bullet; Roberts is said to have told A. N. Blazer that Billy the Kid was the slayer but we place credence on Coe's statement over that of the mortally wounded Roberts.

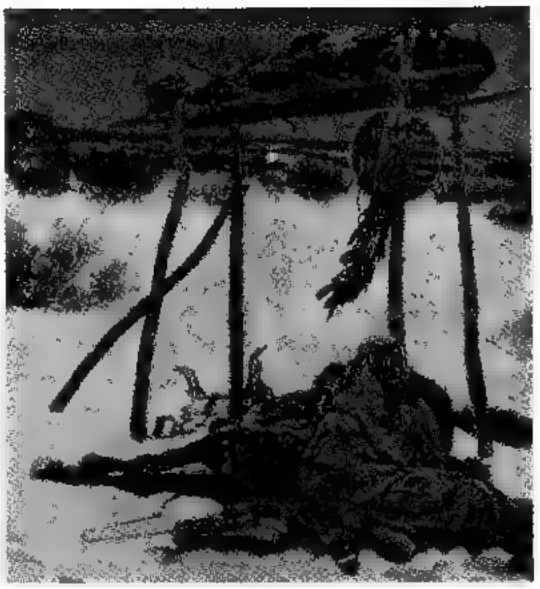
Question: Please inform me as to the approximate number of Mexican soldiers killed at the Alamo.—John Orlando, Yuba City, California.
Answer: At least 1,544 were slain on the Mexican side; some Mexican officials place the count as high as 1,600.

Question: For a number of years I have been trying to find out if the rifles used by Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone are still in existence. If so, where are they?—H. Waverly, Sarasota, Florida.
Answer: A Kentucky rifle used by Daniel Boone is in the State Collection at Frankfort, Kentucky. A Pennsylvania rifle presented to Crockett and inscribed "From the young men of Philadelphia," is owned by a private individual and is held for safekeeping in the State House at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Question: When and how did Jack Slade meet his end?—Ed Webber, Paramount, California.
Answer: He was lynched by Vigilantes in Virginia City, Montana, in 1863.

Question: I have heard a lot about the Indian burial scaffolds. Would you run a sketch of same and tell me how they were made?—Burns Haffaker, Adelaide, Australia.
Answer: An illustration is herewith presented. The scaffolding was made from saplings bound with rawhide and rising seven to nine feet above the ground. The body, in funeral dress, was placed and lashed to the top, securing it from wild animals. Often the owner's favorite horse was slain and left nearby.

Question: When was the Gatling gun adopted by the U.S. Army? Is it true that General Custer refused the use of them in his last fight with the Sioux?—Everett Baker, Holland, Texas.



Forney's "Indian Burial." The original is in the Cincinnati Art Museum.

Ask TRUE WEST

Editor's Note: Sure! We'll stick our necks out! You ask 'em; we'll answer 'em—any questions of wide and general interest pertaining to the old West (any questions that is, except why we're crazy enough to stick our necks out!) Address your questions to "Ask True West" c/o George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a direct reply.

Lucy Maxwell

Answer: The Gatling gun, firing around 1,200 shots per minute, was adopted by the Army in 1866. Yes, Custer was offered a Gatling gun detachment on the eve of his departure from the Yellowstone, but the animals hauling the guns were of such poor quality that Custer refused them lest they slow his marches.

Question: Where were the first Catholic services held in the present continental United States?—Twan Agaki, Honolulu, Hawaii.
Answer: At a spot just north of Bernalillo, New Mexico, a marker has been erected where friars of Coronado's expedition in 1540-42 said the first Mass in the United States.

Question: Was Pete Maxwell's mother present at Fort Sumner the night the Kid was killed?—P. T. Miller, Grenada, Mississippi.
Answer: Luz Maxwell was undoubtedly nearby. Around two in the morning she is said to have brought lighted candles in her silver candlesticks and placed them at the head and feet of the body of the little grub-line rider as his body lay in state.

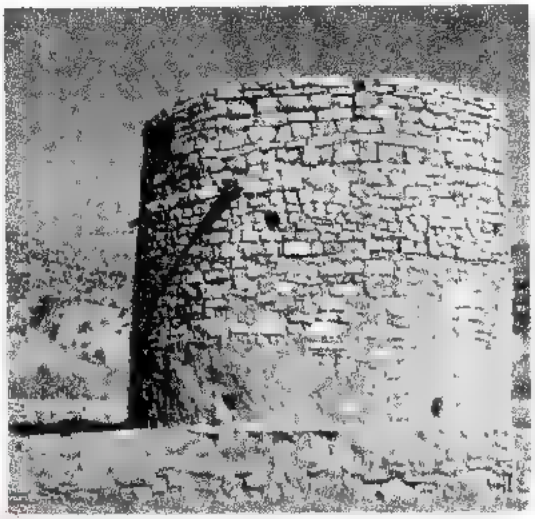
Question: Is it true that buffalo herds were once so numerous that they halted the trains?—"Shorty," Los Angeles, California.
Answer: Yes; especially in parts of the West in the early seventies. Their numbers have been estimated at 100,000,000.

Question: How old was William Clarke Quantrill when he was killed? Is it true that his skeleton was dug up and exhibited?—B. Coleman, Chicago, Illinois.
Answer: Quantrill was in his twenty-eighth year when he died at Louisville. His biographer, W. W. Scott, exhumed the body and retained the bones of the right forearm. We have no knowledge of what became of the relic or of its being exhibited.

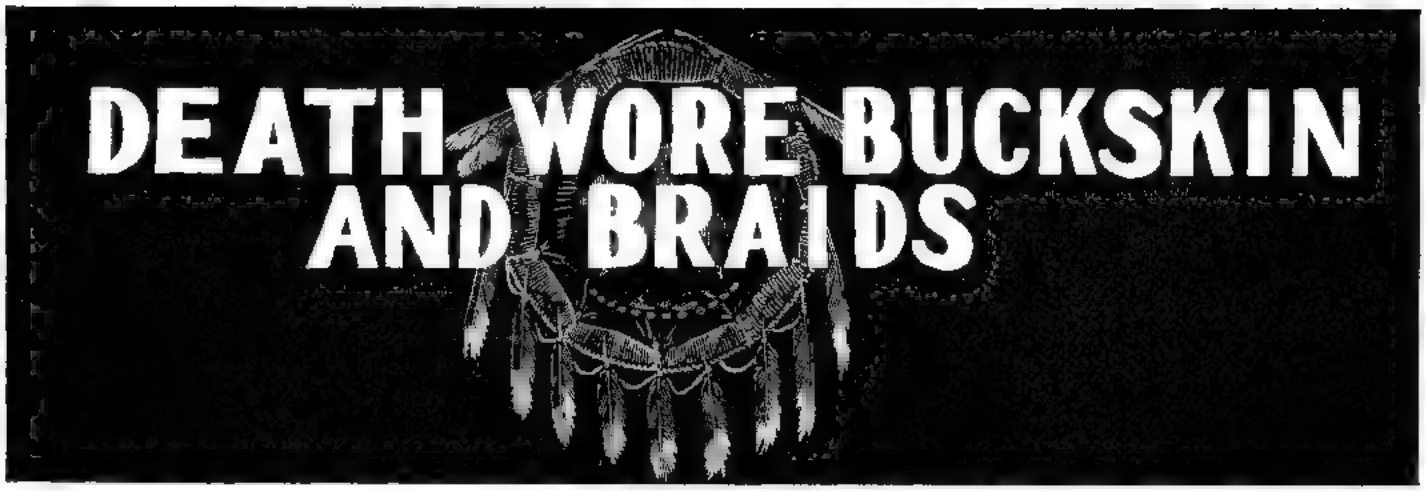
Question: In a letter written over sixty years ago I find a reference to "the disaster at Chilkoot Pass." Can you tell me what happened?—Oliver Woods, Dearborn, Michigan.
Answer: This is likely in reference to an avalanche or snowslide that occurred at the Pass on April 3, 1898, in which nearly 200 gold-seekers were killed.

Question: Is the Torreón in Lincoln County still standing?—Mrs. Tom West, Columbus, Ohio.
Answer: Yes, the Torreón is still standing. It is over 100 years old.

The Lincoln County Torreon



DEATH WORE BUCKSKIN AND BRAIDS



The band of angry Comanches swung south through the Texas foothills, thirsty for revenge. Eight unprotected women and children innocently waited in the small frontier cabin for their men to return. Only one heroic pioneer wife was to survive—despite arrow wounds, scalping and being deserted by her own neighbors while in the delirium of fever!

By DICK BALMOS and DAVID NEVIN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IT was bitter cold that February of 1867 and the snow fell silently on the scrub oak and mesquite country of Texas, gently settling around the mud-chinked cabin. Unknown to the eight women and children inside, a little Comanche war party was stabbing south, riding light and fast, looking for white men's blood to pay for their own dead. Nineteen braves and three squaws topped a rise and saw the cabin below them. The leader threw out his arm and they stopped, watching the children playing in the snow.

It was ambush and it was perfect.

JOHN FRIEND was a powerful barrel-chested ex-cavalryman. A Minie ball had cut him down north of the Canadian River's deep fork and taken him out of the Civil War. It was just as well, for he wasn't cut from soldier's cloth.

He was a carpenter by trade and a Kansan by birth but he rode with the Texas cavalry, and when you've drunk Texas water, they say, you come back. He found Texas a good place to raise the boy his first wife gave him just before he lost her.

Friend was a good man—steady, blunt and not very introspective. He believed in solid things—a full day's work, owning land, doing a job right. And he believed a man should have a woman and a home.

He saw his woman one day in 1866, yellow-haired Matilda Dancer, just nineteen, long-legged and slim. But there was power in her body and character in her face and she had level blue eyes that looked back at him. Her father, the Reverend Jonas Dancer, had died during a Comanche raid in 1859 while hacking a road from Austin to Llano. So John Friend approached her as gently as he knew how and they were married.

Soon her body began to bulge with his child. By then Friend had found she had courage and character and fortitude—her share and more. Within a year he was to learn beyond forgetting of just what magnificent fiber she was made. It was to be a ghastly lesson.

They had the pioneer's spirit. With the little boy, then eight, they pushed south to the heart of the cedar and post oak country, midway between Llano to the north and Fredericksburg to the south. When they rode into Legion Valley they knew they were home.

It had a spring and knee-deep grass for the cattle. John Friend looked around and felt in his bones that this was where he wanted to live. He couldn't have been more wrong.

He marked his spot some four miles west of Cedar Mountain, chopped oak staves and sank them into the ground in an upright line for cabin walls. The first cold air of winter sliced at his bare hands as he tamped wet mud between the staves. The new year rolled in, 1867, with the coldest snap Texas had seen in years. Ice rimed the trees and the ground was as hard as the granite of the hills around.

But Friend worked on and Matilda worked beside him, although she had begun her ninth month of pregnancy.

They finished the cabin during that cold spell. It had a good roof, firm walls, and packed earthen floors. But John Friend wasn't satisfied. He wanted sawed wooden floors for his wife to walk on and his new baby to play on.

On February 5 the snow swirled heavy drifts over the twenty miles to Fredericksburg, then a rut-roaded town of 800. John Friend rounded up a few other Legion Valley settlers, including two brothers named Johnson, and started after the lumber. The Johnson women came to stay with Matilda and brought their children. Thus, in the cabin that fateful day were Matilda and her eight-year-old stepson, Lee Temple Friend; Mrs. Samantha Johnson and Mrs. Rebecca Johnson and their newborn babies; Amanda Townsend, eighteen and unmarried; and little Malenda Caudel, eleven.

SUDDENLY little Lee Temple Friend smashed through the cabin door and hurled himself against his stepmother.

"Mama, Indians," he screamed. "Mama, Mama, the Indians are coming!"

Matilda Friend blanched and for a moment she clutched the child to her. She knew Comanches and she knew their cry, for her father had died with it in his ears.

"Our Father, have mercy," she whispered.

She straightened then and thrust the boy aside. Quickly she dragged her husband's big .58 caliber Springfield from its twin pegs over the fireplace, cradled it and carefully opened the door. She saw the Comanches move in cautiously, arrows notched against taut bowstrings.

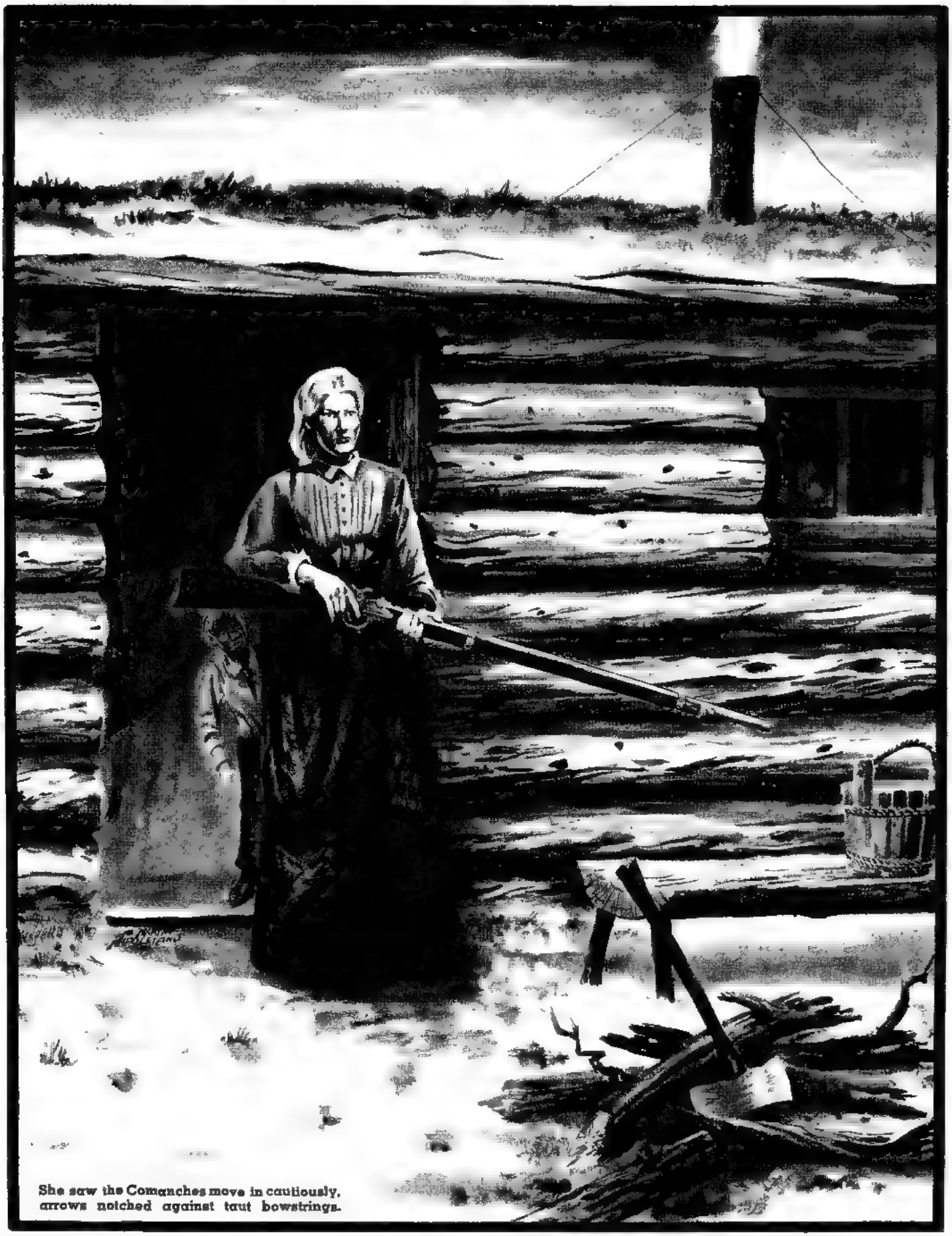
Unaware of danger, the two girls played idly by the cowpen 100 yards from the house. The Johnson women's nerve broke suddenly. Together they ran screaming to the pen, herding the children back. Matilda Friend stood by the door, the rifle in one hand, the door bar in the other.

The Indians understood instantly as she slammed shut the door and dropped the heavy bar. A houseful of women and children and not a man among them! They attacked directly, pounding toward the cabin, their cries now triumphant.

Matilda Friend laid the muzzleloader across the ironing board and aimed it at the door. Ready behind her were the paper bags filled with black powder charges, a lead Minie ball tied in the muzzle of each. But she knew she's never have time to reload.

A buck smashed shoulder-first into the door. The cabin creaked but the bar held.

(Continued on page 70)



She saw the Comanches move in cautiously, arrows notched against taut bowstrings.

Ed Bartholomew

Left, Colt's Army Revolver .44 calibre, model of 1847. Only 1,000 of these were made (at Whitneyville, Connecticut), a copy by Colonel Colt of the earlier .47 calibre revolver made at Patterson, New Jersey. Right, the Medicine Bow Day School, Potato Creek, South Dakota, scene of the wild charivari.

THE THINGS THEY DO TO SAM COLT'S REVOLVERS

By J. M. S. PAUL

PROBABLY the most maligned gun today is the Colt Model P single-action, solid-frame, center-fire cartridge revolver, more commonly and affectionately referred to as the Peacemaker, six-shooter, or Colt .45. No other weapon is so inaccurately portrayed in motion pictures and television as this gun. Not only is it used before its time, but some of its greatest moments have been played down or completely overlooked.

There are many cases in point. The Kit Carson TV series, had the historic hero whipping out a trusty .45 and holding bad men at bay. A quick check of any encyclopedia would show that Carson died in 1868, a good four years before the first Colt Model P left Sam Colt's factory. Carson couldn't have used this particular gun.

James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok did live to see Sam Colt's pride, and when he was murdered in Deadwood in 1876, he was still carrying a gun, but historians tell us he did not favor the Colt even though his TV counterpart handled it well.

One of the most mixed-up incidents was a movie based on the Seminole Indian War of the 1830's. Here again, much before its time, the smoking Model P was in the hands of the hero. Someone had twisted his history, and yet the greatest goof was something he completely missed. The Seminole War was the first time Sam Colt's new cap-and-ball repeating pistol was used. Colt personally sold a small quantity of these to General Zachary Taylor's Indian fighters. Think of the big dramatic moment that was lost!

Another mix-up occurred in a picture called "Colt .45", in which the featured guns were really the famous Colt .44 Dragoons. It seems the producer didn't feel "Colt .44" would pull in such a good audience at the box office. As far as that goes, Sam Colt himself never lived to see his most famous namesake tame the West, for he died in 1862, eleven years before it hit the market.

Just to keep the records straight, the first Colt Model P, single-action, solid-frame, center-fire cartridge revolver came out of the Colt factory late in 1872. The United States Cavalry was equipped with it in 1873, and it remained the side-arm of the U. S. military forces until 1911 when another gun of Colt manufacture, John Browning's .45 automatic pistol, replaced it as regulation issue.

Even so, the old Model P has remained "regulation" for those who preferred to carry it. One such person of note was the late General George S. Patton, Jr., who carried a pair of nicely engraved pearl-handled Model P Colts throughout World War II.

By 1941 the West was pretty tame, and the pressures of a major world conflict were heavy on the gun manufacturing industry. Colt rang down the curtain on the Model P. But the famous gun was not forgotten. Practically everyone wanted to own one, and the price on the collectors' market soared.

For the sportsman who liked the feel of the old Model P, and wanted such a gun at his belt, there were imitators. The first of the imitators was Sturm, Ruger & Company, who eventually, after many production difficulties, got their "Single Six" on the market in production quantities. The Great Western Single Action followed close on its heels, and the fact that it was available in more calibers than the Ruger gun won it immediate popularity. From then on the field was wide open, even including a very accurate model that shot B-Bs.

By mid 1957, the old Colt Model P was being produced again. The Peacemaker is back and this time it is here to stay.

WILD CHARIVARI

By Will Spindler

MR. AND MRS. Arthur Hudson had been married just before they were appointed to teach at Medicine Bow Day School on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. This was in December, 1941.

As was customary, they were feted to a charivari by the other whites from around the reservation. The several repeating shotguns brought by some of the men were designed to add a touch of fireworks and make the party a good, lively, old-fashioned celebration.

The noise was enough to raise the housetops from that quiet little Indian village. When this wild burst of shooting, clattering, and loud yelling began, most of the Indians in their log homes, their minds already afire with excitement and strange wild ideas about the war which had been declared just a few weeks before, actually thought the Japanese were attacking their village!

Every light in the village went out immediately, and families barricaded themselves in their homes, ready to fight. The few men who were outside for one rea-

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Wild Old Days!

son or another dived for shelter, either into log houses or down the canyon where they thought they would be safe.

Matthew Surrounded-in-Woods, a full-blooded Oglala, had been strolling through the village when the commotion began. He made a wild dash for Spotted Horse Canyon and scrambled into some heavy brush on the canyon floor, his dog beside him.

The Japs, he thought, were attacking the village, and would butcher everyone they found alive. His only hope was to stay hidden until they passed.

Suddenly his dog cut loose with some loud barking. In a loud terrified whisper he admonished the dog to be quiet, but within seconds the animal set up a howl again. In desperation, Matthew grabbed the dog's throat and clutched it tight to restrain it from making any noise.

Apparently he overdid his job a bit. The dog went limp and collapsed on the ground beside him.

Dead! Matthew thought—but better his dog than himself.

WORRIED that he still might be too close to the center of the "invasion," Matthew decided to move up the canyon a bit farther, thinking that, by now, the Japs would have killed the Hudsons and the others at the school and would be looking for victims at a greater distance away. Cautiously he crept a few hundred feet through the undergrowth and again concealed himself in timber.

He barely had time to wish he hadn't squeezed so hard on the dog's throat when the animal appeared beside him. Panic-stricken, he sprang to his feet. A ghost? Had the animal come alive again to seek revenge?

Fear and terror lent him wings as he fled wildly up the pine-studded canyon, the startled dog barking and yapping at his heels.

We still kid Matthew about killing his dog and having it come back to life again. He laughs now and considers it a huge joke on himself. But he did not do any laughing that wild fearful night back in December, 1941.

FINEST NATURAL HIGHWAY IN THE WORLD

By Bill Judge

TO thousands upon thousands of homesteaders, goldseekers, and adventurers, the Oregon Trail was the highway of destiny. It traversed the continent, joining the West to the East as a means of transportation and communication, quickening the development of the Pacific Northwest and providing new homes and livelihoods for untold numbers of Americans.

Travel on the finest natural highway in the world began in the 1830 s; by 1846 so many homesteaders had crossed into the Oregon region England ceded that territory (including the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming) to the United States.

The Mormons followed the trail in the 1840 s in such great numbers it was sometimes referred to as the Mormon Trail, and the discovery of gold in California in 1848 brought thousands more across its more than 1,500-mile length.

Although it was impossible to maintain an accurate check, it was estimated that 250,000 people traveled westward over the trail in the decade 1859-1869. This was probably after the peak of its traffic, since an estimated 51,000 crossed in 1852 alone.

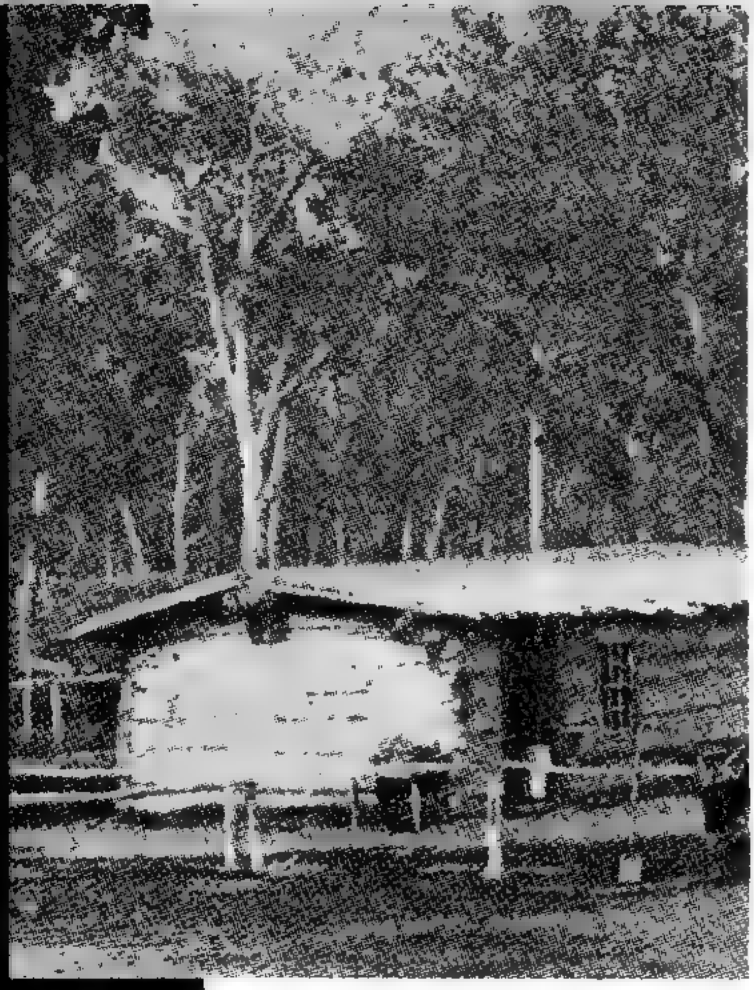
During the decade mentioned, 1,000 freight wagons per week rumbled west. In 1861, 21,000,000 pounds of freight marked for destinations in the far West were sent from one shipping point in the East alone. To transport this freight 4,917 wagons, 6,164 mules, 27,682 oxen and 1,256 men were required.

RUSSELL, Majors and Waddell, the men who operated the Pony Express the eighteen months of its existence, freighted millions of dollars' worth of goods over the Oregon Trail. Their 6,250 wagons, each with a three-ton capacity, were pulled by some 75,000 oxen, the best of which were valued at $1,000 a pair. Oxen were used in preference to mules because they could haul heavier loads over longer distances with less upkeep for food. Also, they did not attract the Indians' desire in the way horses and mules did.

Those traveling the trail during the years 1840-1869 described it as an almost endless chain of wagons. One soldier reported in his diary that he saw 2,000 wagons in ten days. Another man said

(Continued on page 51)

Land of the Dakotas



Typical ranch house of the early 1880s.

NOT EVERY plainsman wrote a story with a six-shooter and punctuated it with a bullet. Many of these Plains dwellers never killed either a white man or an Indian.

This writer, while not in a class with the real old-timers, perhaps, has nevertheless seen considerable of this so-called "Wild and Woolly West." At least, I came in on the closing chapter of an era that ended just prior to the turn of the century. It was in the early Nineties and just following the killing of Sitting Bull, that I made my debut into the "Land of the Dakotas"—a land of bunch-grass, prairies and sagebrush flats. Here and there a flat-topped butte rose up against the blue walls of the firmament to break the somewhat monotonous effect of a sweeping and seemingly endless prairie.

IT WOULD seem that God had designed Dakota for a grazing ground. It had been an Eden as an abode for the Indian and the buffalo; it was to become even more than that to the great cattle herds that followed the extermination of the buffalo and the final surrender of the Indians to United States troops. With the buffalo gone and the Indians no longer a menace upon the Plains, this great grassland became a stockman's paradise. It was all free—no rent, no taxation, and even free fuel (coal)—and where is the man who doesn't like to get something for nothing?

Filing fees on a 160-acre plot cost $1.50, but your stock and your neighbor's stock could run all over the adjoining 10,160 acres and no one cared. Settlers were few and far between.

Sure, there were some disadvantages. Just before the turn of the century, we were 107 miles from the railroad. We didn't go to town once a week as we used to do on the farm. We went twice during the year—usually about the middle of April and again in late October. One of the first things I learned out there was: "You will never do much until you learn to do without much."

We were starting a horse ranch and kept no cows; I missed the milk and butter. We had a few chickens, and also three white ducks. A duck egg has a rather strong flavor until one gets used to it, but we were usually hungry and anything tasted good. Our diet was largely canned corn, tomatoes, beans with baking powder biscuits and bacon, and strong, black coffee. Then we had dried peaches, apples and apricots as a dessert.

For earache, backache, bellyache or pain in the neck we used quinine and whiskey, the stockman's one remedy. Or, for an earache, cotton and hot bacon grease could be applied, and for a toothache, we heated salt and put it into a salt-bag. The sufferer would lie down with jaw on this hot salt and it actually did wonders toward relieving the pain.

Our fuel was coal which we dug from the hillside (Dakota is full of coal veins). It was a low grade of bituminous coal called lignite. About twenty-five percent of it was slag and clinkers. At that time it was worth only about $2.50 per ton but it was plentiful and easy to dig.

Those who lived near the rivers or streams often used cottonwood, but it was soft and burned out quickly. When out on the prairie and far from wood we used "buffalo chips," which weren't buffalo chips at all but just dried cow dung. They made a good fire but burned out too quickly.

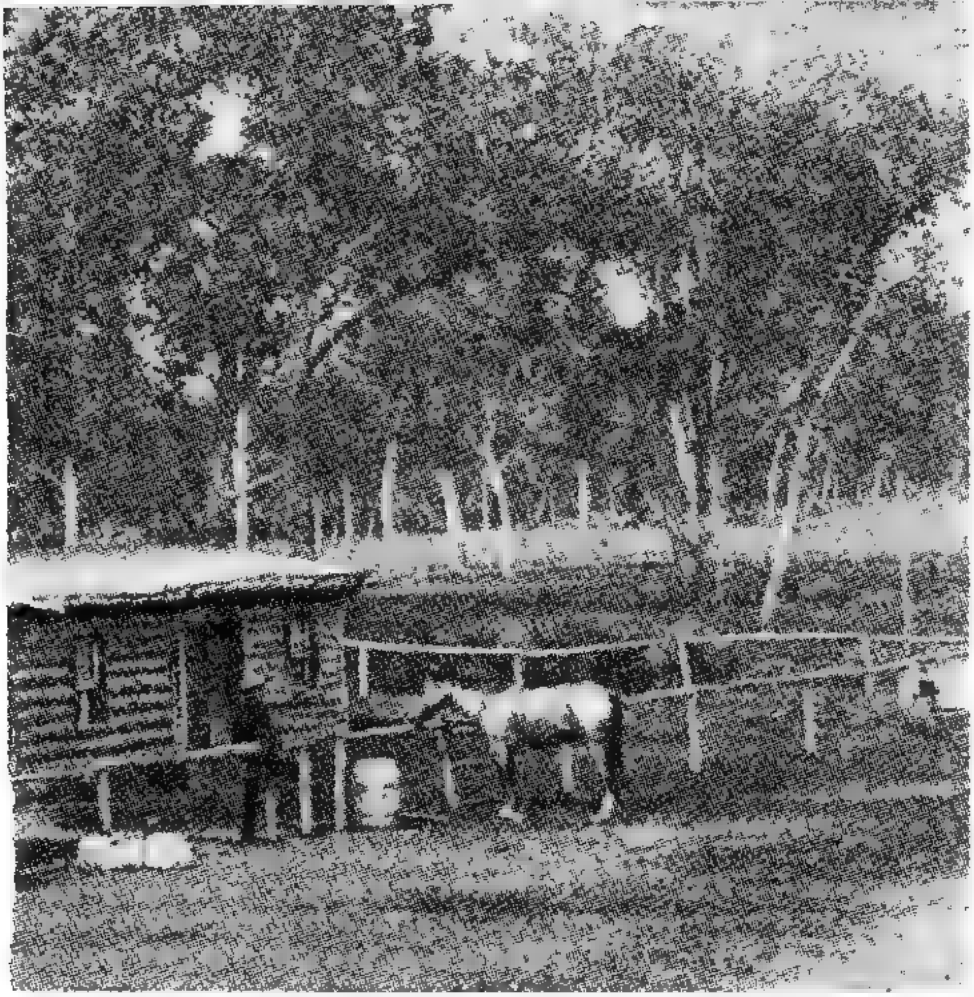
Our water—splendid water it was—came from a spring near our log house.

Our mail came every two weeks. It was twenty miles to the post office, if it could be called a post office. It was a frame with two dozen pigeon-holes hung up behind the counter in a very small grocery store. If the storekeeper (who was also the saloonkeeper, postmaster and a cattle raiser) waited on four customers a day he considered it a rush period.

WE PIONEERS lived in rock houses, log houses and sod houses. A dirt floor was common. We sprinkled it each morning and then swept it. The floor gradually wore down—after a few years a table would be sitting on a piece of ground four inches higher than the rest of the floor.

The rock houses had walls of flat sandstone or limestone. Lots of them were just a few inches thick and not hard to break. The roofs of these houses were all alike. To construct them, poles were nailed at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, then about eight inches of hay topped by a sod covering was laid across this framework. Two thicknesses of sod were placed on this, grass side down. The second layer of sod was laid to cover up the cracks. Then about six inches of loose dirt was put over the sod. This dirt would settle down after a rain, sealing the cracks. The roof seldom leaked.

Rain was scarce in Dakota, but enough fell to keep the bunch-grass growing. During the months of July, August and



The Indians' "Paradise" became an Eden for cattlemen after the Redman had been driven from the fertile prairie country.

By

W. J. RICE

September, the prairie fire was the stockman's one great hazard. The hot Chinook winds dried the grass until it was like hay.

Fireguards were not very effective. I recall seeing one nearly fifty miles long, made by plowing two strips twenty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet apart. The grass was then carefully burned off between them but the guard wasn't a fourth wide enough. Sparks and cinders blew over and the supposed-to-be-protected grassland was laid bare.

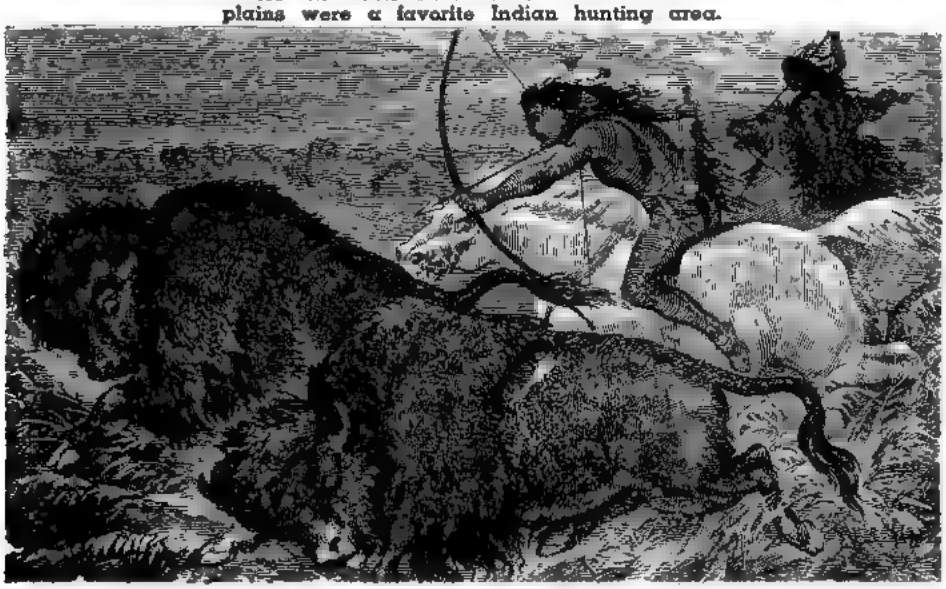
The fires usually came on hot, still days—the result of spontaneous combustion. No one ever saw one start, but I recall one that I saw immediately after it started a few miles away. The rising heat created a draft and soon a fair breeze was blowing. This fire got well under way before help arrived and in twelve hours it razed an area of rich grassland three miles wide and seventeen miles long.

In fighting these fires, somebody's cow had to die to save the lives of others. There was no stipulation in range law that would either permit or prohibit the promiscuous killing of cattle to be used in fire fighting so we just automatically took those nearest the fire. However, we never used the best specimens, choosing instead a somewhat underweight, two-year-old steer or small cow. The animal was chopped in two—one piece for each team of fighters.

One team took the left wing and the other the right, then worked back. It was truly wonderful to see how effective this heavy, limber, fleshy extinguisher worked when dragged along the fire line. It would sink into any slight depression or cling to the ground over a slight mound. And, of course, a few follow-up men armed with wet coats or gunny sacks whipped out the small blazes that sometimes would start up again.

Chain-drags—log chains running lengthwise and crosswise—were also used, but those were hard on horses (horse killers, some cowboys called them). A half-animal was best. An old shoemaker out West once said that some cows die to "save your soles." When a prairie fire sprang up some cows died to save the range.

Before the white man came, the lush Dakota plains were a favorite Indian hunting area.



MY KIN were not cattlemen but horsemen. My brother-in-law and a man named Older were the owners—I was just a flunkie, a helper, and I often flunked at odd times on this or that.

The horse business was really a good business those days. Horses sold for $40 or $45 per head, but cost hardly anything to raise. They fared well both in

(Continued on page 69)

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

day before the photo was taken and get us up early in the morning so the sun would be just right. My grandparents had but one bed and the photographer and the rest of the brigade shown slept on the floor, using a hand-knitted rug for a mattress.

My grandfather taught me arithmetic by having me count the covered wagons as they came past. The day I counted to thirty-seven without an error he told me I was as good in arithmetic as he was and would not need any more lessons.

The other photo was taken in 1905. In the distance the school house is barely visible. I started school there in 1902. We thought it was a giant of a place, with ten desks (never more than six were filled).

The rough sod roof on the house was built by putting four-grade shiplap over two-by-fours and then a heavy coat of tarpaper. The next layer was thick sod, cut when the grass was heavy. The roots held the sod together until they rotted and then it was necessary to plant what we called grass cactus on the roof. This little bunch cactus thrived in dry soil and formed a solid carpet which kept the dirt from washing away when heavy rains came. The old soddy was always cool in summer and warm in winter.

The one-horse cart in the background was used to haul butter and eggs to town, when we had any left over to sell. The buggy shed was later used to house a Model-T Ford.—Elmer Moore, 1035 Seventeenth Street, Santa Monica, California.

The Moore home in 1905.

The Day I Rode Steamboat Bill

Howdy!

I was riding for the saddle bronc championship of the Province of Saskatchewan. That year the finals were ridden off at the Moose Jaw Rodeo.

We drew slips out of a hat to find out who rode what horse. I put mine in my pocket without looking at it—I didn't know any of the horses anyway.

The rest of the boys all looked at their slips, though, and one feller asked, "Who's got old Bill?"

"Who's old Bill?" I asked.

"Steamboat Bill," I was told, "has thrown over 130 riders, nearly killed half-a-dozen others, and has never once been rode."

"Oh," I said, fingering the slip in my pocket. Finally I pulled it out to look at it. There in big bold letters was the word STEAMBOAT BILL.

"Boys," I said, putting on a brave front, "I got him." But I felt kind of weak inside.

When I got to the chute the boys were putting my saddle down on a big strawberry roan. I was shaking like a leaf when I was belted down, but shoved both feet in the stirrups and got my spurs high up on his shoulders. Taking a short hold on the buckshank, I pulled my hat down tight and nodded the gate open.

Old Bill waited till the gate was wide open, then came out with a scream and cleared the ground a good seven feet. On the first jump off went my big hat and landed in the mud.

Each jump Bill cleared the ground six feet. He went up north and came down south. He jumped as far back as he did ahead, kicking high and hard, ducking under and throwing his belly up where his back should have been.

Things were slowly going black and I was bleeding at the nose.

The big horse sunfished and twisted all the way around the arena. Then he went over a ten-foot fence into the track and headed for the grandstand, a four-footed cyclone that sent everybody screaming and running for their lives.

Was I still hanging on to that buckshank? Hell no, I was back with my hat. —Art Fee, Box 610, Ridgefield, Washington.

Indian Shell Cases

Dear Sir:

I just saw the article by Norman Wiltsey "Indian Guns Against Custer" in the February, 1961, issue of your magazine. The article interested me because I spent five years as historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument. I have personally recovered many hundreds of cartridge cases, bullets and even percussion caps used by the Sioux and Cheyenne during the battle.

Author Wiltsey states that no cartridges for 1873 Winchesters were ever found on the battlefield. I did find a few of them on the Indian firing line. The Indians, of course, almost always saved reloadable shells, which may explain why I found more .44 Henry cases (not all showing use in either the Henry or 1866 Winchester) than I did .44/40 center-fire copper cases for 1873 Winchesters.

If some Indians report that only two or three warriors had Henrys and 1866 Winchesters, then those who did have them must have jumped around the five-by-two-mile battle area on pogo sticks from the dispersion and number of empty .44 cases I found.

Actually, the .44 Winchester, rim or center-fire, was not nearly as effective a fighting weapon as the longer ranged and more deadly .45 (.45/55/405) Springfield carbine used by the soldiers.

I also found a fair number of .50 and .56 Spencer shells, many types of .50 government and commercial shells, and a few .32 rimfire and other oddments. One interesting find was a number of .45 carbine shells burst from being used in an Indian .50—indicating a shortage of ammunition.—Don Rickey, Jr., Route 13, Box 476, Kirkwood 22, Missouri.

Use Clubs

Howdy!

I've been interested in the comments concerning the Indians' attitude toward the Army. Although I can't absolutely vouch for the authenticity of this tale, it clearly shows how our Texas Redskins felt toward the various white men they had to contend with.

A Comanche chief approached General Sheridan and asked to be allowed to trade for a cannon.

"No," refused the General, "you would kill my soldiers with it."

The Comanche shook his head. "No. Want to kill cowboys with cannon. Kill soldiers with clubs."—Curt Bishop, Austin, Texas.

Thomas Catron

Dear Sir:

In the August, 1960, issue Dick House asked about Thomas Catron.

Thomas Benton Catron was born on a farm four miles from Lexington, Missouri, on October 6, 1840. He attended the crossroads school in his neighborhood and later received a B. A. degree from the University of Missouri. He was studying law in Lexington, Missouri, when the Civil War erupted and, like many Missourians, enlisted in the Confederate Army. He participated in the battles of Carthage, Wilson's Creek, Dry Wood, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, and surrendered as commander of the Third Missouri light battery at Meridian, Mississippi.

Back in Missouri after the war, Catron resumed the study of law, but realized he would have difficulty in getting admitted to the bar because of a statute requiring an oath that the applicant had never borne arms against the Federal Government. Influenced by Stephen Benton Elkins, a classmate of his university days, Tom Catron decided to emigrate to New Mexico. He left Independence in May, 1866, arriving in Santa Fe July 27.

Enroute he studied Spanish grammar and later perfected that language while living in Alcalde, Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. He was employed briefly by Judge Kirby Benedict in Santa Fe, then—through Elkins' influence—was appointed district attorney of the Third Judicial District in February, 1867. He was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1868 and relinquished his position as District Attorney to accept appointment as Attorney General of the Territory on January 1, 1869. Catron County, New Mexico, is named after him.—L. T. Bates, Mayhill, New Mexico.

LICEN

Missing Persons

Truly Western:

From an advertisement in TRUE WEST (Navajo Trail Magazine) I obtained a copy of an old newspaper. In it I found an ad placed by Seth Mosier, of Kingston, Colorado. I think perhaps this is a clue to the tracing of a lost relative whose name was either Hurah Mosier or Hugh Mosier. He was either the drummer boy or flute player in the famous painting "Spirit of '76" but I haven't even been able to discover where he is buried, although I've tried all sources. Perhaps some one of your readers will be able to help me.

An aunt of mine, Mrs. Eunice Ezuba Perkins, while trying to recover this boy's estate in England, also disappeared. She had sent two lawyers over to England and they failed to return so she decided to go herself. Carrying a briefcase, she visited the Chicago World's Fair in 1893; an uncle of mine saw and spoke to her there. From that day to this no one has reported having seen her or heard from her.

This aunt was wealthy in her own right and carried a diary which told all about the Mosier boy. I would certainly like to find out if anyone has any clues about either of these people.—Mrs. V. Hakala, Box 155, Crandon, Wisconsin.

A Friend of Pickett's

Hello Mr. Editor!

I've been reading TRUE WEST since I quit the "Roundup" game myself. In your magazine I run onto articles about old-timers I knew years ago. The best I have come onto is the article in the August, 1961, issue "The Dusky Demon," by Milt Hinkle.

I knew Bill Pickett quite well as he was still making the roundups and rodeos when I started my career with them in 1917 and 1918. He was sure liked by all the old hands and was considered the best by most of them.

I also knew the author when he was a champion in rodeo contests.—Lorena Trickey Peterson, Box 131, Tonopah, Nevada.

Editor's Note: Lorena was a champion in her own right and one of the best-known rodeo performers of her day.

Also Remembers Bill

Mr. Editor of TRUE WEST,

I also knew Bill Pickett very well and know that your story was pure unadulterated and unglamorized facts all the way. I was a bucking horse rider with the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Wild West Show in 1907. Bill Pickett, the originator of steer bulldogging, was bulldogging 900 and 1,000 pound steers two shows a day. After he got the steer stopped, he would pull its head up, get hold of the steer's upper lip with his teeth and then throw both arms up in the air and pull the steer to the ground. He was the feature act in the Show—something which would have swelled the heads of many, but it was just in the day's work for him.—John A. (Rusty) Tulk, Route 1, Box 59, Deming, New Mexico.

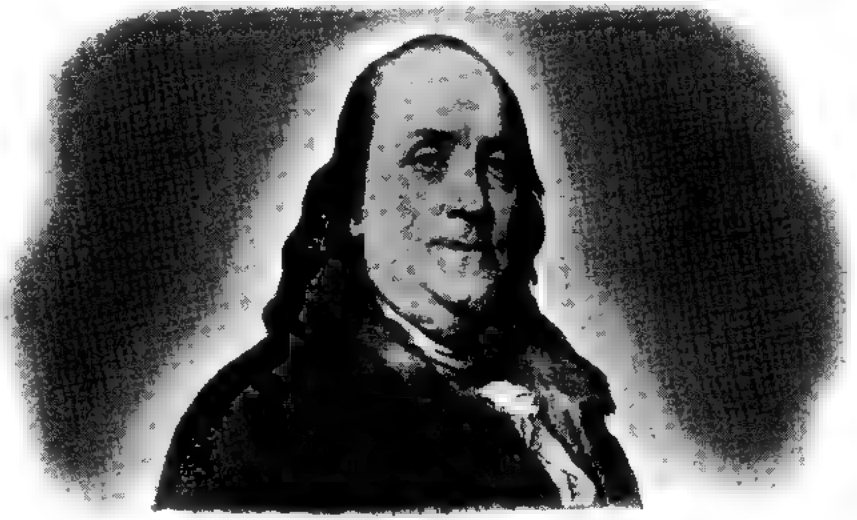
Ol' Bones and Stuff

Dear Joe:

You folks like information about ol' bones an' stuff, so I thought I'd pass this on.

A Mrs. Lois Telfer, claiming to be Billy the Kid's only living relative, is trying to move Billy the Kid's remains from their Fort Sumner, New Mexico, resting place to Lincoln, New Mexico.

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



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Her task is proving to be more difficult than she imagined.

Although the grave has a seven-foot metal cyclone fence around it to protect it from souvenir hunters, Mrs. Telford claims the grave has been exploited and has not been properly cared for.

Billy the Kid, Charlie Bowdre and Tom O'Folliard are buried side by side. The land around the cemetery is owned by Mrs. J. W. Allen, but the cemetery itself is public domain. Consequently, Mrs. Telford may have to go to the Department of Interior in order to get her petition for the removal of the bones approved.

There are other obstacles, too. No one is sure the headstone still marks the proper spot of Billy's grave. The Pecos River flooded badly several decades ago and washed the stone away. A group of old-timers brought it back, paced off the cemetery from memory, and put the marker where they "thought it should go."

Even a pathologist might have difficulty distinguishing Billy's bones from those of O'Folliard and Bowdre. The people around Fort Sumner seem to resent the idea of having searchers dig through the old cemetery and some feel violence would erupt if Mrs. Telford is allowed to move the bones. No one seems to care what happens to Billy; they just don't want anyone disturbing their little cemetery.—Clem Hutchins, 1027 East McKinley, Phoenix, Arizona.

Knows Location

Dear Mr. Small:

In the "Truly Western" column of the August, 1961, issue, the facts given by George A. Petticrew concerning the Lost Dutchman Mine are true. I can add some more information.

The mine consisted of two tunnels, one of which started at the bottom of a twenty-five or thirty-foot shaft. Apparently Walz had two rich "stringers" which were entirely worked out. This would account for the fact that neither Walz nor his nephew, who was a much younger man, ever went back to the diggings during the last fifteen years of their lives (they lived very near the Salt River near Phoenix, Arizona).

I have traveled through many of the wilderness areas of the Southwest, particularly Arizona. In the course of my travels, I have talked with many old-timers, including ranchers, punchers, prospectors, and Indians of several tribes, and from the information I've gained I know the location of Frenchmen's Diggings, the La Purisima Concepcion Mine (or, at least, the place on the canyon wall which bears the words chiseled into the rock), and the Lost Shoemaker Placer.

Incidentally, just adjacent to the latter, at the foot of the four peaks and on the north side of the Salt River, two gold mines are now operating. One has gold ore which assays over $12,000 per ton and the second one at over $8,000 per ton. These mines are located directly north of the Superstition Mountains, just across the river. They were both started in the past two years.—Sperry Weaver, 312½ East Windsor Avenue, Phoenix 4, Arizona.

Weather in the Old West

Dear Mr. Stout,

It was tough living in the old days all right, but not just because the pioneers had to fight Indians and badmen. The weather was a tough opponent, too.

A tenderfoot I knew made some harness tugs out of green steer hide and hooked his team to the wagon to go to town. It started to rain so hard the man couldn't see to drive so he got down to lead the team. The tugs had stretched in the rain; when he turned around he saw the wagon half-a-mile behind the team. He started back to the wagon along the stretched-out lines when the sun came out, so fast and hot the green steer-hide tightened up—and in such a hurry the wagon, like something snapped with a huge rubberband, shot forward and ran over his team, killing his horses.

Like I said, times were tough.—Lloyd Byers, Box 583, Fargo, North Dakota.

Editor's Note: Reader Byers also claims the wind was so bad in the old days that when it blew along a barbed-wire fence it stacked all the barbs in a corner. I checked on this with a weather expert in the Texas Panhandle; he snorted and said that on his spread they used to use different-sized barbs and while the wind was stacking them it played "The Eyes of Texas." Then when it shifted and came back from the other direction, he got three stanzas of "Oklahoma" and a Cherokee folksong while they were sorting themselves back into place.

"Polished" Content-Wise

Dear Editor:

For the past three years or more I've sat back and read all kinds of requests concerning various types of material that need to be included in FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST. Some ask for all "gunslinger" stories; some want articles on old Aztec Indian customs; some insist upon this and some swear by that—it's gettin' to be a nightmare wondering what the outcome will be.

Now, I know that it's impossible for an editor to satisfy everyone but I'd like to put in my two cents' worth. I don't think it's asking too much for a guy who darned near lives by your magazines and has bought every issue since 1957.

In my estimation, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are about as "polished" content-wise as they should be. They possess just enough "shoot-'em-up-Jake" material, just enough lost mine tales, just enough ghost town stories and need no more of anything except a dozen or more pages which, no doubt, will be coming in the future.

Historically speaking, FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST are truly assets to the reading public everywhere. To change them in any way would be an injustice indeed. I, for one, certainly hope to see these two fine publications continue as they are and I'm sure the majority feels the same way.—Robert Donald Blackmon, 201 North Ammerman Street, Eastland, Texas.

Editors' Note: Thanks. Sure is nice to hear from satisfied customers ever now and then.

Rube Burrow

Howdy Neighbor,

I liked John Carson's article about Rube Burrow (August, 1961, TRUE WEST). Dixie Carter was a deputy sheriff of Marengo County, Alabama; he captured Rube in a Negro's cabin about ten miles west of Linden. Dixie had a big Negro driver and they handcuffed and shackled Rube and took him to town, assigning guards to keep an eye on him in jail.

Rube had a little old black bag, which was tossed into a corner of the jail office. The four guards were playing cards and one of them said something about being hungry (there were no corner hamburger joints in those days). Rube told him he had some soda crackers and stick candy in his bag. "Help yourself," he offered.

They couldn't work the catch to get the bag open, so they pushed it over to Rube. He took out the crackers, reached back into the bag, and came out with two pistols.

He had the Negro boy lock up the guards. "Now where's Dixie Carter? He has my money," Rube asked.

Dixie was asleep in the backroom of a store. He and Rube shot it out when Rube came after him. Rube hit Dixie through the right shoulder, but Dixie's shot was truer and Rube slumped dead at the backdoor of the store.

I used to, as a kid, look at Dixie's withered arm. He wore a tight kid glove. I also saw two bullet marks on the door of the store.

Rube was buried in the corner of the town graveyard (no marker). The records of his death are in the county courthouse. —Jo Willingham, 609 West Twelfth Street, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Magazines for Friendship

Dear Mr. Small:

You asked in one of your recent magazines about sending magazines overseas. For the past year I've been associated with "Magazines for Friendship"—an organization dedicated to sending American magazines to readers overseas.

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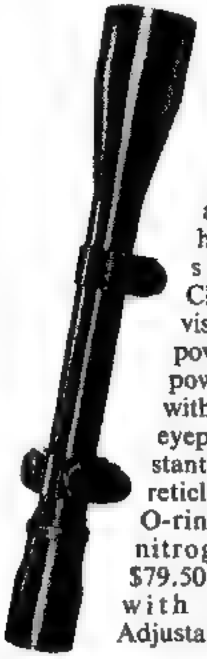

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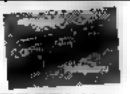

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McNelly's Rangers

(Continued from page 10)

came in sight of the bandits. The Captain knew we had them right where he wanted to overhaul them and he kept getting faster and faster. The bandits saw us but thought, so the one that got away told after he got back to Mexico, that we were regulars and that they could stand us off.

"The bandits came to a big lagoon running out from the bay. It was about 150 yards wide with mud and water from knee deep to belly deep. They rounded up the cattle on this side of the lagoon, and then went over to the other side and dismounted in line of battle. When we came to the lagoon, Captain McNelly ordered us in line of battle about four feet apart and ordered us not to fire until we got out of the mud and water. The bandits opened fire on us from behind their horses, using their saddles for gun rests.

AS we were crossing the lagoon, the Captain happened to look off to the right and saw a skirt of timber about two miles away. He told Lieutenant Robinson to keep on across the lagoon and not to fire a shot until he got to where the mud and water were shallow enough to make a charge, and that he would take Casuse and six of the boys and keep the Mexicans cut off from the timber. The bandits kept firing at us, but their bullets would pass over our heads, or hit the mud and water before us.

"By the time we got out of the deepest mud and water, the Mexicans seeing that their bullets had no effect, mounted and away they went towards the skirt of timber. When they found themselves cut off by Captain McNelly and his men, they rallied and stopped, opening fire on Captain McNelly's squad. The Captain and his men killed one or two of them and the rest broke out full tilt across the Palo Alto Prairie, with Lieutenant Robinson and us behind them and Captain McNelly and his men on the side.

"Soon we were all running in line of battle in case the Mexicans should turn to right or left or scatter in any way. We had the bandits straight ahead of us going towards the Rio Grande. There was not a tree in sight, only now and then a little bunch of Spanish daggers.

"When we came within gun range Lieutenant Robinson shouted out, 'Go for them, boys! Go for them!' Every man slapped spurs to his horse, giving him all the speed he had. I rammed both spurs to Old Ball who opened up his throttle with such an unexpected lunge that he went out from under my hat and came near going out from under me.

"We soon got up with them and the battle opened right. As fast as we overhauled one, we would shoot him or his horse. The last one we killed was riding the best horse in the bandits' crowd, and kept away ahead of any of the rest. The Captain and three or four of us were after him. We killed his horse from under him near a little Spanish dagger thicket and he ran into it on foot.

"The Captain ordered us to surround it, and then he dismounted, took his pistol out of his scabbard and started into the thicket. When he met the bandit they were about six or eight feet apart. The bandit had emptied his pistol and the Captain had only one ball left in his.

"The Mexican drew his bowie knife and with a grin on his face, started to Captain McNelly, saying as he came, 'Me gotta you now, me gotta you.' The Captain leveled his pistol and placed the last shot he had between the bandit's teeth as if he had put it there with his fingers. The Captain called, 'Come in, boys.'

"We dismounted and ran in to find the Captain standing over the bandit who had already checked up and breathed his last. The Captain took his knife and pistol. I untied his sash from around him, tying it around myself. It was the prettiest one I had ever seen, having the colors of Mexico, red, white, and green.

"Having put an end to the last bandit, we mounted our horses and started back over the trail of the dead. It was then about 2 o'clock in the evening. As we passed by I happened to come upon a dead bandit lying in the grass flat on his back with his hands and legs lying straight out from his body.

"He was shot through the head and I don't think he ever moved a muscle after he fell from his horse. His eyes were glared wide open, gazing at the hot July sun. His shaggy black beard was bloodstained and the blow flies were swarming over his face after blood and brains.

"Just back of his head, in the grass, lay

"Come on Ma, who ever heard tell of it taking two hours jist to buy a sack of chicken feed?"

a fine Mexican hat, bottom up. The high June sun was getting mighty hot on my head, as I hadn't had a hat on since Old Ball made that awful lunge in the first charge that morning. So I eased off Old Ball, picked up the hat, pulled up some grass, wiped off what blood I could, and put it on. Glad to get it.

"I then got on Old Ball and overtook the Captain and the boys. The Captain said, 'Where did you get your Mexican hat?' I told him I got it off a dead bandit. He said, 'It is a good one. With that hat and sash you could pass for a Mexican bandit in the dark anywhere.'

WHILE we were going back over the trail and locating the bandits, Casuse and two Mexican ranchmen who had joined us during the fight began to gather them up. When they found one, they would fasten a rope around his neck, wrap the loose end around the pommel of the saddle and strike a lope to the road that was near the bandit trail. They put them all in one pile, Jack Ellis, the white man, included.

"Near the end of the trail we came upon Spencer J. Adams sitting on his horse, Sorrel Top, so called because his

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mane and tail were white. Adams had pulled off his shirt and had it wrapped around Sorrel Top's neck to protect a bullet wound from the flies. Adams was looking intently into a rush pond nearby.

"'What are you watching in that pond, Adams?' asked the Captain.

"'I'm watching that bandit,' said Adams.

"'How come him there?' inquired the Captain.

"'This morning when the fight started by the lagoon you all got ahead of me and Berry Smith, and some of you shot the bandit off his horse and you thought he was dead. Berry and I saw him crawl into that Spanish dagger thicket you see there near the edge of this pond. We ran up to the thicket to shoot him again, but just as we got there he shot and killed Berry Smith, and shot at me and hit Sorrel Top in the neck. Later, after Berry was dead, he crawled out and got Berry's pistol, and a little while ago he crawled out to this pond of water. He is near the middle of it—you can see the rush grass move when he crawls along. I think you broke his leg for he has not been on his feet today.'

"When Spencer had told us this, the Captain said, 'You boys surround this pond but don't get opposite one another. Use your guns, not your pistols, and if Adams hasn't let his bandit die on his hands, we will soon wake him up.'

"The Captain did not do any shooting, but when the rush grass would move he would point to the spot and tell the nearest one to shoot. We had fired several shots without waking him up when finally one of the boys hit him. He floundered and kicked and sometimes his feet would go above the top of the rush grass. When he quieted down, the Captain said, 'That will do—that shot checked him up. Ride in, Casuse, and bring him out.' The inspection showed that he had been hit in many places. The Captain told Casuse to take him to the other bandits and come back as soon as he could.

"That made sixteen Mexican bandits and one white bandit, Jack Ellis, that we killed. One Mexican got away. We shot him off his horse and left him for dead, but he crawled out to where some Mexicans were cutting hay and hid in the hay.

"When Casuse got back to us, after taking in the pond bandit, we were all together except Berry Smith. We found him lying in four feet of the thicket stiff dead. He was only sixteen years old, had had no experience, and got too close to the bandit without seeing him. He must have been in six or eight feet of the Mexican as the thicket was not over ten feet wide anywhere.

THE Captain said, 'Bill, do you know how to tie a dead man on a horse?'

"'Yes, sir,' I said. He told me to tie Berry Smith on Old Ball and told one of the boys to help me. When it was done the Captain looked at the work and said it was a good job.

"'Bill,' he said, 'you must have done it before.' I told him that was the first dead man, but I had tied all other kinds of pack on mules when I was with Major Jones' escort on the northern frontier.

"Captain McNelly sent the two Mexican ranchmen back over the trail to get whatever they could in the way of horses, saddles and bridles. He told them to kill any horses that were badly wounded, as he did not want them to stay out there in the sun and suffer for water. We captured only two horses. One was a big paint, the horse that Jack Ellis was riding, and the other was a little bay. We

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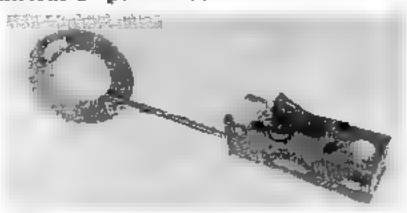

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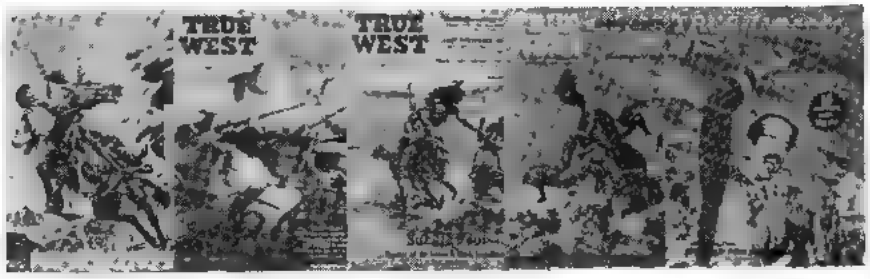

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named the paint horse Jack Ellis and the bay one Cortinas.

"By this time we were ready to march. The Captain told me to ride Berry Smith's horse and to lead Old Ball with the dead Ranger tied on. We started towards Brownsville, a little town on this of the river, to turn our Ranger boy over to the undertaker to have him prepared for the funeral. I marched in the rear.

"We hadn't gone more than two or three miles when we saw twenty-five or thirty men riding towards us from the river. The Captain said, 'Well, boys, we are into it—with our horses all run down. We can't run them with the fix our horses are in. Ride your horses all in a ring, one behind the other.' He told me to bring Old Ball in and I led him into the center with the dead Ranger tied on.

"He then told me and three other boys to go in a lope till we met the horsemen, and if they proved to be bandits we were to fire into them and come back to him as fast as we could. Then we would fight in the ring with our dead horses for breastworks. But it turned out that the strangers were Texans and Mexicans going out on a cow drive and we didn't have to kill our rundown horses that had served us so true and faithful for twenty-four hours under the saddle without anything to eat and without rest.

"Four or five miles farther on we came to a Mexican stock ranch where Captain McNelly got a Mexican with a cart to take our dead Ranger boy into Brownsville. Four men went with the Mexican with orders to the undertaker and the sexton. Captain wanted everything ready for the funeral by three o'clock the next day.

"We marched two or three miles farther and camped on a creek where there was water and plenty of good grass for our horses, the first they had had for twenty-four hours. The Captain got us a little bread and beef from the ranch. We unsaddled our horses, put them to grazing under guard, and ate supper and rested.

"Between sundown and dark the Captain came around where I was lying down and told me that I was on first picket duty, and that he would act as corporal in locating the first pickets. I went to the herd, saddled Old Ball and reported that I was ready. The Captain said to me, 'You haven't had any sleep in twenty-four hours. Do you think you can stand it without going to sleep?' I told him I could.

"'I guess you know the penalty where a picket goes to sleep on duty. It spells death. . . . Come on. I will locate you.'

"If he had had Casuse along on his paint horse I would have thought they were taking me out to hang me as they had the bandit spy the evening before. To tell the truth, I looked like one with one dead bandit's hat on my head and another's sash around my waist. The Captain went about a half mile from camp to a thicket near the forks of two roads coming from the river.

"'Now you keep a close lookout,' he said, 'and if you see anything coming from the river, ride out and halt them, and if they don't stop, fire into them and come back to camp as fast as you can. You will have to stand here four hours if you don't get killed before your time is up.'

HE left me alone with the dead bandit's hat and sash. It was so dark I could hardly see my hands before my eyes. I had been raised near my old home graveyard which was within twenty feet of the house. I never had seen any ghosts or spirits and I didn't believe in them, but with all my strong belief in regard to such things, whenever I looked down on the ground I could see the dead bandit from whom I had taken the hat.

"He was lying just as he was four hours before with his eyes glared wide open and with his shaggy black blood-stained beard with flies swarming around his face. I could smell the fresh blood on the hat brim over my eyes. It made me feel a little strange. Still I would console myself as best I could, knowing it was only my imagination.

"I was not particularly anxious to meet any bandits away out there by myself, but I would have liked for a few to come that way so I could have fired into them and then get the best speed Old Ball had back to camp. They did not come and I had to stay my four hours—the longest four hours' guard duty I ever stood in my life.

"I went to Kansas in 1871 when I was only a boy with a herd of cattle. I herded them at night when a storm would be blowing, thunder roaring, lightning flashing, and cows stampeding, but no four hours ever seemed as long as that. I was glad when the Captain came. We went back to camp together, but I didn't tell him what I had seen. I didn't tell any of the boys. I wore the hat for a long time, and wore it into Mexico on two trips when we followed the thieves over after cattle, but I never did see the dead bandit again as I saw him that night.

"Request permission to panic, sir!"

"The next morning bright and early we all started for Brownsville to attend the funeral of our dead Ranger boy. We got there early in the morning. The U. S. troops had sent a six-mule wagon out on the trail and hauled all the bandits that could be found into Brownsville and unloaded them in one pile on the public square. The Captain sent word for all to come and see how the Texas Rangers dealt with cow thieves.

"Here I saw the same old big fat Mexican that I got the hat from, and also the one I got the sash from in the Spanish dagger thicket. . . . When we got ready to go to the funeral I asked the Captain if I had not better get a different hat. He told me no, that that hat was about the best advertiser I could wear, and a fair warning to all bandits not to cross to the Texas side after Texas cattle.

"Captain McNelly told Lieutenant Robinson to take charge of us and keep us at the King House until time to go to the undertaker's department. He ordered that we leave our horses and go to the funeral on foot. He didn't want us to touch a drop of anything, said if we did it would spoil the whole thing.

"Lieutenant Robinson, Casuse and the balance of us marched to the undertaker's where we found the hearse ready with two fine black horses hitched to it, and two companies of U. S. regulars to march with us.

"We marched by a church and took him in and had his funeral preached, and then to the cemetery a little distance off. There people had gathered from far and near to see our sixteen-year-old Ranger boy laid to rest in the northwest corner of the Brownsville cemetery. The U. S. regulars fired a farewell shot over his grave and today our Ranger boy sleeps on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande."

(Signed) WILLIAM CALLICOTT
April 11, 1921.

"P. S. Everyone said it was the finest funeral that ever took place in the little town of Brownsville, located on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande."

There were discrepancies between the account written by Captain McNelly a few days after the fight and one by William Callicott.

An important one is in reference to the disposition of captured spies. McNelly would naturally make no mention of the strong measures he used to get confessions and accurate information. McNelly stated that he turned the spies over to Sheriff Brown. There is no other evidence to support this statement.

Callicott's story is more in accord with the circumstances. McNelly cannot be condemned too severely if he did permit Jesus Sandoval to send the spies to eternity by way of his paint horse gallows. McNelly did not have men enough to guard prisoners—he needed all of them in the fight. Nor could he have turned the spies loose without defeating the purpose for which he was on the border. We are not dependent on Callicott's account alone for proof that McNelly dealt harshly with captured spies. General E. O. C. Ord testified in reference to the affair that "The officer of the State troops in command had learned the whereabouts of this raiding party by means which I could not legally resort to, but which were the only means of getting at the actual facts. He had caught one of the members and hung him up until he was made to confess where the rest of the raiders were."

Affairs on the border cannot be judged by standards that hold elsewhere.

America's Royal Palace

(Continued from page 21)

dwellings and pueblo ruins. A new exhibit contains Indian jewelry and ornaments dating from about the year 1000.

Santa Fe's annual fiesta ending on Labor Day revives past glories with a combination of religious rites and traditional Spanish pageantry. During the annual fiesta, Indians "camp out" under the Palace's portal, displaying their colorful pottery, drums, jewelry and weaving for sale to paleface tourists. This (1962) year's celebration will be the 250th.

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 41)

he counted 900 in a single day's travel by stage.

Approximately ten percent of those who attempted the crossing were buried in unmarked graves somewhere along the trail. In 1849 there were 4,200 such burials and 5,000 in 1852—a yearly average of one death for every half-mile!

Because of the dangers and uncertain traveling conditions, the stage line and the mail express routes were shunted to the southern branch of the trail (the Overland Trail) in 1862. However, the change didn't alter conditions along the Oregon Trail, for the emigrants and goldseekers preferred it to the southern route, which was longer and equally as dangerous.

During the Indian campaigns the delivery of mail to places along the trail became a problem, and letters and packages stockpiled at Fort Halleck until it became necessary to detach cavalry troops to handle the deliveries.

So heavy and continuous was the Oregon Trail traffic that some places along the route were grooved six to ten feet deep. Today, over 100 years since the wagons passed, long stretches of the original trail can be easily distinguished on the plains of Wyoming.

SHEET-IRON JACK

By Marc Peterson

NO one bites the hand that feeds him drinks, so the thirsty miners around the Shasta County gold camps in the late 1860's didn't press their curiosity too far. But they did wonder—while thanking their benefactor for the free booze—how barber Jack Allen managed to keep in so much spending money merely by giving shaves.

Jack was likeable and a good conversationalist with somewhat more education than his prospector friends. No one thought to connect him with the horse-thieving going on in the valleys below Mount Shasta until he was caught red-handed one day by several men whose horses he was leading away.

One of the men, telling the story of his encounter back in camp, had a different impression of the barber than those shared by his drinking companions.

"When we saw him with our horses," the rancher explained, "Bud and I let him have it—four barrels of buckshot. I swear we hit him. I know damned well we did—I heard the shot strike something hard. But it didn't faze him. He just kept right on going!"

From that moment on Jack Allen had his nickname—"Sheet-Iron Jack." Sheriffs from all of northern California's large sparsely-populated counties were on the lookout for him, including the one from Tehama County, who led a posse out when some horses disappeared in the Red Bluff area.

Unfortunately this sheriff didn't have a description of Allen, so when a rider offered to join their group he accepted the stranger's company. They stopped the night in an out-of-the-way roadhouse and the stranger entertained the party with his guitar and songs, and even bunked with the sheriff. Awakening early, the stranger tiptoed out of the room, drove his knife into the door jamb to hold the door shut, and silently made his way to the corral.

The Tehama sheriff wasn't brilliant at deduction, but he had time to figure out the stranger's name while he and his posse slunk back to town on borrowed horses. Sheet-Iron Jack had struck again.

FOR a long time Jack continued to be a successful horse-stealer, occasionally extending his scope of operations by holding up a lone traveler. He never bothered to disguise himself.

One day while riding through Tehama County on a "business" trip, Jack came upon a boy sitting disconsolately by the roadside.

"What's the matter, young man?"

"My horse went lame," the boy explained, "and this fellow came along and told me I couldn't ride him again for a year. He said he'd give me $30.00 for him just the way he was. So I took the money and now I'm a-walkin'." He sighed and shook his head. "It sure is a long ways to the next stage station."

It was, too—eighteen hard mountain miles. Jack questioned the boy further and was told the horse had been shod just that morning—the animal's lameness was probably due to careless shoeing and the stranger had taken advantage of the boy.

"Which way did this fellow go?"

The boy gave Jack the man's description and the direction he'd taken and Jack rode off.

He soon found the swindler, recovered the horse, robbed the man of $60.00 for good measure, and returned the animal to the boy.

Sheet-Iron Jack's good nature and need for an audience was his undoing. One evening he rode up to a bar in the little town of Shasta and oversupplied himself with whisky. An argument followed and Jack shot a man. Before he could get out of the bar, he was overpowered and turned over to the town constable. Later he was sentenced to two years in San Quentin for the crime.

A smart lawyer got Jack out in five months; however, while at San Quentin, Sheet-Iron met a pair of big-time bandits and agreed to go in with them when they were released.

Jack had always done well working alone, but his luck ran out when he tried to share it. After three stage holdups, the trio was captured and returned to San Quentin, this time with a twenty-four year sentence facing them.

After serving six years Jack was released for good behavior in June, 1883. "Get out of California and never come back," he was warned, but Sheet-Iron liked the Golden State and decided to stay.

He was more stubborn than wise. Arrested on a drunk-and-disorderly charge, he was sent to Folsom and served his full term. After he was discharged, he was never seen or heard from again.

"HE DIDN'T SPANK ME!"

By Les Kennon

WHEN the St. Louis Municipal Opera opened its production of "Annie Get Your Gun" (based on the life of Annie Oakley), they invited a seventy-five-year-old woman from Osage Beach, Missouri, to be their guest of honor.

Rose Izett, better known as "Baby Ray Ellis," joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show when she was nine years old and is one of the few people alive today who knew and traveled with Annie Oakley, Red Cloud and all those other famous performers who made Cody's show the unequalled spectacular that it was.

A native of Indian Territory, Rose Izett was almost literally "born" on a

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horse. Before she could walk, her father put her on a Shetland pony and told her to stay there. As she grew older, the horses she rode were bigger. The only thing she couldn't ride, she explained, was a donkey—because it would always sit down with her.

Of part-Indian descent (her grandfather was one-fourth Indian and her grandmother a full-blooded Cherokee), Rose lost her father in 1898 when the battleship *Maine* was blown apart in Havana Harbor. Her sister, whose sweetheart was also on the *Maine*, later wrote the popular song, *Battleship Maine*.

Both of her parents were acquainted with Cody and she had the opportunity to show off her horsemanship at an early age. She was only nine years old when she began her first tour as "Baby Ray Ellis." The child was taken under the protective wing of Buffalo Bill, who looked after her like a godfather. "He never spanked me," she claims, "although he threatened to sometimes."

Among the stars of the Wild West Show were Red Cloud, the famous Sioux chief whom she describes as a "really mean one" and White Horse as "a nice kind of fellow." Both Indians spoke English, but neither would admit it to strangers. "They were apparently afraid all of the time," she said.

Buffalo Bill overshadows everyone else in her memory, however. "He didn't talk much except to people who'd lived his kind of life," she explains, "but he never had anything bad to say about anybody. He taught us to be truthful above all."

She remembers him as a "powerful man" but not too large—about six feet tall, and broad-shouldered.

"He was not a strict, religious person, but I never knew him to gamble or drink. He loved kids and hated outlaws. He had four bullet wounds in his body, two on the shoulder. The Indians, as a whole, liked him."

CODY didn't talk much about his own experiences, but did tell her, "I never killed an Indian unless I had to." She is vehement in maintaining Buffalo Bill was everything he was cracked up to be.

"I've seen Buffalo Bill time and time again shoot at glass balls thrown in the air without missing one," she said. And she ought to know, since she used to throw the glass balls for him during the act.

Rose soon graduated to the bucking bronco class and was a world's champion in the women's division. She rode broncs with the stirrups untied and got on from another horse instead of a chute as modern rodeo riders do.

All of her experiences in the West were not connected with the Wild West Show, however. Indian Territory and the surrounding states were havens for badmen in those days. Once she hid in the trunk under the driver's seat of a stagecoach, intending "just for fun" to get a free ride. Enroute to its destination the stage was held up and during the battle that followed three of the bandits were killed. Rose wasn't injured, but did get a severe tongue-lashing from the driver.

Marshal Izett, whom she married after one of the tours, was killed by the out-

Rose Izett

law Cherokee Pete, who was later hanged for the crime.

Today Rose Izett lives alone, agile and alert, in a small cabin on the Lake of the Ozarks and takes care of other people less fortunate than she. The great spirit that made Baby Ray Ellis one of the West's most colorful performers has not diminished.

Scout for the Apache Hunters

(Continued from page 28)

with twenty-six dead Indians; another twenty-eight were wounded. Only a few were able to escape.

SIEBER looked like the perfect Western hero but he wasn't, of course. He was very human. Liquor stupified him, and sometimes his sense of humor was little better than a savage's. Ironically, these failings later played into the hands of his most hated enemy, Geronimo.

For the most part, though, Al was respected and liked by white man and redskin, even when his Apache-like callousness toward life and death led him into some dirty Army assignments. He didn't like them, but they were part of the world he chose to live and fight in, so he accepted them.

Once, on the San Carlos reservation, Captain Emmett Crawford got himself into an explosive spot through ignorance of Indian custom. An Apache had hacked up his wife, and Crawford, instead of letting the wife's family take its revenge according to tribal law, sent Lieutenant Britton Davis after the murderer.

When Davis dragged the killer back to San Carlos, Crawford found himself caught between the wife's family, which demanded its right of execution, and the husband's clan which demanded Army protection.

In time-honored Army tradition, the captain chewed out the lieutenant for the blunder. "Davis," he stormed, "if a feud breaks out, the entire reservation will take fire. And we were sent here to preserve the peace! Damn it, Davis, you shouldn't have brought that savage back alive!"

Davis took the hint. And in time-honored Army tradition, he passed the buck down to Al Sieber. To the scout, the cavalry's discomfort was worth a chuckle. But they paid him for bailing them out of messes.

"Tell you what, Lieutenant," Sieber said. "Life and death don't bother me or that Indian much. But if they bother you boys, we'll oblige."

The next day the Apache was ordered to Fort Thomas for "safekeeping." He was strapped in the back of a buckboard, and Al Sieber as guard rode up front with the driver. It was a wearying drive and the Indian was soon asleep.

When Sieber heard the heavy, regular breathing, he turned and slipped a revolver from his belt. His only concern was the bumpy road. When it smoothed out enough to permit steady aim, he blasted the savage's brains out.

Sieber drove back to San Carlos, never offering an explanation of what had happened to his prisoner. Crawford and Davis never questioned him. As for the Apaches, Sieber had simply done what they would have done in the first place.

AFTER a lifetime of bailing cavalry officers out of their dilemmas, Sieber ironically caused them one of their most famous headaches. That was in May, 1885, when Geronimo, last of the Apache war leaders, was agitating on the San Carlos Reservation. With the help of *tiswin*, a potent Apache brew, he succeeded in assembling a band of potential hostiles.

Britton Davis caught wind of the rebellion and wired his superior, Captain Francis Pierce, for immediate aid from San Carlos. Pierce had arrived from the East only a few weeks earlier and was completely dependent on Sieber's advice. Ordinarily, that was wise, but at the moment, Sieber was dead drunk.

Roused from his stupor, the scout half-listened as Pierce read the telegram. Then he yawned. "Hell, Captain, Geronimo's fought his last. Davis is a good man and doesn't need our help."

He was asleep before Pierce could answer. But the Captain took Sieber's advice and permitted Geronimo's band to escape the reservation and get a head start on pursuers. Davis, alone on the reservation, was helpless. Sieber, sober, would have known that.

The cavalry never let Sieber forget that blunder, but Al was not a man to dwell on past mishaps. With schoolboy enthusiasm competing with his hangover, he had Apache Kid, now his chief assistant, call up the Indian scouts. They soon cut Geronimo's trail and began closing in.

Then Sieber's back-of-the-corral humor compounded his error. Off on his own, he came across a bear and killed it. As a joke, he skinned the carcass, draped the hide over his pony and sent the disguised mount into the cavalry's packtrain.

As Sieber guessed, the Army mules scented the dreaded bear and panicked. Braying madly, they scattered in every direction. Skinners were bowled over as the pony herds stampeded. Al Sieber fell to the ground in convulsive laughter at the stunned cavalrymen and chagrined skinners.

It wasn't funny, though. Two days were wasted rounding up the mules and calming them. By that time, Geronimo made good his escape and was on his last and bloodiest rampage.

Nobody ever asked Sieber why he had pulled such a fool stunt. At first, nobody would speak to the scout; later, when Al realized what he'd done, people were afraid to bring up the sour memory.

Geronimo's small band was finally tracked down, of course, but not with Al's help. Another chief of scouts, Tom Horn, wound up the Indian war and became a national hero while Sieber, who had spent twenty years whittling down the Apaches to about a dozen fighting men, fell into comparative obscurity.

BUT Al was probably doomed to obscurity, anyway. With Geronimo exiled in Florida, there wasn't much need for an Indian fighter. At last Arizona needed men who could build, plant, or raise cattle. Al could have done all this as a youth, but he'd spent those years clearing Arizona of savages. Now he was too set in his ways to learn about peace, and Arizona was too busy to reward him for war.

So Al clung to a civilian post on the San Carlos Reservation, watched the kids he'd shaped into fighters write books about their exploits against the Indians, and felt Arizona become more and more alien to him.

In some ways, he was even bitter about the country. He was haunted by the promise his people had made the peaceful Indians—and broken. In Al's code, betrayal was a sin worse than murder and

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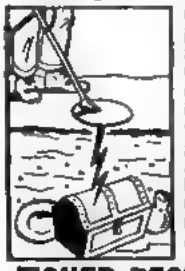

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beyond forgiveness.

That creed caused Al anguish more than once and, ironically, even helped spawn the bloodiest of the latter-day Apache renegades. He was Apache Kid, the same handsome, intelligent youth who had idolized Sieber and risen to become his most trusted assistant. Kid had killed twenty of his hostile brethren before he was twenty-one; he'd saved Al Sieber's life, and his sole dream had been to become part of the white man's new world.

Sieber had done everything possible to encourage him and acted more like a father than a commanding officer. He believed Apache Kid was living proof that the redman could be civilized if treated fairly. When the veteran scout was called off the reservation in May, 1888, he put Apache Kid in charge, the ultimate of trust in the eyes of both red and white.

The other Apaches, tempers flaring, also trained six-guns on Al. He ignored them, never taking his eyes from Kid. "Each of you Indians face up to me," he growled. "Then shoot or throw them guns at my feet."

One by one they shuffled forward, guns ready until they looked into Sieber's rigid face. Then they tossed their weapons near the spreading pool of blood at Al's feet. Apache Kid came last. Head down, he dropped his gun.

"Kid, I won't forget what you did," Al said softly. "I don't mean the bullet. I mean falling down on all of us. You'll pay for it the rest of your life."

AL meant it, too. Apache Kid was sent to prison but soon was released on a technicality. The two met in San Carlos in 1889 among a gathering of whites and Indians who expected the old friends to either embrace and forgive or shoot it out.

The Apache Kid (left) and a cohort. The photo was taken at their hillside home. Arizona, circa 1880.

Kid obviously was still devoted to Al. While onlookers tensed, Kid took a step forward, his hands held out in half-pleading, half-greeting. His dark eyes searched the white man's face for a sign of softening.

"Step back, gut-eater," Sieber said. "I'm here to tell you I'll pull every string to send you back to prison."

Apache Kid winced as no Indian had ever done under whip or club.

"Man of Iron," he said in Apache. He didn't say it in admiration.

Sieber's influence sent Apache Kid back to prison—almost. Enroute to Yuma Penitentiary, the Indian helped kill two guards and wounded a third in making his escape. That was the beginning of a vengeful reign of terror that cost the lives of a score of innocent people.

Some folks blamed Sieber's pride and unforgivingness for turning a seemingly loyal Indian into a wanton killer. Maybe they were right, but Al had staked more

Kid went out to put down a tribal drunk and ended up getting dangerously drunk himself. When Sieber heard this, he was incensed. He waited until Kid returned to the post and then harangued the youth in merciless terms.

Al should have known better. He was disgracing the proud Kid in front of his followers. And his words and actions seemed far too strong for the violation. But to Al Sieber, Kid had broken faith not only with his white friend but with his own people.

Al's smoldering temper finally got the best of him. He reached out to yank the scout insignia from Kid's blouse. The Indian, still half-drunk, pulled his six-gun and sent a bullet into Sieber's leg. Captain Pierce, who was watching the dispute, dived for cover.

Al Sieber never moved. His leg, the same one ripped at Gettysburg, dripped blood, but all Sieber did was stare at his Apache son. This had become battle, and Al never lost control when the chips were down.

than his reputation on Apache Kid. His whole faith in bringing white and red together was smashed by Kid's moment of weakness.

Apache Kid was never caught. In the old days, Al might have tracked him down himself. But Al was *forty-five* now and crippled; every trick he knew about the wilds, he'd taught Kid. Al Sieber had to let his mistake fester and infect the Territory until Kid mysteriously vanished.

Maybe Al's last adventure at Roosevelt Dam in 1907 was his way of paying back the Apaches for the white men's treachery—and for his own failure with their blacksheep brother. At any rate, the final page of Al's story wouldn't have surprised the old scout at all.

The white men buried their half-forgotten hero with a minimum of pomp and acknowledgment. It was the Apaches, Al Sieber's old enemy, who gave him his first honors. At the spot where Al had died, they erected a monument to "Man of Iron" and told about his bravery and honor.

It was much later before Al's own people got around to naming a mountain after him and building him into a legendary character of his beloved Arizona.

Montana Bill

(Continued from page 23)

man became very agitated and began walking the floor, repeating, "I know he'll come back."

Some of the men in the lobby called him a fool for lending money to a stranger. At this the old man became angry and abusive, which caused him to lose any sympathy they might have had for him.

When the train was about due he became hysterical; pulling out a money belt, he offered to bet $100 that the boy would return.

Farnsworth, seeing the heavy money belt, offered to bet something worthwhile. "Say $2,000." The old fellow got very excited as Farnsworth took the money from the safe. Opening his belt he covered the bet, just as the train was pulling into the station. Farnsworth was about to claim the bet when Joe rushed into the room with the $50.

The old fellow picked up the money and as he backed toward the door, a flip of his coat exposed a six-shooter conveniently suspended for a quick draw. Not a man made a move as Montana Bill climbed aboard the train, nor did anyone see Joe leap on the tender just as the train departed.

The memorial marker to Al Sieber.

Ed Bartholomew

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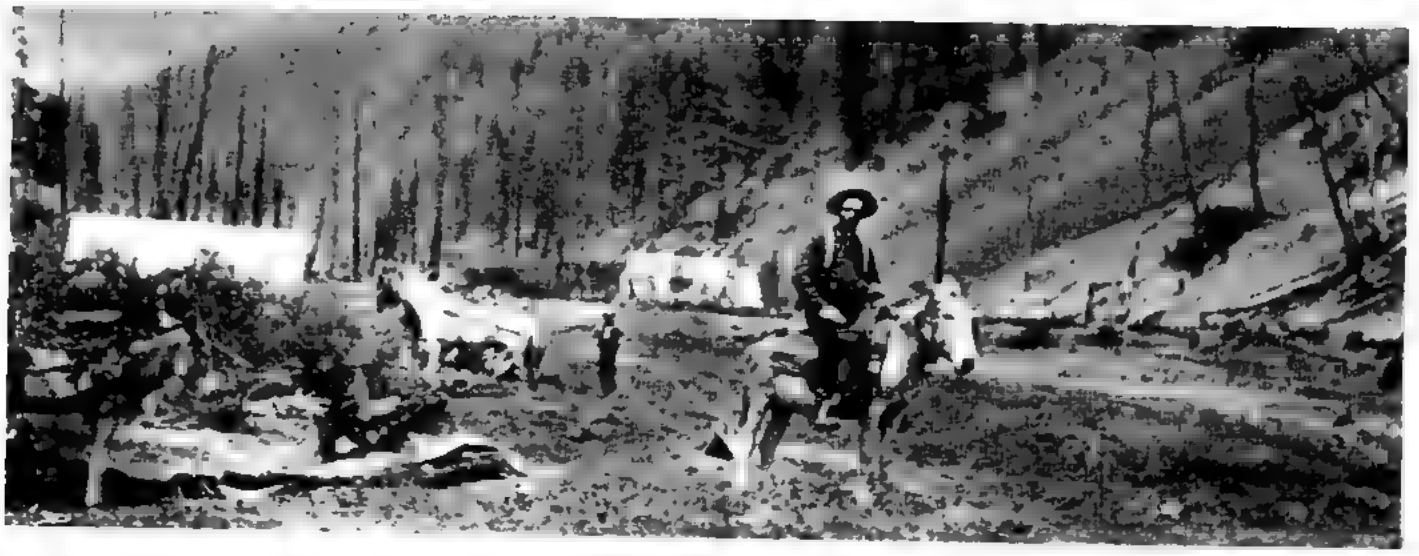

An early inhabitant of Roosevelt. The town at this time was a tent city.

The Town That Committed Suicide

(Continued from page 36)

"Looks damned bad," one of them observed.

But he was scorned by another, who declared, "Why, that ain't much more'n a good day's sluicin'. One charge of powder at the back, an' Monumental'll have a bran' new channel."

A powder crew was organized to set and fuse the charge. It was decided, however, not to set it off until an emergency actually existed. By the time the situation was deemed critical enough, the dynamite was buried deep in slime and the best explosion it could muster, when it was finally touched off, was a half-hearted burp.

By June 8, middle Roosevelt was under ten feet of water and upper Roosevelt had two feet of water on Main Street. Furniture was loaded from second stories directly onto rafts.

Bill Flint awoke from a binge to find himself surrounded by the most devilish fluid on earth—water. The only possession he had was a keg of whiskey, which he floated up the main drag and out of town. It is said that Flint had no sooner made his escape than he was hi-jacked and left high and dry in the wilderness.

A general exodus from the gay, wild Sodom of the primitive area followed. Those with rigs and horses rode out of the sinking city with many of their belongings and some wealth. Others lugged butcher-paper valises back over the way they had come only a few hopeful years before. Some tied a few things into a pack, and still others left with only the clothes they had on their backs.

With the steady, relentless deepening of the water, Roosevelt gradually sank from view and memory. Today the once rip-snorting gold camp is at the bottom of a lake under twenty feet of water.

Roosevelt's wickedness is forever hidden. Her gaiety is hushed. Her only voice is the beat of water against a remote shoreline. Her sins have been washed away; her ribaldry and debauchery have long since been removed by the serenity and placidness of the wind-rippled water.

Water was the weapon that killed her. Water is her grave and her peace.

Above, "I solemnly swear . . ."
Below, the outskirts of Roosevelt.

Campfire Massacre

(Continued from page 25)

before). The bullet that entered her eye, killing her immediately, was from Patterson's own revolver.

Five dead: one bludgeoned, two shot with Briggs' rifle, one drowned, one the victim of a close-range pistol shot.

The wagon wasn't seen until the next morning when a rancher, identified as L. S. Butler, paused in his wheatfield about five miles west of Lewistown to watch as two tired horses made feeble attempts to obey the orders of a wild-looking man holding the reins. The rancher later recalled that the wagon was headed toward the Judith River.

ON the afternoon of June 16, a cowhand found the first of the bodies.

Lying face-down in the mud of the river, where Patterson had hoped to hide his victims, was Maude Briggs.

Coroner Frank Hanson of Lewistown was notified at once. A quick investigation revealed that all articles of identification had been removed.

Hanson, Fergus County Attorney F. E. Smith and a couple of helpers searched the area for some sort of clue. Suddenly, one of the men shouted: "I've found another body!"

The search continued and after the men combed the river for miles on each side, the following note was sent to Lewistown:

"Sample's Ranch—five bodies have been found indicating the most atrocious crime in the history of Montana. Organize a party and come out and help us."

A twenty man posse arrived on the scene a short time later. The manhunt was on.

News spread fast among homesteaders in the Judith Basin country. Before the bodies could be brought to Lewistown, reports offering information began to pour in.

Residents of the small community of U-Bet recalled seeing the wagon passing through the area. "One woman was unusually well-dressed and wore considerable jewelry," one man reported. It wasn't until Butler told his story, however, that lawmen fitted together the horrible jigsaw puzzle.

"I believe the wagon was loaded with the bodies when I saw it," Butler said. "He was headed toward the river where they were discovered."

When Butler described the driver of the wagon, Sheriff Oscar Clary of Fergus County and Deputy John Hamilton of Cascade County, exchanged significant glances. Such a description could only fit Harry Patterson.

On June 21, five days after the discovery of the bodies, the posse halted as one of the men pointed to a glowing campfire a short distance away. Dismounting and forming a circle, they closed in until Harry Patterson, complacently poking the fire with a long stick, looked up into a sea of rifle barrels.

His scratched face was infected and swollen, making his normally small eyes appear as mere pin-points. The wagon stood nearby.

Patterson looked astonished when Sheriff Clary ordered him to raise his hands.

"What did I do?" he whined.

"We'll tell you later. Just come along with us," Clary snapped.

During the ride back to Great Falls, Patterson continued to express ignorance of any reason why he should be under arrest. But lodged in a cell that night he struck up a conversation with another prisoner.

"They tried to convict me of murder in Cheyenne, but they couldn't do it. I think they've got me this time, though," he said. The other prisoner later recalled how Patterson injected small, eerie laughs in his speech. "Like a crazy man," he explained.

In Wyoming, Patterson had been released on lack of evidence. But in this case the evidence was stacked five high against him. That first night in jail he tied one end of a strip of cloth around a window bar, the other end around his neck, and hanged himself.

Harry Patterson had cheated the gallows again.

The Bannock and Paiute War of 1878

(Continued from page 31)

the dead chief at Meacham he had a partly healed arm.

This slowed down the Indians just enough to give the men a much-needed lead and they were soon out of range. They reached the fort unharmed.

BY this time the Indians seemed to have their plans in shape and began their march to the place of meeting with their allies. They moved off the mountain and proceeded north through Harney Valley. They killed several people; I heard of five or six besides the Smiths and Pete French's Chinese cook. In the valley hundreds of fine horses were killed or cruelly mutilated and left to die on the range.

Pete French, the big cattle man, got his buckaroos together and did his best to check the Indians' advance. They fought the Indians as best they could, but not having many firearms, they, the sixteen of them, were no match for the Indians.

However, they maintained afterward that the Indians could have been stopped right then. Some soldiers from the fort joined French's men while the Indians were camped on a flat plain. The whites took positions after dark on the ridge overlooking them, but before they could attack at dawn the soldiers were ordered to retreat. Apparently someone thought the fort was in danger, but the Indians had other plans. They wished to avoid a major battle until they joined with their allies from the Fort Hall Reservation.

I heard that Captain Bernard had some skirmishes with the Indians on Silver Creek, but he made no progress against them. In fact, the Indians had their way from that time on since we received little help from the soldiers. They were always somewhere else and it seemed to us that they did not want to stop the Indians. As the general said, "Drive them along till they get to the Columbia River, then capture them." This was merely an excuse not to hurt an Indian.

The only trouble the Indians had was from a few scouting parties of citizens venturing out to try to find where the Indians were and what course they were taking. In these contacts, some of the whites were killed and others wounded. After a few of these experiences the whites stayed pretty close to the forts

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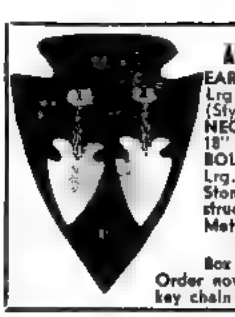

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until the Indians had gone on their way. These skirmishes were near Canyon City and out from Pendleton, Oregon, toward Camas Prairie.

The Indians did their worst damage on the John Day River below Canyon City, Fox Valley and Long Creek. They also killed a few unsuspecting travelers, sheepherders and cattlemen. It will never be known how many were killed. I never heard of these Indians scalping or mutilating anyone; if they had, we would have heard of it, for the whites never missed a chance to spread bad news about the Indians.

On their march, the Indians kept in the foothills all they could and traveled as rapidly as possible, for they were in a hurry to get to their rendezvous and join their allies. The foothills of the Blue Mountains afforded them considerable protection, should the soldiers have wanted to attack.

They passed close to Heppner and gave the people there a scare. One of their old ponies got away from them and stampeded down through the street. It was saddled with blankets and trappings tied on and flapping in the wind. It went on out into the hills and was not seen again.

The settlers had been pretty well alerted by this time and had taken refuge at various places. Many of the people would have suffered severely had the Indians not been in such a hurry to reach their place of union with the other tribes at the headwaters of the McKay and Meacham Creeks.

THE Willow Springs fight was the worst for the scouts. About a dozen men went out from Pendleton, past Pilot Rock, and stopped for dinner without putting out guards. They did not know Indians were all around them until they were being fired on from a ridge. They scrambled for shelter—some in an old shed, others to their horses to ride for Pendleton.

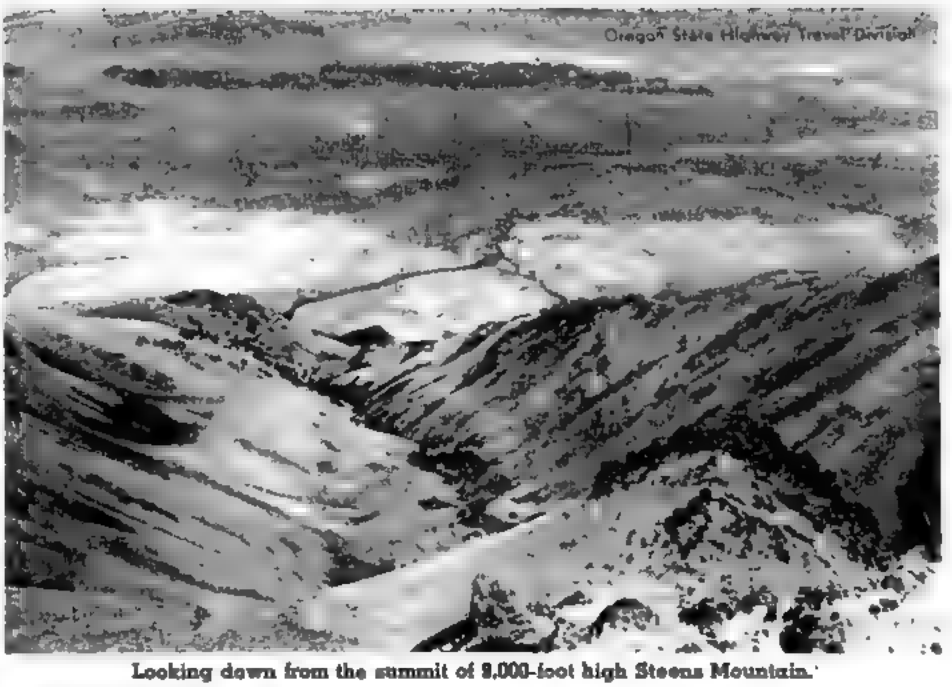
That night the rest got away and a rescue party came out from Pendleton the next morning to meet them. A few had been killed and the rest wounded. The Indians had nothing to fear so they spread around over Camas Prairie, south of Pendleton, killing a few more stockmen. One man was killed and buried beside the road in a shallow grave. His boot toes were seen sticking out of the dirt. We never knew who he was—just a grim reminder!

The Indians had now reached their meeting place after a march of 150 miles with all their trappings, women and children. Only a few had been hurt. But old Chief Jim was killed by one of Pete French's cowboys in the fight in Harney Valley. He was shot out of a Juniper tree where he had climbed in order to get a better shot at the whites.

The entire tribe of Yakima Indians had arrived, after crossing the Columbia River near the mouth of the Umatilla. They made it to the rendezvous on the summit of the Blue Mountains at the head of Meacham and McKay Creeks without being detected.

The Umatillas, or at least a part of them, had joined the fray, although they later stoutly denied it. They were never punished, but two were hanged for their part in the killing of some freighters.

Great excitement now prevailed at Pendleton. The Indians made sorties right down to the foothills but the whites ran them back. A man who was there told me that he was sure that the Indians could have taken the town had they attacked in force because the people were so scared and disorganized. If there were any soldiers in the country, why did they not show up?



Looking down from the summit of 9,000-foot high Steens Mountain.

Then the event that upset the Indians' plans occurred. Unaware of the outbreak, four freighters pulled into the Umatilla Agency at Cayuse Station, four miles above Pendleton, to camp for the night. That night the Indians attacked and killed them all, securing the freighters' supplies and several barrels of whiskey. They burned everything, including the government buildings.

The next day they retired to their rendezvous with all their loot and the celebration got under way. And celebrate they did! When it was over, five of their leaders lay dead and many wounded. The effect of the "fire water" was disastrous to their plans. Apparently the liquor had revived old feuds among them.

Old Chief Egan, whom my uncle had previously wounded, was slain in the fight.

AS soon as they were sober enough, the Indians struck out to get back to their reservations, the Bannocks and Paiutes going south through the mountains for their reservations on the Malheur River.

The Umatilla Indians did not have far to go, but the Yakimas were about 150 miles from their homes on the Simcoe Reservation in Washington Territory. They managed somehow to get to the Columbia River without being seen, but just as they arrived on the Washington side, a gunboat which had been patrolling the river hove into sight. When in range it opened fire while some Indians were still in the water.

There were fifty armed men on board, among them a cousin of mine, Couch Dickey. We never knew how many Yakima men, women and children were killed. Those who escaped managed to reach the Horse Heaven Country in Washington and camped there at a spring. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Perkins drove into the same area and camped, not knowing there was any Indian trouble. That night the Yakimas killed them both, probably for revenge. If I remember right, five Indians were later hanged for the crime.

A friend of mine, John Blevans of Joseph, Oregon, was a member of the first scouting party that reached the deserted rendezvous at the head of Meacham Creek. They found the five dead Indians there. It is a rare thing for Indians to leave their dead; I never learned if they came back after them. Probably they were too drunk!

More citizens and quite a company of soldiers showed up and followed the Indians and soon caught up with them. After a little skirmishing, the Indians were glad to surrender. They were scared, and without a leader didn't show fight. I was told they had a few prisoners who had not been molested and had been well-treated.

The Indians were taken on through to Logan Valley, not far north of their Malheur Reservation. They were held there for a while until the Indian Department and the Western Army Division got through quarreling over what to do with them. This was finally settled by sending the Fort Hall Indians back to their Fort Hall homes and deporting our Indians to other reservations. Some went to the Yakima Simcoe Reservation. Thus a fine stock country was cleared of Indians for the benefit of the whites.

Another friend of mine was there at Logan Valley at the time and told me he saw the Indians start on the long, heartbreaking trip.

The bucks were all herded off to one side by the soldiers and held there. The large Government wagons were lined up. They had high top covers with doors in the rear ends. The squaws were ordered to get in, but they refused. The soldiers grabbed them, dragged them to the wagons and threw them in while others held the doors. The poor creatures fought like wildcats, kicked, scratched and screamed.

The children were loaded after the women had quieted. I never heard how they got through on that trip. It was getting late in the season and some had about 1,500 miles to travel to their destination. It must have been terrible. Strange as it may seem, the next year several bucks showed up from hiding in the Blue Mountains. The stock men secretly killed them.

Some years later, after many had died in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) Reservation, the Indian Department brought

This fertile grazing and hunting ground was the scene of the Bannock and Paiute war.

back about 500 and placed them on Cottonwood Creek a few miles from Burns, Oregon. There they can be seen today—the pitiful remains of a once proud and independent people.

THE battle of Silver Creek did not amount to much, for only two soldiers were killed. Those units involved were Colonel Bernard's, Whipple's, McGregor's and Perry's companies aided by Colonel Robbins. Their reports told of a "fierce battle." Well, I never heard of a fierce battle over there. If it happened as the military report tried to make out, why did it not affect the actions of the Indians? They did not seem to be worried in the least.

Fifteen hundred warriors were reported, but there never were that many, even including the families. The only obstacle the Indians met was Pete French's cowboys and the few soldiers from the fort who aided them and that small force only checked the Indians momentarily. Another thing that aroused our distrust and indignation of the military reports at that time was our curiosity about where General Howard kept himself during the four weeks the Indians were making the 150-mile trip to the headwaters of McKay and Meacham Creeks.

The people were mad at General Howard for his dilatory actions in getting after the Indians. He had plenty of time while the Indians were sojourning for two weeks on Steens Mountain to have gotten his forces out there. He could have stopped them before they got out of Harney Valley. How much better it would have been for us and the Indians too! General Howard was so religious that he never wanted to push an Indian around, no matter what the redskin had done. He had the power to stop it all without any bloodshed.

Although some have credited Howard with putting down the uprising, in reality he had little to do with it. The Indians were stopped by General John Barleycorn! Had the tribes from the Malheur Reservations, the Yakimas and Umatillas from Washington Territory, and the large band from Fort Hall been able to unite, who knows how many deaths and how much damage would have been caused?

Last of the Invaders

(Continued from page 20)

of the prominent stock growers of Wyoming $100,000. A number of cattlemen disposed of their possessions and moved elsewhere.

THE press was loud in its condemnation, with Asa Mercer leading the attack. The few copies of his book escaping the torch are now in the rare book class, worth several hundred dollars. His account has since appeared in other editions. Walker's book was also distasteful to the stock growers as it definitely condemned their action.

Robert David took up the cudgel. His book was bound to please the stock growers since it, like John Clay's *My Life on the Range*, presented their point of view.

Guthrie's account was obviously inspired by Robert David's *Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff*. There were only three copies signed and executed at Bridgeport, Nebraska, in 1931. One was to be left in his copy of *Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff* and delivered to his grandchildren at a future date; one was to go to relatives in Ohio with a copy of the David book; and the third was to go to Mike Shonsey.

Guthrie labels the David book "a fair and impartial history of events as they occurred." Further, he shows the conditions that led up to the invasion, the facts that in his opinion justified the action of the regulators. The following is quoted from his manuscript.

> The high point, the very peak of the open range cattle business in Wyoming may be said to have been reached about 1884. From the beginning up to about that date, the business had been remarkably successful and profitable. We all believed that our business was a permanent one, that Wyoming could never be anything but a grazing country, and that we were exceedingly fortunate in living in this "cattleman's paradise." It developed later that we were living in a "fool's paradise" instead.
>
> About this time, new brands began to appear, and no one seemed to know who owned them. The Texas trail business was a thing of the past. No new outfits were being lo-

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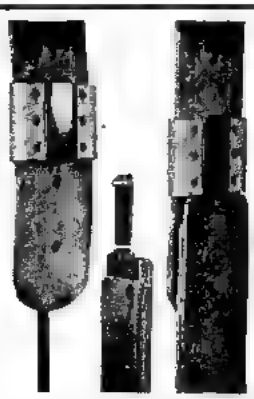

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cated on the ranges, and still many cattle appeared with fresh brands. In some cases old brands were blotched and new ones "run on." It finally developed that "riding grub line" was not the only occupation of many of the supposedly idle punchers.

Within a few years, many of these men, who had never bought a cow or a calf and who had no capital except a horse, saddle, rope and branding iron, turned up as owners of a nice herd of cattle. As conditions developed later, they got by with it.

Some of these outlaws were men of no little ability. A secret fraternity was organized with hundreds of members, posing as small cattlemen, homesteaders and honest citizens being persecuted by the big outfits. By the fall of 1891, the outlaw fraternity became so strong, so arrogant and aggressive as to bring on a final crisis in 1892.

The outlaws were strong enough to control the elections in Johnson County. Thieving was unrestrained. Big calves were branded and the cows killed to cover up detection. Beef cattle were killed, and the beef was sold wherever a market could be found. Many efforts were made to prosecute cattle thieves, but in no case, as far as I ever knew, was a conviction secured. Comments of judges found in David's history will bear me out in the statement that recourse to law was utterly without results.

The proverbial "last straw," the move on the part of the outlaws which brought matters to a showdown, came in the fall of 1891. Anonymous letters with headings of skull and crossbones were sent to many prominent cattlemen warning them that they must leave Wyoming for good and all on penalty of being killed on sight should they dare to return. The fact that several innocent men had already been assassinated will convince the most skeptical that this was no idle threat.

Early in 1892, meetings were called by the Wyoming Stock Growers Association for the purpose of discussing the frightful situation. Several of these secret meetings were held, and it was finally decided that it was best to "have it out" with the outlaws.

THE last "invader" is dead, but the issue lives on, refreshed from time to time by pertinent material that unexpectedly comes to light. Recently two developments have occurred. One was the publication of *The Rustler Business*, by Charles A. Penrose, the Philadelphia doctor who accompanied the cattlemen on the invasion, and the other is a series of controversial articles recently published by the Buffalo (Wyoming) *Bulletin*.

By a quirk of circumstance, the Penrose manuscript came to the attention of Keith Rider while he was editor of the Douglas (Wyoming) *Budget*, and it was published by his wife as a monument to him after his death in 1959. The manuscript was presumed to have been among the documents sealed in a chest (to be opened in the remote future) in the Wyoming Stock Growers Room, Western Archives Division, University of Wyoming Library.

Dr. Penrose with "Hard Winter" Davis (the only cattleman starting with the invasion who never was caught and tried) and Ed Towse (correspondent for the Cheyenne *Sun*, which sympathized with the cattlemen) dropped out of the procession at the Tisdale ranch before actual shooting took place. Davis' horse had played out. Towse was physically unable to proceed, and Dr. Penrose remained behind to care for him.

On learning that all was not well with the invaders, the three scattered, with the doctor (passing under the guise of "Dr. Green of Fort McKinney") managing to reach Douglas, where he was arrested. Governor Barber arranged for his transfer to Cheyenne, where a $1,000 bond was posted in his behalf by two influential citizens. When the matter was settled he returned to Philadelphia.

Though only implicated indirectly, he was accused of the murder of Nate Champion and Nick Ray, as were the regulators. He saw little of the invasion, but he quotes copiously from personal letters received from W. C. Irvine, prominent cattleman who tells frankly of his experiences.

The Penrose document, which could not prove other than embarrassing to the cattlemen, is prefaced by a letter written by him to Dr. Barber in 1914. In it he specified that his account was not for publication but was his means of preserving a record of the affair so that he would not forget the details. He considered the invasion "a phase of the development of the country that is past and will not occur again."

When Frank Hicks became acting editor of the Buffalo *Bulletin* about sixteen years ago, he was told that all mention of the cattle war in the newspaper was taboo, an ultimatum he respected a number of years. After hearing that the original O. H. (Jack) Flagg account, published by the *Bulletin* (May, June and July, 1892), was to appear in book form without his permission, Hicks asserted his editorial right by republishing it serially, beginning October 20, 1960.

Flagg, who headed Dr. Penrose's list of "rustlers," was an outspoken journalist who did not hesitate to name those whom he called murderers and horse thieves. While on his way to Douglas in April, 1892, he rode up on the invaders, who had trapped Nick Ray and Nate Champion at the KC ranch. He made his escape and spread the alarm. Had the cattlemen arrived the night before, they could have exterminated fourteen rustlers rather than the two, according to Dr. Penrose. The information was furnished by Mike Shonsey, scout.

Editor Hicks says of the Flagg articles, which ran for a period of eleven weeks, "This series was highly controversial, and there are many arguments that some of Flagg's information was inaccurate and certainly biased." In all fairness, he followed this series with the previously unpublished Charles H. Burritt papers. Burrit, attorney and mayor of Buffalo at the time of the invasion, stoutly upheld the cattlemen. Beginning with the January 19, 1961 issue, the *Bulletin* carried his document in an equal number of issues.

Hicks comments editorially, "It is apparent that there is another side to the story. Probably it is always a mistake whenever people take things into their own hands instead of depending upon law to settle difficulties, but in the light of history it must be remembered that many stockmen who had spent their lives building up their property and their herds faced disaster unless something drastic was done. The man of the West in 1892 had to have guts in order to live."

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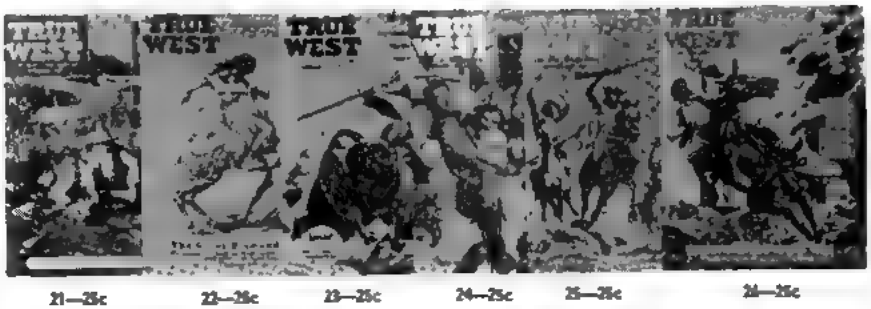

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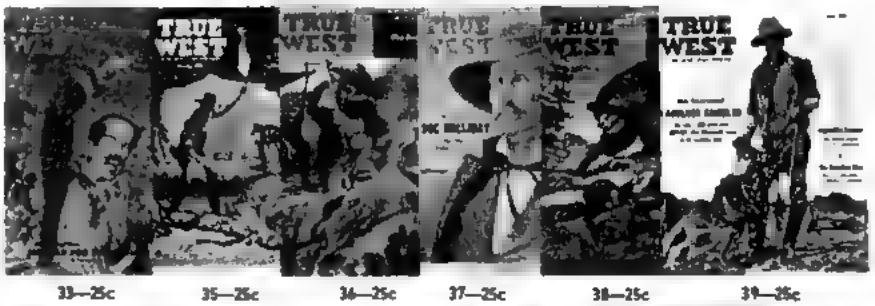

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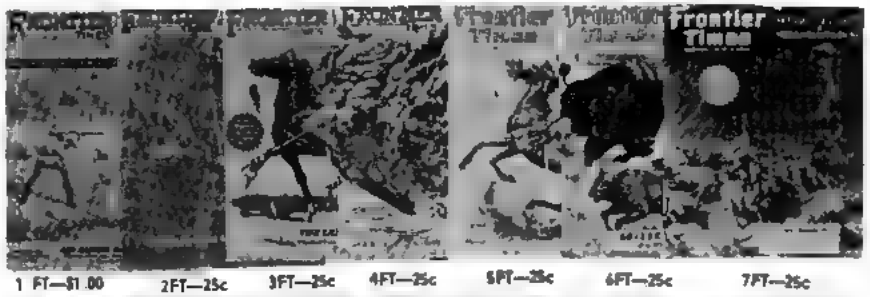

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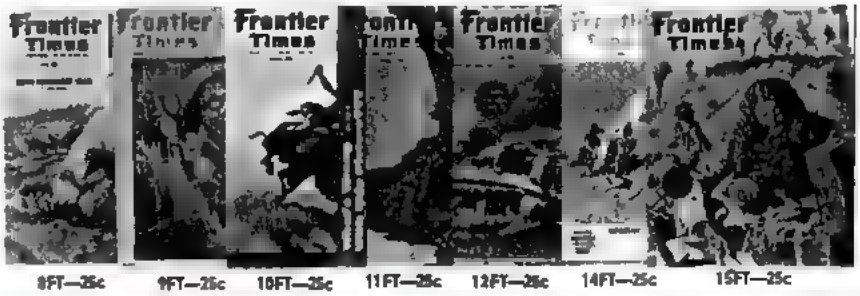

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Just tell us which ones you want, and send along the order. By the way, twenty-three of the back issues are out of print--these are the only ones left!

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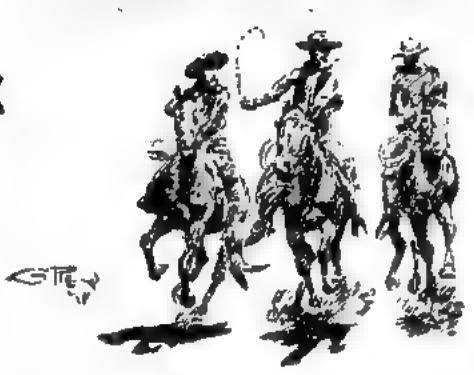
By The Old Bookaroos



WESTERN GUNS

Charles Edward Chapel's *Guns of the Old West* (Coward-McCann, $9.95 until January 1, 1962, thereafter $12.50) is a big, handsome book with numerous illustrations, including two by Frederic Remington. This comprehensive study covers not only the Colt and Winchester, usually credited with "winning the West," but the entire gamut of the various types used by the explorers, trappers, settlers and soldiers in opening and conquering the vast country from the Appalachians to the Pacific. The Kentucky rifle, the musket, the carbine, the flintlock pistols, the martial hand guns and even the Derringer (Pocket-sized Death) had a role and they are all here in words and pictures. Samuel Colt and Samuel Walker, several outlaws and a few peace officers break in, but this is a gun book and the author has wisely assigned them only minor parts. There is a good bibliography and an adequate index. It will be a sound reference book for years to come.

TREASURE TRAILS

The lure of buried treasures and lost mines settles on man like fever. One of my uncles put a plaster on a fine cattle ranch and spent the money searching for a lost Spanish silver mine in southeastern Utah. He went broke.

If you want to spend your vacation hunting for an outlaw's buried treasure or snooping for a lost mine, you should buy *Treasure Tales of the Rockies* (Sage, $5) by Perry Eberhart, which has 107 stories about mythical treasures in Colorado.

Forty-three maps by Sandy Eberhart (including the large endpaper map locating the areas, with numbers referring to the same stories identified in the text) provide with some detail location notices of hidden wealth. Forty-eight pictures round out the story and three of the illustrations are by Frederic Remington.

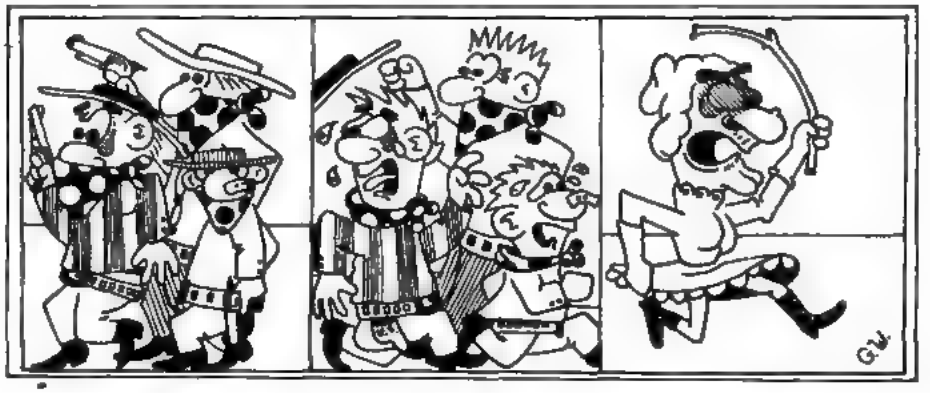
THE SIOUX WARS

In 1864, young Luther North begged his brother, Captain Frank North, to let him go along with Company A, Pawnee Scouts, on a scouting expedition into Sioux country. Luther North served under his brother for ten years, until the Pawnee Scouts were mustered out in 1877.

Facile mobile units of army men were required to conquer the wild Sioux and Cheyenne. The Pawnee Scouts were perhaps the most effective army regulars in the Great Plains. The warm relationship existing between the Norths and their Indian cavalrymen was unique and the story of the Pawnee Scouts deserves an honored place in western history.

The University of Nebraska Press deserves a high score for publishing *Man of the Plains—Recollections of Luther North*, 1856-1882 ($4.75), edited by Donald F. Danker.

The Civil War in the Northwest (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) by Dr. Robert Huhn Jones deals with the hundred-year-old conflict in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas. This was the war on the second front—the Indian front. It is also the story of General John Pope, hero of the early fighting in the Southwest, but goat of the Second Battle of Bull Run. Pope was banished to the Indian front for the failure of his army. General Pope was made commanding officer of the new military Department of the Northwest and an assortment of untrained, volunteer forces—the very young, the very old, three-month soldiers, and a few captured and furloughed regulars and volunteers from the Potomac front. As soon as he got any sort of unit whipped into fighting shape, that unit was transferred to the eastern front. Despite such handicaps, the Sioux were defeated at Wood Lake (Minnesota) and the Sirocco and Badlands campaigns helped keep the Indians in check. Pope was a good organizer and after the War was promoted to Major General. This is an informative book.



Material on the Custer Massacre keeps piling up and the latest contribution is *The March of the Montana Column—A Prelude to the Custer Disaster* (University of Oklahoma Press $4) by Lieutenant James H. Bradley. Edgar I. Stewart, author of *Custer's Luck*, edited the Lieutenant's diary, wrote the introduction and developed the notes which add many brilliant details to the book.

Bradley's journal provides a record of significant events occurring on the march of the Montana Column under Colonel John Gibbon, from Fort Shaw to the site of the present Crow agency, near where Custer lost his entire command. The scholarly lieutenant wrote with an easy literate style covering scenic and scientific points of interest with candor and remarkable accuracy.

Gibbon's soldiers were the first whites to inspect the Custer battlefield after the disaster. Bradley's letter of July 25, 1876, was written nine days after Custer's defeat. The bodies had not been horribly mutilated by the Indians as some have claimed. The bodies were nearly all stripped, some had been scalped but few if any had been hacked to pieces. When the battle was over, the braves fled and joined their families who had begun moving camp during the fight. However, squaws and papooses had badly mutilated Reno's men who had fallen near the Sioux camp.

There are maps and illustrations and the dust jacket is decorated with W. R. Leigh's excellent painting, "Custer's Last Fight," owned by the Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

MINNESOTA "YANKS"

Kenneth Carley's *Minnesota in the Civil War* (Ross and Haines, $3.95) provides a brief account of the activities of the State's eleven regiments of volunteers and lists the successive commanding officers of each. A particularly useful feature is the "Chronology"—it briefs the battles and other events in both the Civil War and the Sioux Uprising in which the Minnesota volunteers had a part. The book is illustrated with a number of rare old photos and prints and with six color plates. The color plates are each double-page spreads and are reproductions of famous paintings of the Minnesota troops in action that hang in the Governor's reception room and its anteroom in the capitol building in St. Paul. Perhaps Howard Pyle's "The Battle of Nashville" is the best known but the five others, by Zogbaum, Volk, Arthurs, Millet, and Blashfield, are very good. Ross and Haines have issued a long list of distinguished reprints in the field of Midwest history. However, this book is a first printing and, as one of few departures from the firm's reprint series, is a welcomed addition to the literature of the Civil War.

RANGE LIFE

Longhorns Bring Culture (Christopher, $4.75) is a revised and enlarged edition of August H. Schatz's *Opening A Cow Country* (Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1939). That little book, an offset production, was issued in a small edition and has become quite hard to find. This new edition contains much added material including letters from old residents of South Dakota and their descendants who had read the 1939 book. There is much on The Anglo-American Cattle Company, the first big ranch in southwest South Dakota which at its peak grazed 65,000 Texas longhorns. Harry Oelrichs, for whom Oelrichs, South Dakota, was named, was the president and general manager of this huge company. There is a chapter on The Keystone Land and Cattle Company, also financed with British and eastern money, which operated the Z Bell Ranch. Short accounts of many other pioneer ranches and chapters on The Roundup, Rustling, Rancher's Problems and Sheep and Horses add to the interest of this book as a cattle item. In addition, pioneer life and culture in the area south of the Black Hills receive

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merited attention. The book is enhanced with some fine old-time photographs.

REMINGTON'S FIRST

Frederic Remington's *Pony Tracks* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is Volume 19 in the popular Western Frontier Library. J. Frank Dobie provides what he calls "A Summary Introduction to Frederic Remington," but it seems to this reviewer that it is far more than that. He takes a rather penetrating look at Remington's art, briefly considers his words and tune along with that of Charlie Russell, the great cowboy artist, and even uses a Russell drawing to illustrate his point.

Pony Tracks was Remington's first book and was issued in 1895. It has been reprinted a good many times since. It contains a number of articles and pictures which had previously appeared in the magazines of the early nineties. This is a lot of book for two bucks.

YOUTHFUL DENVER

The Fifty-Niners (Sage, $4.50) by Stanley W. Zamonski and Teddy Keller is sub-titled "A Denver Diary." It is not a diary in any usual sense of the word but a highly detailed, almost day by day, account of the early days of Denver. It was a rough and ready place with plenty happening so this is a very entertaining book. The part of the vigilantes in the fight for law and order as Denver began to settle down is better covered here than in any other book this reviewer has been privileged to read. The book really covers only a three-year period, 1858-1861, but it was probably the most exciting of Denver's hundred-plus year history with a notable cast of characters. The book is enhanced with illustrations, (including one by Frederic Remington from the Denver Public Library's Western Collection) and with some drawings by author Zamonski.

INDIAN CULTURES

Robert S. Reading's *Indian Civilizations* (Naylor, $4.95) covers a mighty broad sweep of country—from the Iroquois to the Incas. As an Indian archaeologist, Reading is greatly interested in the recent finds in this field. His reports on them are usually brief and to the point. In an "Addendum" he includes some of the crimes, intrigue, deceit, swindles, murder and massacre committed by the whites against the red man. This is certainly the other side of the coin—and refreshingly so. While this book is necessarily episodic to cover the many Indian cultures and civilizations of the American past, it is also entertaining.

Three Years' Gamble

(Continued from page 13)

The horse kicked itself free, but the boy was trapped in the buggy. A couple of young men were haying in a field close by, but before they could get the boy to the surface it was too late to save him.

Another of our neighbors was an ex-policeman from Chicago. His name was Tom McManus. Tom was reputed to be wealthy, but from the looks of his homestead you would never have known it. He had built his house out of old lumber that he had salvaged somewhere and the whole thing looked like a setting for *Tobacco Road*.

His closest neighbor was a fellow by the name of Peters, who was a brakeman on the railroad. Peters was away most of the time, so his wife ran the spread. One day Tom was out looking for a stray horse and stopped by her house on the way home. They got into an argument and she told Tom to get out.

He didn't move as fast as she thought he should, so she grabbed a shotgun and let him have it in the back of the head. Tom fell right in the doorway. She had to step over him to get in and out, but she let him lie there and he froze stiff as a board. The next morning she got one of the neighbors to go to town and notify the sheriff.

The sheriff and the coroner had to come from Greeley, sixty miles away. They just laid him across the seat and covered him with a blanket. The bridle was still frozen in the crook of his arm.

A threshing rig, vintage 1890.

DURING this time we had a chance to see two of nature's spectacular exhibitions. One was the blizzard of 1912 and the other the flood of 1916.

My father had sold the store and I was helping at the Diamond D. It was the last of March, and the boss decided to dip and dehorn. We had about five miles to move to the chutes, and by the end of the next day we had finished the job. That night it started to snow.

By the next morning you couldn't see three feet. The wind blew at about fifty and the snow was so fine you could hardly breathe in it. It came in at any little nail hole. Our house was built of sod and plastered on the inside, and all the holes had been chinked up with cement, but even then I had to climb up

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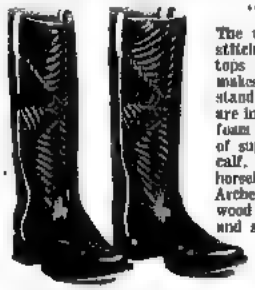

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in the attic every couple of hours and throw down the snow to keep it from ruining the plaster on the ceiling.

The well was about thirty feet from the house and we didn't see it all through the storm. We had two horses and two mules in the barn. The barn was about fifty feet from the house, with a small chicken house between. I started out to see how the livestock was making out and ran into the drift from the chicken house. It was like running into a brick wall. For a moment I lost my sense of direction, but I followed the drift back to the chicken house and then climbed over the top to the barn. The mules and horses were doing all right. There was a lot of snow in the barn, so I turned the animals loose and they kept it tramped down enough to get around.

The blizzard howled all of Friday and Saturday and finally on Sunday evening the wind went down and it quit snowing. We didn't do so bad, since our cattle were in the canyons. Out of about 500 we lost seven head. But for some of the rest it was murder. Bill Reagan had 700 blown into the Point O' Rocks reservoir, where they broke through the ice and drowned.

The rain and hail-storm brought real tragedy.

Carl Davis, his wife and three little girls, lived on Cotton Creek. Carl had picked out his building site on the second bottom. The house was built half in the ground with the windows at ground level. To get in the door you had to go down a flight of steps. The storm started with hail. It hailed about eight inches, with stones the size of marbles, then the bottom fell out of the clouds. There was an old galvanized washing machine in the corral, some sixteen inches deep, and the storm ran it over.

When the water started to run under the door, Carl and his family decided that they had better move. Carl couldn't swim but his wife was an expert. She went out a window first and climbed up on the roof, then Carl passed out the older girls. The baby, Muggins, put her arms around Carl's neck and went out with him. When he got up on the roof he found that his wife and the two older girls were gone. He couldn't stay there for the water was rising rapidly. Although he couldn't swim he still had to make a break for the bank. The current washed him into a fence; he slipped and fell and Muggins let go his neck. He heard her holler "Daddy," and that was all.

Somehow he got untangled from the fence and crawled ashore. He waded through hail and water to a neighbor's about three miles away. He was in the hospital for a week, partially paralyzed from the waist down.

The next day after the flood had gone down we found the rest of the family about two miles below where the creek widened. None had survived. So it went in our struggle to get a start. We were all hungry for a laugh and enjoyed anything funny that came our way. By the same token, we took the tragic happenings in the best spirit we could and lived with the hope that "tomorrow" would be better. It was—it couldn't have been much worse.

Above, Bull-raking alfalfa on a prairie homestead. Below, a snug little home among the cottonwoods.

Deep Ran the Blood in Buffalo

(Continued from page 17)

WOLCOTT was a droll, domineering man. What he lacked in stature he made up for in bravado. His dry, sarcastic wit was demonstrated by his retort to one of the Texans. They were seated at a chow table and the Texan declined a plate of carrots passed his way. He gave them to the Major, saying, "We feed these to the hogs where I come from."

"So do we," snapped the Major, "have some!"

Canton and Hesse, learning about the invasion force, arrived wreathed in smiles and loaded gun belts.

Completing the group was a pasty-faced doctor, Charles B. Penrose, fresh from a Pennsylvania medical school. He was a personal friend of Governor Barber and was his house guest at the time. Penrose joined the adventure to assist in removing any stray bullets the men might pick up.

Before the fighting was over, Penrose wished fervently he had never heard of Wyoming, much less been there. He was sent secretly out of the state to avoid being hanged for meddling in the Buffalo affair. The lesson he learned about a riled-up Westerner stayed with him a long, long time. He didn't return to the state for nearly twenty years.

The Invaders, as the Association fighters were known, churned up a trail of mud as they cantered briskly toward Buffalo. They might have reached their destination on schedule but for Mike Shonsey. Mike was foreman for the Western Union Beef Company and had stayed overnight at Nate Champion's ranch. After a hearty breakfast and a friendly wave to Champion, Mike rode to intercept the Invaders.

"I just left the KC spread," Shonsey told Major Wolcott, "Champion and Ray are there along with two trappers."

Major Wolcott's eyes lit up at the mention of two of the men on his "dead list." He led his men to spend the night with an Association rancher and make plans for a raid the following morning.

And so the trap was set because of Champion's hospitality. Early the next morning, the Invaders nabbed the trappers, Ben Jones and William Walker, as they came outside for water.

When the men didn't return, Ray stepped outside to check on their whereabouts. As he walked toward the stable, a burst of gunfire from the Texas Kid (D. Brooke) toppled him. Though fatally

wounded, Ray was stubborn about dying. He pulled himself along the ground trying to reach the cabin door.

Inside, Champion heard the shots. Grabbing a Winchester and his Colt, he flung open the door, returning the Invaders' fire with a barrage of his own as he tugged his friend to safety.

Champion was obstinate, too. Wounded, he held off the entire group of Invaders until sundown. While bullets were crashing into his cabin, he kept a diary of his actions. A notation in the diary reads that his true friend, Nick Ray, died at nine o'clock.

While this unusual gun fight (unusual in that it was fifty men against one) was going on, a rancher, Terrence Smith, was attracted by the shots. Smith didn't spare his horse in a wild ride to Buffalo to get help for the besieged Champion.

The place of battle was getting crowded—two more ranchers, Jack Flagg and his step-son, blundered upon the blazing scene. They galloped off for help.

When the news reached Buffalo, Bob Foote, an elderly man with a flowing, white beard, mounted his favorite black horse. From this odd soap-box, he aroused the citizens to action.

To further prove his patriotism, Foote opened his general store and gave away thousands of dollars worth of merchandise to be used in the battle against the Invaders. The good women of the town volunteered to help and set up first-aid stations in the church and schoolhouse.

BY sundown, 200 men were mounted. Their intentions were good but they arrived too late to save Champion.

At dusk the Invaders, tired of playing cat and mouse, set fire to Champion's cabin. The man was nearly split in half by bullets—twenty-eight slugs—as he made a dash for safety. Even in death, Nate Champion wore a look of defiance.

In the meantime, the men of Buffalo separated the Invaders from their supply wagons. Thus outsmarted, the Invaders made a quick ride to the friendly TA ranch on Crazy Woman Creek and burrowed in.

Now the aroused ranchers, led by Sheriff Angus, Arapahoe Brown and a Methodist minister, started the battle in earnest. It raged fiercely for two days and the Invaders began to wonder how the promises of their "Cheyenne friends" could have much effect on their besieged state of affairs. Gone was the air of self-importance. Even the cocky Major Wolcott found it hard to strut and look brave with bullets whining by his ears.

Another uproar was in progress at the state capitol in Cheyenne. The acting Lieutenant Governor wired President Harrison that the State of Wyoming was being blown to bits by the cattle barons and the citizens of Buffalo.

In quick reply, the President sent three troops of the Thirteenth Cavalry from Fort McKinney to bring everyone to their senses.

The Invaders surrendered meekly. Because no one in Buffalo was impartial, their trial was held in Cheyenne. The indictment was read to all concerned and they were released on bail until the following January. The fighting over, the Texans went home.

When the men were finally brought to trial the case was dismissed due to legal loopholes and chicanery. Besides, it was nearly impossible to find a jury of unbiased men. Some 1,064 were investigated for jury detail.

(Continued on next page)

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WHAT became of some of the men on the "heavy" side of range fence?

Frank Canton remained unscathed. He later made a trip to the Klondike and on his return was made Adjutant-General of the new state of Oklahoma. What irony! Later he wrote a book on his experiences in the Wyoming debacle. He tamely titled it *Frontier Trails*. He was his own hero, naturally.

Major Wolcott made a hurried trip to the East (on parole) to secure the help of influential friends in getting out of his difficulties.

Many of the big ranchers, ashamed of their part in the war, lived on in silence never mentioning their past. Others went back to their spreads, still convinced they were in the right.

This brutal portion of Wyoming history has many cloudy issues. Neither side was all wrong and historians do not agree on many points. One of the most factual accounts of the Invasion was written by Asa S. Mercer, shortly after the range war ended. His book *Banditti of the Plains* contained many names of powerful men who condoned the infamy.

When the book was published it was promptly suppressed by a court injunction and declared obscene literature. Many copies were seized for burning, but a few of the books were "helped" out of Wyoming and are in print today.

Despite the pros and cons of these years, the fighting solved absolutely nothing. The big ranchers remained large and the little rancher remained small. Only the progress of time has partially equalized the two.

River of Gold in the Desert

(Continued from page 15)

a fault. This fault was different than other faults that he had dug along. Cool air was coming out along it. Convinced that this was the fault he was looking for, he continued to dig.

The Depression came to the rest of the country but Earl Dorr continued to dig. He would go to Los Angeles and talk speculators into grubstaking him on his dig to riches.

One day he dug into a cavity filled with dried clay. Digging through this cavity he found a bone. Then another bone. Then he was horrified and mystified to find a human skull. Digging farther he found more human skulls. This was a real mystery. How could bones of any kind, much less human bones, get into the middle of a mountain in the center of a desert? A Professor of Anthropology from Southern California heard about the bones in the mountain and went out to see for himself. This is his explanation for this strange occurrence.

Many, many years ago, perhaps even centuries ago, a river ran into the mountain and disappeared. The Indians wanted to migrate along this river but couldn't go into the desert beyond the mountain. They reasoned that the river was dammed up inside the mountain and if they could break the dam the river would flow out of the other side. This would allow them to travel up and down the river with the seasons.

Pagan rituals were held at the mouth of the cave where the river ran into the mountain and the tribe's strongest youths were put on sharpened logs, carried to the river and pushed into this cave. The idea was for them to guide the sharpened logs, that would act as rams, into the subterranean dam and break it.

Some of them were probably killed instantly. Others were swept into air-filled caverns from which there was no escape, there to die a lingering death. These caverns gradually filled with mud and the bones were buried until Dorr uncovered them.

This information seemed to prove the fact that Dorr was digging along an old river bed. Perhaps sometime in those hundreds of years the river had blocked this tunnel with mud and changed its course. If a person would follow this blocked tunnel long enough he would probably reach the present-day stream course.

Dorr died in 1958 leaving the lost river of gold for someone else to find. And the gold will be found by the man who has the time and the nerve to explore the caves in the mountains about a mile east of Windmill Station.

The fact that Dorr's story of the golden river is true was proved recently when a group of spelunkers made a perilous descent in a cave several miles from Windmill Station. A report of their visit

Above, Asa Mercer. Below, one of the earliest nesters in the disputed Powder River territory.

L. A. Huffman

Neil Merbarger Photos

Above, the Hole-in-the-Wall country, in the Providence Mountains, about twenty-five miles southeast of Windmill Station. Below, jaegerima yucca and the blunt peak of Clark Mountain, about six miles east of Windmill Station.

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to the area appeared in the *Pasadena* (California) *Star-News*, and read in part:

"The Lost River of Gold is still lost.

"Last weekend thirty-four members of the Pasadena Grotto, National Speleological Society and others interested in cave exploration climbed and slipped and slid down 285 feet into Crystal Cave, eighty-five miles east of Barstow, only to find the probable passage to Lost River blasted shut.

"On last weekend's search, the Pasadenans found evidence of rock piled in a way that seemed unnatural for the existing formations and probably the result of a long-ago blast. And in the rock they found the remains of an old detonating cap.

"Dr. William R. Halliday, chairman of the Grotto, said the name 'Dorr' was found etched in smoke on the side of the cave and that there were other evidences of early exploration. The cave is about 100 yards from a major fault and there is a possibility that an underground river does flow along this fault, Dr. Halliday said.

"Herman Wallace of Highland Park, one of the owners of the Crystal Cave

Lee Dorr

Mining Corporation which operates lead and zinc mines on the property, is planning excavations and continued exploration in search of Lost River and its gold-lined banks.

"The party had portable telephone lines strung from the cave entrance so that communication could be maintained from any point along the line of communication to the surface. Rope ladders were used for perilous descents from one level to another with the climbers using belaying belts for additional protection with metal helmets which proved valuable because several were pelted by rock fragments. Three caverns were explored, the largest being about fifty feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high to the ceiling. Besides the two main levels that required vertical climbing there were several sharp slopes. Some excellent stalagmites, stalactites, and crystalline formations were found, members of the party reported.

"The story of the Lost River of Gold and the search for indications of its existence merely added the touch of glamor to the recent Crystal Cave trip, Dr. Halliday said. The real objective was study of the cave itself."

Story of the Marlow Boys

(Continued from page 33)

AN inquest was held and the brothers were questioned separately. Each said Boone had done the shooting, but examination of the cabin indicated that Boone could not have fired at Wallace from where he was sitting. Charlie was the one who had triggered the fatal shot.

The four brothers were again arrested and placed in jail. But, from another prisoner by the name of Speers, they obtained a case knife and with it succeeded in breaking jail. They would have escaped, but made the mistake of stopping by the loghouse to see their mother and were recaptured there.

In order to prevent their escaping again, the authorities took them to a blacksmith shop and had them shackled together in pairs, Charlie and Alf, George and Epp. All four were handcuffed and returned to jail.

Meanwhile, agitated by the cattlemen, all of whom were friends of the slain sheriff, a mob was beginning to form with the obvious intention of lynching in mind. Deputy U. S. Marshal Johnson assigned a four-man guard to protect the prisoners from the mob as the tension mounted. The Marlows were certain at least part of the guard was in sympathy with the mob.

On the night of January 17, 1889, jailer Leavels opened the jail door and called all of the prisoners out—except the Marlows. As Speers passed the brothers' cell, he whispered for them to watch out for a mob. Leavels then called for Charlie to come out (Alf, of course, would have to come too, for they were shackled together).

Charlie refused and the mob started in after him. Epp, somehow, had secured a piece of water pipe about two-and-one-half feet long, which he gave to Alf, the largest and strongest of the boys, to use as a defense weapon. The mob attempted to rush the boys, but so effectively was the pipe used that several of the mob were knocked unconscious. One of them (Bob Hills) died two days later, a result of one of the blows.

The mob did not want to shoot the boys, as the noise would arouse the town, and they knew public opinion was against mob rule. In short, they were forced to abandon the effort for the time being.

All during the fight, Charlie had stood in the middle of the cell and taunted the crowd, calling them all manner of names. This did not improve their attitude any and they left the jail more determined than ever to get him.

DEPUTY Marshal Johnson notified U. S. Marshal Cobell at Dallas, Texas, and was ordered to take the prisoners to Henryetta for safekeeping. As guards for the trip, Johnson selected Marion Wallace, a nephew of the slain sheriff, Will Waggoner, Sam Cresswell, Will Hollis, P. A. Martin and J. B. Girard.

The boys were placed in the back seats of a spring wagon. A guard and a driver were in the front seat, followed by four guards on horseback and two in a buggy. They left Graham on the night of January 21, 1889. The Marlows had made their plans before they left the jail.

They proceeded to Dry Creek, about two miles east of Graham, where one of the guards stopped the wagon and asked the prisoners in a loud voice if they wanted a drink. They knew instantly it was a signal. The mob began to show itself and commanded the party to throw up their hands.

The prisoners were desperate and knew they had little chance to save their lives. At a signal from George, the four brothers jumped out of the hack and ran lockstepped back to the four guards who had dismounted.

Pleading with their escort to save them from the mob, they suddenly grabbed the guards' guns, two Winchesters and two pistols. Thus armed, they proceeded to shoot down the guards, killing one of them instantly. The fight was on.

The mob was poorly armed, as they had not anticipated a gun fight. The battle lasted about thirty minutes, during which time five members of the mob and two of the brothers were killed. Eight members of the mob and the other two brothers were severely wounded. The remainder fled for their lives.

When the mob had retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the scene, the Marlows dispatched several more of the slightly wounded by shooting them.

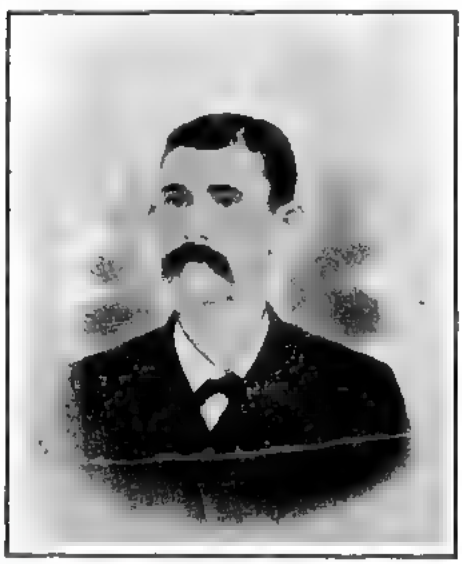
Alf's and Epp's deaths left each of the live brothers shackled to a dead brother by the ankle. In addition, Charlie and George, the two live brothers, were both wounded and were still handcuffed. They secured a knife from one of the dead deputies and amputated the two dead brothers' feet at the ankle, thus freeing themselves.

As soon as they were free, they took two horses left by the retreating mob and rode to a nearby blacksmith shop. They forced the smith, at the point of a gun, to knock off the handcuffs and shackles. Then they secured a few provisions from some nearby farmers and departed for parts unknown, eventually landing in the Gunnison Mountains of Colorado.

ABOUT two months later, three men by the names of Beavers, Harbolt, and Direkson appeared at the Graham courthouse and invited sheriff Tom Collier, who had been appointed to fill out Wallace's unexpired term, to come out and see what they had in a wagon.

He found a human body, very much swollen, but still recognizable as Boone Marlow. A reward of $1,700 had been posted for his capture, dead or alive. They claimed and received the reward. After the reward had been paid, Deputy Marshal Johnson started an investigation, which revealed that they had poisoned Boone and then shot him several times after he was dead.

Tom Collier



Judge McCormick, who was then Federal Judge at Graham, ruled that it was illegal to poison a man even though he was a fugitive from justice. The three men who brought in the corpse were arrested and charged with murder. In due time they were tried in Federal Court and given a fifteen-year penitentiary sentence, which they had to serve.

After the fight at Dry Creek, the Graham *Leader*, a local newspaper, demanded in no uncertain terms that the leaders of the mob be apprehended and prosecuted. The Federal Government at that time was attempting to break up mob violence in the South, and an investigation of the affair was started by Federal authorities. A Federal grand jury was called to convene at Dallas.

George and Charlie were still in the Gunnison Mountains, but were needed as material witnesses. They at first refused to return, fearing mob violence, but after some negotiations with the Federal authorities, they agreed to return if the government would grant them immunity on all former charges and indictments and guarantee them safe conduct to Texas and back to Colorado. This was done.

They went to Leavenworth, Kansas, where they surrendered to the Federal prison authorities. From there, guarded by a United States Marshal, five deputies and a detachment of ten regular soldiers, they proceeded to Graham, Texas, where the trial was held.

In the meantime, the Federal grand jury at Dallas had returned indictments against about fifty of the citizens of Young County, many of them leading cattlemen. Among those who were indicted were County Attorney P. A. Martin of Young County; Constable Eugene Logan of Ft. Belknap Community; Marion Wallace, nephew of the slain sheriff; Ben Williams, son of the county judge; Sam Waggoner; Constable Bruce Wheeler; Peak Brooks; Sam Cresswell; Clint Rutherford; Frank Harmason; Dick Cook; John Leavels; Will Wallace and other prominent men.

AT the trial, the prosecution was represented by the local U. S. District Attorney, whose name was Lamar, assisted by a member of the staff from the office of the Attorney General of the United States. The defense had some of the best legal talent that the State of Texas ever produced.

The trial, held in the fall of 1891, was one of the greatest legal battles ever held in the state. The defendants were charged with murder and conspiracy. They were found "not guilty" on the murder charge, but "guilty" on the conspiracy charge.

The following is from Judge McCormick's statement in passing sentence on those found guilty, as taken from the Dallas *News* at that time:

"I have been a citizen of Texas more than fifty years and have had large and varied experience in the public affairs of this state; for nearly twenty years now I have held judicial office, for the last twelve years as one of the judges of this court. At the time of the tragedy at Dry Creek and for several years before that time and for more than a year after that time, I was a citizen of Young County, and resided in Graham, and from personal observation and personal experience as well as from the development of this trial, my mind is fully imbued with the knowledge of the existence, spirit, extent and power of a local combination here to prevent the judicial discovery and punishment of the conspirators who slew the Marlows at Dry Creek, a combination which has largely perverted or paralyzed not only the power of this county, but to some extent of the adjoining counties, and so leveled its threatening and aggressive force against the regular officers of this court as to justify and require the employment of special assistance to meet it and to call for the utmost vigilance and faithfulness on the part of all who are set for the vindication and enforcement of the laws.

"In view of this state of the case, wholly unexampled in my experience, it becomes my solemn duty to pronounce the sentence of the court on each of you that each of you be fined $5,000, and that each of you be imprisoned for the term of ten years, and that each of you shall hereafter be ineligible to any office or place of honor, profit, or trust created by the Constitution of the United States. This is the first time in the annals of history where unarmed prisoners, shackled together, ever repelled a mob. Such cool courage that preferred to fight against such great odds and die, if at all, in glorious battle rather than die ignominously by a frenzied mob deserves to be commemorated in song and story."

"Of course, you realize this means immediate dismissal."

When the verdict was returned a general celebration was held by the accused and their friends, due to the mildness of the penalty, because the death penalty had been asked by the prosecution. Even the cannons at Old Fort Belknap were fired in honor of the occasion.

The case was appealed to higher court and only three of the accused ever served any time. But the entire county and surrounding counties were divided, and the subject of the Marlow brothers remains a touchy one there to this day.

Land of the Dakotas

(Continued from page 43)

summer and winter. I have seen horses out in snow eighteen inches deep, pawing away the snow to get to dried grass. A pity it was that cattle never learned this; many starved to death during severe winters.

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I recall one fellow did do a good job of wintering 500 head of yearlings just driven in from Texas. He put up a lot of hay and contracted to winter steers at $3 per head. When someone asked, "How many head are you wintering?" he replied, "Five hundred head."

He was then asked, "How much hay have you got up?"

He replied, "About 500 tons."

The other fellow exclaimed, "What! 500 tons for 500 head of cattle—why, man, it can't be done!"

"It's got to do 'em," the other replied. And it did. He lost just one lousy critter and it was none too robust to begin with. Asked how he did it, he replied, "We made the devils rustle for it, that's all. Save that hay was my one thought. We kept them in only on stormy days. Snow was light that winter so we didn't keep them in much. It was a devil of a cold job and the yearlings and us damn nigh froze sometimes." He, with a helper he paid $50 a month ($10.00 above the average range wage), lived in a tent all winter.

DURING the years 1898 to 1901, the horse business reached an all-time high. The United States Government was buying horses for its cavalry, both in this country and, later, in the Philippines. They wanted horses weighing from 950 to 1,050 pounds and the price was $45 to $50 per head. This was the type horse we were raising—half-Mustang and half-Morgan.

With the outbreak of the Boer War in South Africa came a demand from abroad. England proved a most valuable customer. Austria, too, was building up a cavalry. Our western horses were a hardy animal, short-bodied yet long-winded, sure-footed and tough-bitted, and they were also nearly as hard as iron.

If ever any animal served its master, certainly the Mustang served the cattleman. They couldn't have succeeded without him. Unfortunately, the Mustang was often misused.

Toward the latter days of the pioneer period, drastic changes occurred. The lynch law was abolished. When someone was suspected of cattle or horse-stealing, he was given a jury trial. I recall one case: old Josiah Hayden decided to brand his cattle with the figure 44 (getting his idea from the fact that the guns, both rifle and six-shooter, were .44's).

Old Hayden's brand was quite a novelty and much comment was made regarding it. But in the end, it proved costly for the old gentleman.

Someone got a bright idea—he branded his cattle with three 4's (444), calling it the triple-four outfit. Not long after that Hayden began to miss new-born calves. It didn't take a very bright mind to suspect where these little fellows were going.

The thief, Denman by name, a big, husky, red-faced, jovial sort of a man, and one who would be the last to be suspected of such behavior, was brought to justice for cattle-rustling and sentenced to fifteen years in the Dakota State Penitentiary.

OUR spread was just thirty-two miles west of the Sioux and Cheyenne Indian Reservations—one of the largest Indian Reserves in all America. There were Indians there by the thousands, and each year a group, of perhaps fifty, would be given a thirty-day furlough to come westward into the stock country to hunt antelope. When they returned another group came. They never bothered us but they did kill a lot of antelope. It was unlawful for a white man to kill one but occasionally we just disregarded this law which was one instigated by Sitting Bull, so it was rumored.

Stockmen, as a rule, were fair-minded men. They hated a dishonest man. No doors were ever locked, not even at night, and it was customary to go into anyone's shack to help yourself to anything you could find to eat. But you always had to adhere to one rule: never leave a lot of dirty dishes.

Once when I was away and the shack was closed, someone came in and ate up a Juneberry pie I had made and also took twenty .44 cartridges from a belt hanging on the wall. Three weeks later when I visited the post office, the postmaster asked, "Jimmy (I was nicknamed Coyote Jim, because of the number of coyotes I killed), have you missed any .44 cartridges?"

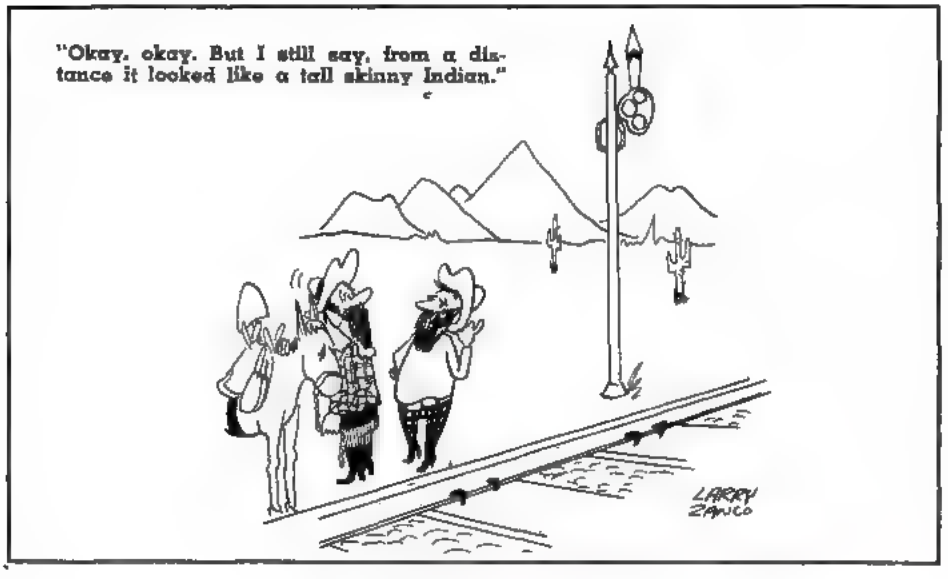
"Ah-hah—so you're the culprit, huh?"

He laughed, "No, not me. A long-legged cowboy said he needed them and needed them bad. How much were they worth?"

"Oh, about sixty cents," I stated.

The postmaster threw out a dollar. "The fellow left it here for you."

That was the spirit of the Old West.



Death Wore Buckskin and Braids

(Continued from page 39)

Again and again they crashed the door and the clamps which supported the heavy bar sagged.

Then Matilda heard a ripping sound and swung to see daylight at the end of the cabin. A brave had hacked out the frozen mud chinking and, as she watched, his powerful hands clamped onto a stake and ripped it out of the wall.

She saw a coppery face painted for war glaring through the hole and swung the heavy rifle to blow it away. The door bar cracked like pistol fire and the hinges screeched as a giant buck battered it aside. She was a child caught between two fires, suckered by the oldest trick in the world. She should have been finished, but she wasn't.

Ashen-faced, her blonde hair flying, she tried to swing four feet and eight inches of rifle back through its long arc. She didn't make it. The big buck came at her like a rattlesnake striking, caught the long barrel and snatched it away.

She never fired a shot.

The Comanche outside fumbled an arrow to his bow string and fired it through the hole in the wall. It caught her left arm and she looked down in horror to see the bloody head out one side, the feathered shaft out the other.

Then the big buck came at her again and she fell back against the ironing board. Her hands found the familiar handle of her big smoothing iron. She smashed it down on the Comanche's head and drove him to his knees. The iron jerked out of her hands and she reached for a chair. The Indian scooped an arrow into his bow and powered it into her side from only four feet. It hit a rib, glanced around her breast-bone and came out the other side. A third arrow, fired from the doorway as the Indians crowded in, caught her full in the breast.

In agony she fell to the bed, her head against the bedpost. His buckskins red with her blood, the big Comanche twirled a hank of yellow hair around his forefinger and slashed at the scalp beneath it. Sheer pain brought her awake and she looked up at the Indian's lips taut over shining teeth, his black braids tufted with bright-colored cloth.

She grabbed at the knife which even then was scalping her and he drove the blade through her and ripped it out. She grabbed again and he slugged her three times with the knife handle before she collapsed.

She lay on the bed unable to move and felt the swift blade circle a spot the size of a silver dollar in her scalp. Then the Indian jerked her hair and her scalp pulled loose. There was a noise in her ears like distant thunder and then things were black and her body rolled to the floor and lay still.

SHE came awake, with the feel of her unborn child kicking. She could hear the Indians and the terrified whimpering of the women and children as they were packed onto the Indians' horses.

She knew she had just one chance to survive. They must think her dead. She heard footsteps coming toward her and closed her eyes. She could hear the Indian's heavy breathing as he stood over her.

He snatched the arrow which pierced her breast, jerked it hard, jerked it again and again. It wouldn't pull free. It was the most terrible agony she had ever known. She didn't move, didn't flutter her eyelids, didn't moan. With a deep grunt

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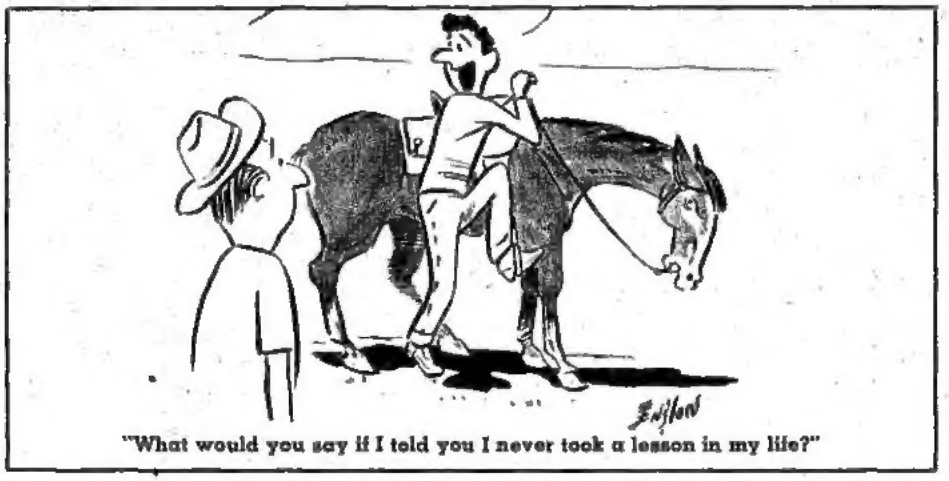

"What would you say if I told you I never took a lesson in my life?"

he turned away and ran outside. She heard the ponies' drumming feet fade into the distance.

Then, in the silence that comes after tragedy, she sat up. She wrapped a cloth that once was a favorite skirt around her bleeding head. Waves of nausea swept over her and she swayed and nearly fell, sitting there on the floor, as she grabbed the bloody head of an arrow piercing her chest and tried to drag it through.

The wood grated against her breastbone and actually moved an inch. Then it jammed and when she tried to pull again the burst of pain was so intense she fell forward with blackness sweeping up the edge of her vision and after that she let the arrows be.

She was alone in the freezing cabin, three arrows in her body, her hand cut nearly in two, a piece of her scalp gone. She was very close to death and knew it.

Her nearest neighbor lived a mile-and-a-half away. That short walk seemed as long as the trip to San Antonio 100 miles away. But the alternative was slow death in the cabin.

The early dusk of winter was blotting out the light when she staggered across her threshold and fell in the snow outside. The ice numbed her hands and the rocks of the trail tore her knees as foot by foot she started to crawl that mile-and-a-half.

Several times she blacked out, falling suddenly and jamming the arrows farther into her body. Gradually, out of the thunder in her ears and the black flakes before her eyes, she regained consciousness. She lay on her side and scooped snow into her mouth to kill the thirst which consumed her. But the snow only burned her mouth without ending her thirst. Some three hours later she crawled to the Bradford cabin and fell against their door.

Pioneer people themselves, they took her in without questions, built her a pallet, banked the coals, put food and a bucket of water beside her. And then their pioneer spirit failed. She had gasped out the fatal name *Comanche* and they panicked.

BRADFORD told her he was riding for the nearest doctor. Instead he took his family and camped the freezing night in the cedar brakes, afraid the Indians would return. Matilda Friend lay all night and all the next day alone in the cabin, to live or die by herself. The nearest house was more than two miles away.

She fell asleep finally, a deep, dreamless sleep and that may have been what saved her. When Jack Bradford finally did ride up with a doctor, nearly twenty-four hours later, she had awakened. But her wounds had taken their toll—she was blind and could not open her eyes.

Meanwhile in Fredericksburg, John Friend heard the news. He borrowed a fast horse and almost ruined it pounding over the frozen trail. Only a few minutes after Bradford brought the doctor, Friend took his wife's hand in his and spoke her name and saw her lips flutter in a gentle smile.

Next morning a posse rode out, Friend in the lead. Close behind rode the Johnson brothers, each with a wife and a child in the Comanches' hands. They carried every arm they owned.

But they didn't need weapons. They needed a hearse.

They found the Johnson babies a mile-and-a-half from Friend's cabin, their naked bodies blue in death, the boulder spattered red where their brains had been knocked out.

Four miles on, near the top of Cedar Mountain, they found the Indians' first camp. And 100 yards away in a thicket, they found what was left of Amanda Townsend. She had been stripped naked and staked to the ground.

She had been ravished in the icy darkness and then slowly tortured until she died. Masterful knife work had mutilated her body almost beyond recognition.

They rode on. They followed the trail down the mountain, through J. O. Talley's ranch and some three miles beyond, in a little valley, they found Samantha and Rebecca Johnson.

They had been stripped and each killed with a single axe blow. Hogs had partly eaten their bodies.

The trail wound westerly into the mountains and some five hours later disappeared on rocky ground. The men turned back, riding slowly and sadly, carrying their dead with them.

Dead or alive, Malenda Caudel and Lee Temple Friend had vanished.

The five bodies were buried in coffins made of the new lumber John Friend had bought for his wife to walk on, his baby to play on.

A WEEK after the attack, Friend took his wife to Mound City, seventy miles to the west. Three weeks after she was scalped she gave birth to a healthy baby girl. They named the child Bell.

Seven weeks later her vision returned and for the first time she saw the child born faultlessly in the aftermath of tragedy. They moved back to Legion Valley, but it was a torture to Friend. His wife's blood stained the cabin he'd built. The rocky trails and soft ground, the cedar brakes and the breeze off the gulf 200 miles away, were hollow and empty.

As soon as they could travel, Friend moved his family back to El Dorado, Kansas, where his father, the Reverend Leonard S. Friend, was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He settled down to farming until a letter, crumpled and dusty, arrived from Malenda Caudel. After eight months in a Comanche camp, she was returned to her mother.

She said Lee Temple Friend was still alive.

She said the war party had camped the first night on Cedar Mountain and the men had been ready to kill them all. One squaw stopped them, putting the two children behind her and defying the men. So they let the children live, taking them along, indoctrinating them into Indian life.

The news sent Friend on a trail of misery that ended years later. He traveled through the Indian country, talking to trappers, scouts, soldiers, frontiersmen, everyone he met. But always he received the same answer—no one had heard of a white boy living with the Comanches.

Yet he didn't give up hope, and finally, five years after the massacre, Lee Temple Friend was recovered from the Comanches, brought to Fort Sill in the Oklahoma Territory and returned to his father.

The boy was thirteen, pale and emaciated. He had forgotten English and could speak only the Comanche dialect.

Good or bad, he had lived five years of a free, wild, fast-moving life. White men frightened him and civilization depressed him. He found white men's food hard to digest and instead of fattening, his thin body wasted. Friend worked with him, but the boy learned only a few words of English and made no attempt to respond. Within a few months he died.

Thus the long trail of misery John Friend had followed came to an end. The curse of the Comanches was over.

Matilda Friend steadily improved as her wounds healed. She had five more daughters and lived to see them marry and have children of their own.

Only the dollar-sized spot on her head never healed. For forty-two years, until the day she died, January 24, 1909, she dressed the wound daily. John Friend lived on in Kansas until he was nearly 100.

Just one thing distinguished him from any other grandfather surrounded with children—he was never heard to tell a story of his days on the frontier.

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(Signed) JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher

Sworn to and Subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1961.

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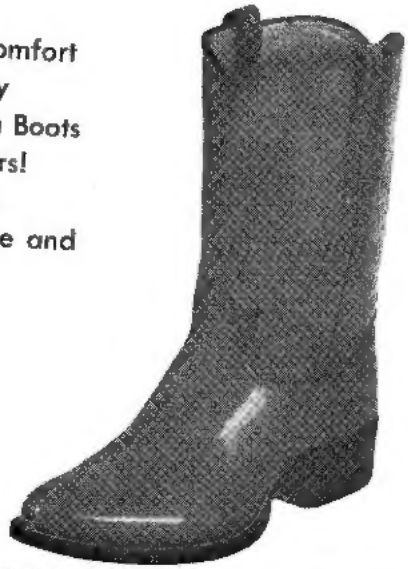

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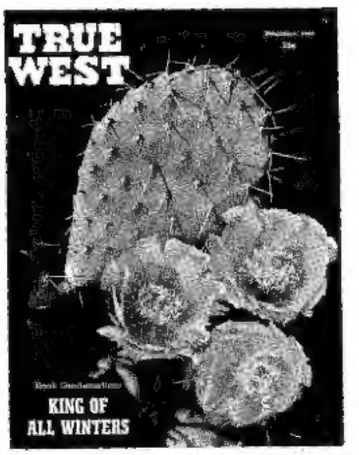

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